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APRIL 25,
1936

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by

FIORELLO H. LaGUARDIA

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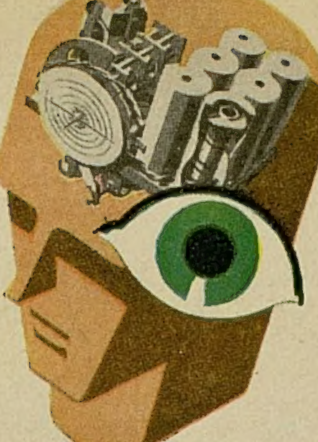

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1 50 SECONDS to rub — natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.
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VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

APRIL 25, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 17

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Let's Take the Money Away from Wall Street

BERNARR MACFADDEN

COMMUNISTIC orators tell us that Wall Street has all the money and that it should be divided among the people. But the amount of actual cash in Wall Street is but a small percentage of the value of the huge corporations the stock of which is bought and sold in that market.

If the enthusiastic believers in division of wealth were to have control of the great business organizations whose stock is traded in Wall Street, they would not know what to do with them, and the resulting appalling inefficiency would disorganize business beyond all possible chance of recovery.

It takes many years of training to learn the details of any large business. It requires careful intelligent management and minute consideration of problems that can only be solved by the knowledge acquired through long years of experience.

Our Communistic orators will tell you that two or three per cent of the people own all the wealth of the country, in spite of the fact that there are sixty million owners of insurance policies, forty million bank depositors, twenty million persons who own stock in various corporations, not considering the many millions who own their own homes.

I have no desire to defend the chiseling capitalists who are hardhearted and greedy and who try to take every dollar of profit.

But, regardless of our desire to ease the pathway of the workers, to give a job to every victim of unemployment, intelligent consideration of the associated problems is imperative. Somebody must manage huge corporations, and it is imperative that such executives go through a prolonged period of training in order to learn how to fill their jobs.

Every capable and experienced executive knows that it would be just about as sensible to give the office boys of our various organizations the responsibility of management as it would be to hand out these important positions to inexperienced theorists.

And no business can be profitably and intelligently managed without a well trained, experienced boss.

Now, the question for workers to ask is, what kind of boss would give them the best " break " ?—to use a slang term. And a boss of long experience knows what is fair treatment for his workmen better than one who has been appointed through political favoritism.

Can it be conceived that a government appointee would give the workers a better " break " ? The less a man knows about an executive position, the more likely he is to be bombastically authoritative and foolishly arrogant. The government bosses on WPA jobs are not particularly rigid in their requirements, as we have already noticed; but the necessity for making a profit on this work is never considered.

Every business, however, must be conducted with a profit or else it soon faces bankruptcy.

If we should replace the big-business men of Wall Street with other, inexperienced bosses, Communistic or otherwise, what would the workers gain? They doubtless would be driven here and there like a lot of slaves. They might be regimented just as they are now in Russia. They might be told how much wages they would earn, when and how to work, and they would have to obey orders.

There are no strikes or pickets in Germany, Russia, or Italy. They know how to handle the workers in those countries.

They treat them " rough." And the oratorical representatives of various foreign isms would like to put our workers in the same class.

The American system that gives us liberty, that offers us a free choice, may present difficulties at times. But it is better to be half-starved occasionally and know that you are your own boss than it is to be guaranteed the security of the actual necessities of life and endure a condition of slavery that would not be unlike that which the Negroes suffered in the South previous to the Civil War.

WALL STREET

Bernarr Macfadden

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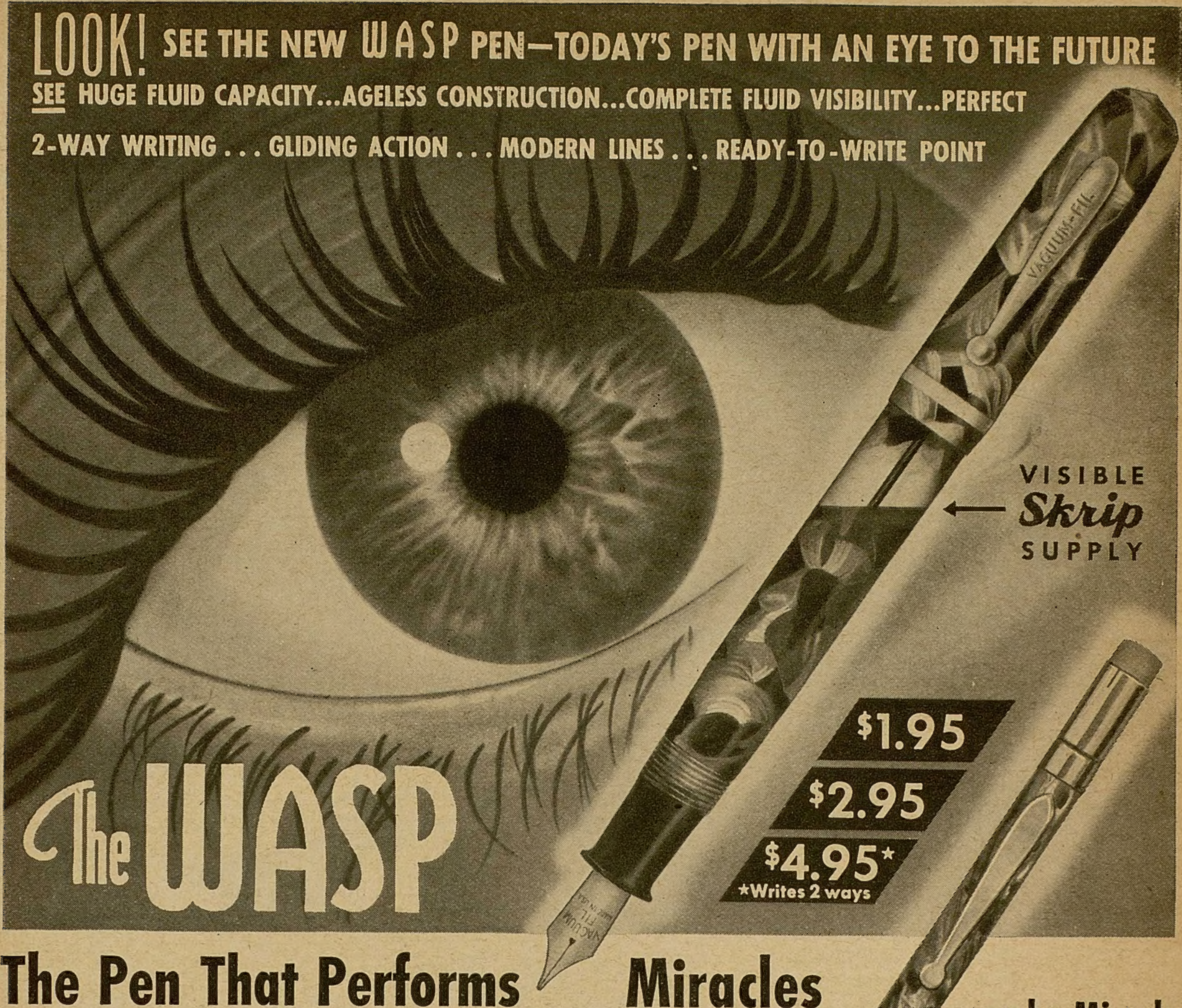
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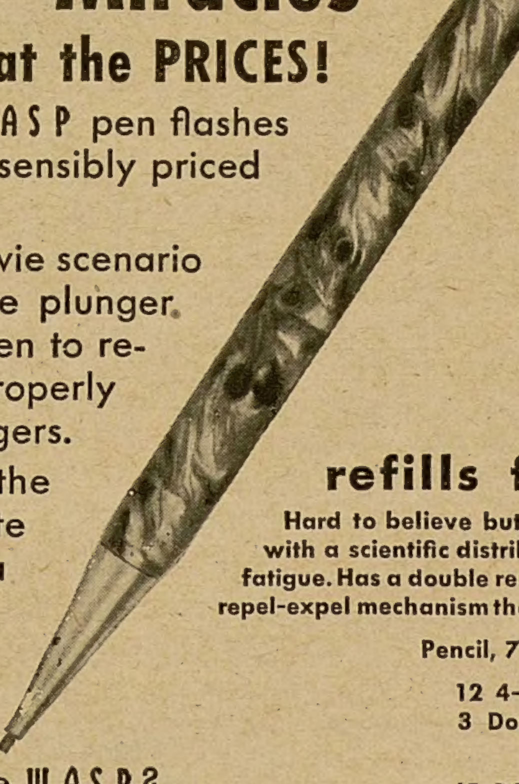

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Here is a cap that prevents overflow, and keeps the tip moist and ready to write. Here are points that write like velvet, wear like iron; in the $4.95 WASP is a double iridium-tipped point that writes two ways, regular on one side, fine on the other. Here is internal construction free of cork packing and springs . . . Here you get your choice of ONE-STROKE fillers, lever or plunger type. What pen outrivals the WASP? For a thrill, step to the pen counter and try the WASP.

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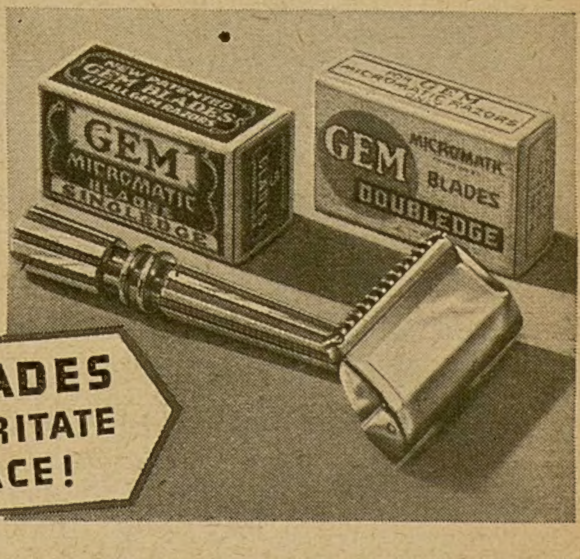
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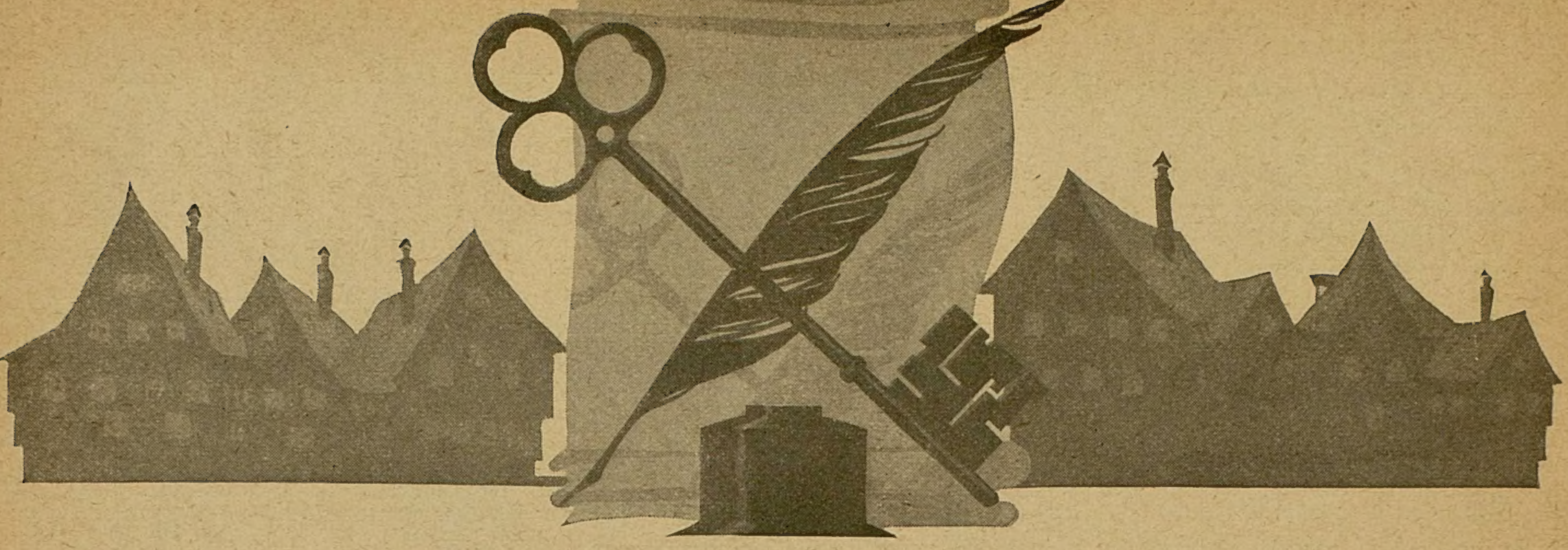


MASTER VILLON
Has a Better Moment

The Tale of a Trespass Forgiven and a Temptress Tamed—A Blithe and Colorful Romantic Adventure of the Gayest Rogue in History

by

JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

WHEN Master François Villon saw the judge's niece standing in the dining-room door, he was sorry he had come to rob the house. As with many another sinner, the ingredients of his repentance were fear and relief. He was afraid she had seen him handling the silver.

He was relieved to learn from her first words she hadn't.

Her very existence was a surprise to him. The noise of his explorations had brought her hastily from an afternoon nap, and the blue-silk thing she had drawn around her wasn't drawn completely except at the middle where her hands held it, and she was tall and white, slender as a lily but human in the right places.

He stared at her boldly. First he began at the red slippers and so on up, past the shapely ankles. With her patrician hand she adjusted the skirts of her robe. Then he began at her luminous red hair, past her black eyes, her full lips, and so on down. Her hand drew the robe close to her chin. When he laughed, she smiled back, and he saw she deserved to meet something better than a thief.

"What are you doing here?"

"I hoped to have a word with the judge."

"My uncle is gone on a journey."

"Is he your uncle? How fortunate!"

"He won't return for a week."

"Well," said Master Villon, "I shan't grieve over that either."

"Why did the porter bring you to the dining room?"

"He didn't. It was a whim of my own."

Her eyes sharpened. "He knows the judge is away! How did you get in?"

"I'd be loath to deceive you," said Master Villon. "I came in through yonder window."

"Why, you couldn't climb up the side of the house!"

"You'd be surprised," said he. "It's far easier than your garden wall."

As though all were clear, she smiled graciously at him.

"You're a character, aren't you! If my uncle were at home, you would be hanged."

She drew herself a chair from the table, and he settled into another at the head of the board where he could face her, and for ease of manner he rested his cap on the bare oak.

"It was a whim of mine," said he, "I being a poet."

"They never have enough to eat, do they?" said she. "You came straight to the dining room."

"Beauty was my quest, not food!"

"The judge," said she, "is not beautiful."

"But you are," said he, "every inch of you."

Her hand drew the robe to her throat again, and when the corner of his mouth lifted, she smiled sympathetically, as before.

"I don't believe you, of course—not a word. You have no errand with the judge. You probably knew he had left Paris."

"As a matter of fact," said Master Villon, "I did."

"Then you're a common housebreaker."

"On the contrary," said he. "Neither housebreaker nor common. A poet—for once fortunate."

"That needs proof. I mean, your being a poet."

He lounged at ease in his chair, with his hands raised, the tips of the long fingers meeting, very meditative. "Lady Blanche, did you ever have a new idea?"

"My name is not Blanche."

"Pardon! Lady Marguerite."

"Nor Marguerite."

"In any case," said he, "did you ever have an idea which seemed not to belong to you?"

She wrinkled her brow and he tried again: "Had you ever occasion to say to yourself, That's an excellent thought but I must put it out of my head because it's the exclusive property of some one else?"

"How absurd!"

"I seek to explain," said he, "the abruptness of love. When the eye finds the beauty which is congenial to us, we say, She is ours! In this instinct nature never errs. Moreover, our curiosities are prophetic. Wishing to know if your reputation for good looks was exaggerated, how could I foretell that we should take to each other at once?"

"You're no poet at all," said she, immensely pleased with him, "and if my uncle found me talking to you so informally clad, he would kill us both."

"That kind of brute, eh?"

"Uncle's a dear!"

"Were the point once established," said he, "that I am indeed a poet, would it make any difference?"

"To whom?"

"At this moment," said he, "I am laying the foundations of a poem to pour out of me, so far as words may, the feeling which mounts up when you don't hold that garment too close. I shall begin with what I saw when you were off your guard. Next I shall estimate your character. I shall then, of course, express my devotion."

She looked at him with such honest eyes that he was sorry he had sounded a jaunty note.

"I'd like to see that poem," she said quietly.

"I'll bring it in the morning."

She rose, clutching the robe. "This is enough. You must not come again—it wouldn't be safe."

"In the morning," said he.

"I should be in danger too."

He looked down at the hat in his hand, stroking the bedraggled feather. "I'll bring the poem tomorrow."

"I shall not be here!" she said. But she wasn't firm about it, and since she had moved up close to him, meaning to be threatening but not knowing how, he had a swift arm around her, and though she drew back her head as far as it would go, his lips followed, and when his hand stole under the robe she pushed him away but not roughly.

"Now you must go!" she whispered with what breath she had left.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I'll ask more."

With that she opened the door to the entrance hall and called to the porter to let him out.

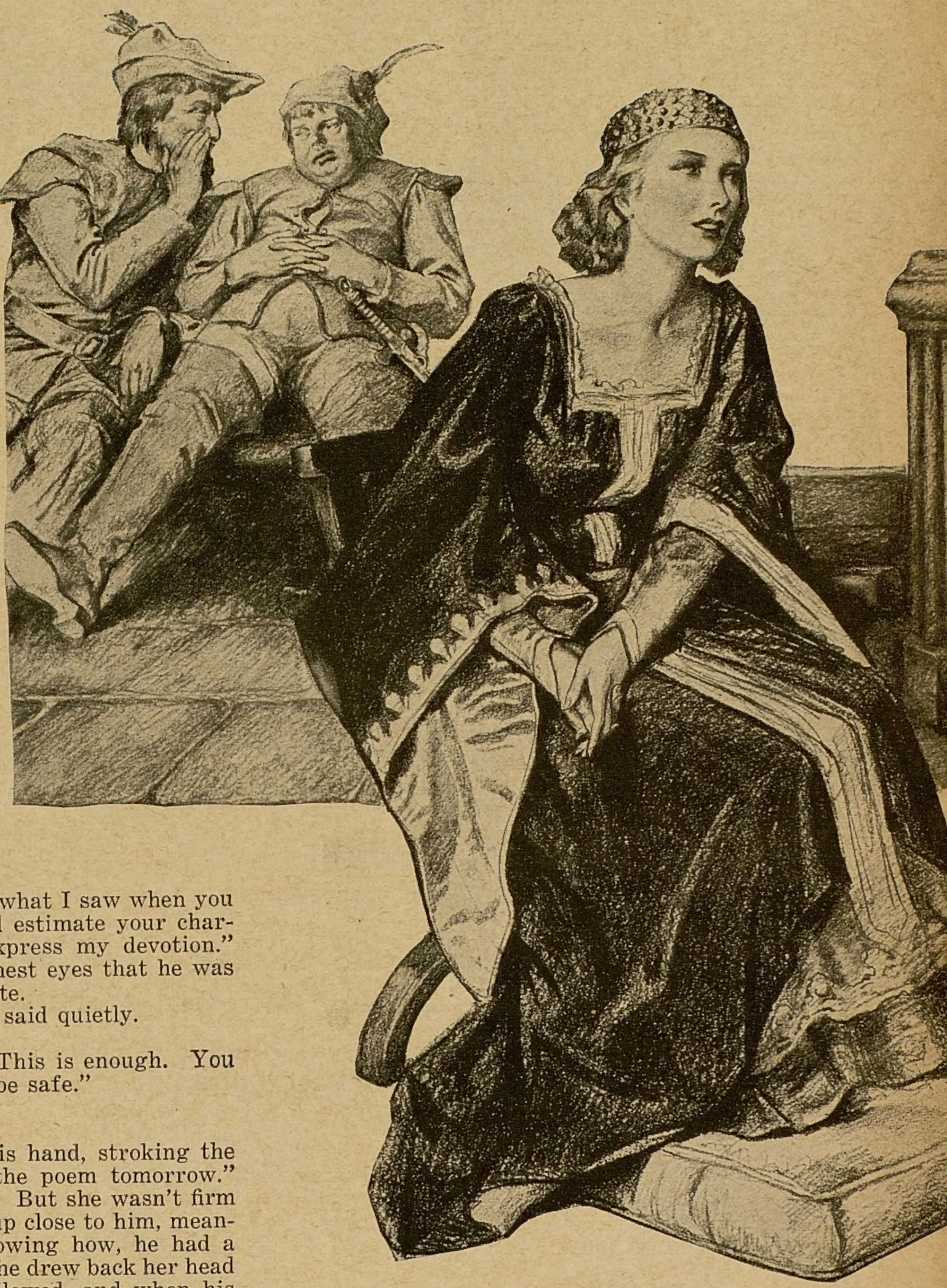
"Would you like to see it in manuscript, or shall I say it from memory?"

"You're no poet," said she with sudden bitterness. "You're a thief! . . . Where *is* that man?"

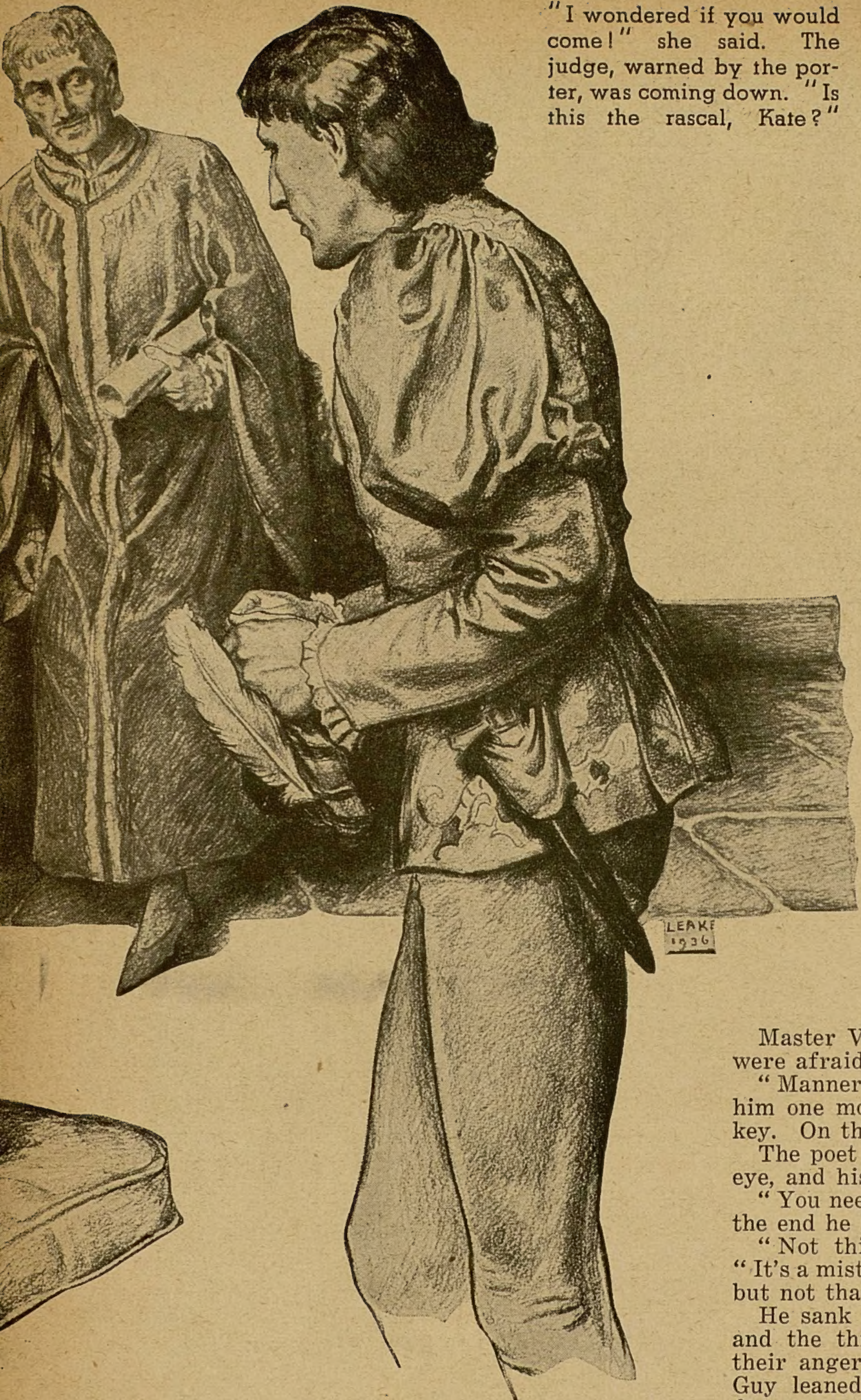
"Don't waste ceremony on me," said Master Villon, stepping over to the window. "I'll go the way I came."

He clung to the sill a moment for a last look at her, and his peril was so plain that she gave a cry of fright for his sake, so that when he dropped there was a broad pleasure on his face, and when she forced herself to gaze down and count how many legs he had broken, he was running across the garden light-footed as a hound.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE



Once out of her sight, he hurried up the street till he approached the Church of St. Benoit. Just this side of that admirable edifice he dodged to the left through an alley or gutter between squalid houses. He usually preferred the back entrance to his attic room. He could, of course, have climbed the rain-water hogshead, and from there to the eaves, up the channel between gables to his one small window. But in his goings and comings it was never his wish to be seen. Two doors farther on he slipped into an abandoned court, climbed a woodshed, mounted the roof on the slope away from the street, balanced himself toward the next house, and the next, and, having drawn open his window, which lacked glass, he lowered his feet into his modest home with studied caution, so that his landlord on the floor below would not know of his return. It had long been to his interest to encourage a rumor among his closest friends that, like the judge, he was out of town.



"I wondered if you would come!" she said. The judge, warned by the porter, was coming down. "Is this the rascal, Kate?"

For this reason he took off his shoes at once and placed them right and left under the sill, where they could be resumed without delay. In his stockings he moved over to the door, to be sure the bolt had not been tampered with.

The room was furnished with a table or desk, a chair, a wardrobe, and a bed. The wardrobe stood empty, since it was Master Villon's habit to wear his clothes. The bed had a straw mattress, even to the casual eye distressingly flat. No linen, of course, but a venerable blanket kicked into a huddle as though at his last rising he had been pressed for time. On the desk was a half-melted candle and an inkhorn and a battered quill.

He tipped the horn to make sure there was something in it, pulled the knife from his belt and began mending the pen, all with an air of scholarly abstraction. Then he rummaged the table drawer for something to write on, and found a sheet of parchment which the previous owner had partly mutilated by setting down his thoughts. Master Villon restored the page to its original usefulness by cutting off the damaged section at the top.

He then seated himself pen in hand and squared off his elbows for the poem he had promised. For several minutes he was fixed like marble, staring at the wall. He then scratched his head and stared again. He then rested his chin on his left wrist, with the fingers playing a thoughtful tattoo on the end of his long nose.

Then, yielding to nature, he stretched his arms above his head and opened his mouth in a loud reckless yawn.

Outside his door some one laughed. "We can hear you there! Open up!"

When he drew the bolt three men stalked in, tall, every one of them, and two as thin as himself. The poet, patient rather than hospitable, sat on the foot of the bed and let them glare at him.

"WHERE'S the key?" asked the tallest, a bold fellow with pointed mustaches and a scar on his right cheek.

"I couldn't get it, Montigny."

"Did you try?"

"I hit him over the head, but he didn't have the key on him."

Montigny looked at the other two for their opinion of this report.

"You're a liar, as usual," he said quietly. "We've gone without food long enough. Bring the key tonight."

The stout companion cleared his throat. "Couldn't you look around?"

"When he opened the door," said Master Villon, "I struck him as you advised, but there was no key."

"Then what did he open the door with?"

Master Villon sprang up. "Damn you, Casin! *You* were afraid to go! Hold your tongue now!"

"Manners, gentlemen," said Montigny. "We'll give him one more chance. By nightfall he will secure the key. On the other hand, if you should fail us again—"

The poet listened to the sarcasm with a glitter in his eye, and his hand, as Montigny observed, on his knife.

"You needn't threaten," said the other thin man. "In the end he always stands by us."

"Not this time, Guy," said Master Villon quietly. "It's a mistake to rob that house. Any other you choose, but not that one."

He sank down on the bed again, weak from hunger, and the three, equally unfed, made no effort to hide their anger and their disgust. The one he had called Guy leaned forward. "You aren't losing your taste for us, are you? You wouldn't like to go honest again, would you?"

"I would," said Master Villon. "That's just what I'd like."

Guy turned to Montigny with eyebrows raised. "Every so often he wishes he'd never met us, never snitched a purse, never picked a lock! Tender, he is!"

Montigny was trying to read the poet's face. "You haven't blabbed?"

Master Villon sniffed contemptuously.

"Are they warned?"

"Not unless braining the porter gives them a hint."

Montigny folded his arms to emphasize his ultimatum. "Bring us the key—tonight. In fact, we'd be glad to see you starting out now."

"Don't wait for me," said the poet, with a slight curl of the lip. "I've some work to finish."

When they had stamped down the stairs, he bolted the door, returned to his desk, tried to put his thoughts exclusively on the judge's niece. The beginning was easy—her shoulders, her lips, her eyes. How often had he been over that familiar ground of beauty! But would she like it if he praised her more intimately? This was his first encounter with her type—well bred yet liberal. The combination might be skittish. He bit the feather of his pen.

On the other hand, she had responded to the plain revelation of his ardor, and, well bred or not, she was a woman. If she weren't proud of her looks would she be going around the house so loosely wrapped?

Casin had hit the truth—he was sick of the gang, disgusted with his life in the mud, lonely for warmth and light and cleanness! Also, he was hungry. To fashion poetry with no food in you—

From his breeches pocket he drew a large key. It was like those fatheads not to search him! If he had made his peace with them now, they'd be ransacking the house at midnight, and Montigny would find her—doubtless she would come out of her bed to protest—and—

While day lasted he was at his poem, scratching and rubbing out in the frenzy of art. At dusk he bent his eyes closer to the pen, postponing the risk of the candle. When darkness was complete, he struck a flint and hurried into the final stanza.

Quite the best, so far. She would adore it!

On the next to the last line he found it difficult to concentrate. A face was watching him—not an honest face, right side up, but hanging down from the gable.

In any posture he could recognize that fat face.

To throw Casin off his guard he moved his pen slowly. Having set down the closing word, he pretended drowsiness, yawned, stretched his arms. Laboriously he wrote his name underneath. Another yawn. Deliberately he lifted himself to his feet, placed the chair against the wall between table and window, blew out the candle, stumbled toward the bed, slipped under the blanket.

After the candle, the darkness in the room would be hard on Casin's eyes. Beneath the blanket Master Villon rolled across the bed, crawled to the space between chair and window, stood up flat against the wall.

Casin would allow a moment for the victim to fall asleep.

When the moment was gone, a hand came across the sill, another hand, a thrust of nose and forehead. Master Villon could hear strenuous breathing. With all his strength he lifted the chair and smashed it against the unwanted profile.

There was a bouncing down the roof—a brief silence—a splash in the hogshead.

Master Villon picked up his manuscript, folded it, stuck it into his breeches pocket, on the side that didn't hold the judge's key. Then once more he flattened himself against the wall. They might all come in through the window, or they might force the door.

As angry feet pounded up the stairs, he went out over the sill into the night, across the rooftops like a cat.

JUST before noon he sauntered up to the judge's door. The street, so far as he could observe, was empty. With a firm hand he gave an echoing knock.

At sight of him the porter wrinkled his eyes in caution.

"I wish to speak with the judge."

It seemed best to make that show of innocence. The porter would say the judge wasn't at home and then the niece could be asked for. But the porter unwrinkled his eyes and smiled.

"The judge wishes to speak with *you.*"

As the porter led him in, Master Villon had presence of mind to hang the key on a convenient nail.

Not the dining room today but the large hall, and the judge's niece waiting for him in a blue gown. Also, there were two military fellows with conspicuous swords lounging on the bench under the farther window.

"I wondered if you would come!" she said.

"Didn't I promise?"

"My uncle has returned."

He took it for a warning and was grateful, since it established a kind of league between them; but a sound on the stairway made him turn his eyes. The judge, warned by the porter, was coming down.

A small man in a long robe, thin of face, studious rather than aggressive, inclined to smile, not bald as one would forgive in years and wisdom, but shaggy with thick gray hair comfortably ruffled.

"Is this the rascal, Kate? Has he told you his name?"

"I didn't inquire, uncle."

"You should, my dear. When they kiss you, always ask their name."

She flushed. "He didn't kiss me."

"Didn't he, though?" said the judge, finishing the last steps and moving across the hall to a stately chair against the tapestry. "He came in through the window, didn't he? Because his need of you was so great, eh? Yet when he got here he used only his eyes? Well, well!"

Settled into his throne with the lofty background, he looked elfin. "You may explain yourself, young man."

HAVING been in court before, Master Villon recognized his condition. The girl stood beside her uncle, and the two armed men sauntered over as though this case concerned them.

"Yesterday," said the poet, "I was drawn hither by the will of Heaven. Today—"

"Stick to facts," said the judge.

"Today I return at your niece's command, who wished to see or hear a few of my verses."

"Your name?"

Master Villon hesitated ever so little. "Des Loges—François des Loges."

"You don't seem sure of it," said the judge. "Let me see the poem."

Master Villon hesitated again. "I didn't bring the manuscript."

"From memory, then."

"It was for your niece in private. It's an intimate thing."

The judge stared—then, as though talking to himself, "He expected to entertain her in private!"

The girl gave Master Villon a swift look, half caution, half encouragement. "I told you, uncle—I asked him for lunch. He was to recite over the food."

"That's an awful way to treat your food," said the judge, keeping on with his stare. "Young man, since yesterday, when she fed you—"

"I didn't, uncle!"

The judge held his eyes steady. "Since yesterday have you had anything to eat?"

Master Villon would have liked to assume the grand air, but with his stomach a cavern and the dining room only a step off—"I was too busy with the poem."

"Then we'll have lunch now," said the judge, leading the way, "and afterward—" He didn't say what would happen afterward, and the tone of his voice gave no clue.

In a moment the judge was at the head of the table, his niece at his right, and Master Villon facing her, with roast duck on his plate and a rich sauce and a goblet of wine. He tried to eat slowly.

"Speaking of poetry, Kate," said the judge affably, turning to his niece, "we were questioning a fellow last week and he actually came apart. The strangest mishap!"

"Was he innocent, uncle?"

"He may have been, but innocence ought to hold together. Our guest would like more duck."

Master Villon permitted his plate to be refilled.

"One of the worse evils of our time," continued the judge, "is the lack of character among the educated. Many a student well on the way to be doctor of theology becomes thief instead."

With an even hand Master Villon raised the goblet to his lips.

"If girls," the host went on, "were not given to false sentiment—"

"I'm not given to sentiment at all," said his niece.

"Didn't you ask him to bring you a poem?"

"I forced the idea upon her," said Master Villon. "Her conduct was perfect."

The judge looked at him. "If you could recall a verse or two—"

The poet drew his napkin across his lips and leaned back. "The brief glimpse which I had of her face," said he, "set my fancy wandering

(Continued on page 12)

Isn't it good to be back in a BUICK!

"I can break down, now, and admit it... "I like that satisfying feeling of cozy well-being that comes from having really nice *things to use and enjoy! "I like a car I can believe in—be sure of—have no mental reservations about when I tell my friends how grand it is! "I'm tired of 'almosts'—of little cars strutting like big ones — of glitter masquerading as smartness — of style that relies on tricks instead of taste. "Perhaps it's because I grew up with Buicks, but I want a car with something more durably solid to it than a bright and perky look or a brisk and bouncy manner! "Yes, it feels good to be back in a Buick—instead of something that's just a little short of what a car might be."*

IT'S A HARD thing to put down on paper this feeling one-time Buick owners have about owning Buicks again! It's something you'll never quite understand until you slip one through a crowded street or thrill down an inviting straightaway. There's a solid earth-hugging, mile-skimming feel to it, a restful lullaby comfort in it, a bracing pride of possession in handling a new Buick that seems to say bad times are all behind you and the future holds much to enjoy!

So don't just look at the new Buicks! Please put one through its paces! Leave the brass-tack queries, the nuts-and-bolts questions to be answered when you get back — take a fifteen-minute vacation and see what a lift you get from the thoroughbred behavior of a truly honest, magnificiently able automobile.

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$765 *to $1945 are list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.*

GMAC 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Buick 8

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from page 10)

upon her total loveliness. I began with her forehead, her golden curls, and her curving eyebrows—"

"Her hair is red."

"Golden-red," insisted the poet. "I noted that the eyes are wide and the nose is neither too long nor too short, neither curved in a beak nor scooped like a spoon. I dwelt upon her patrician ears, the dimple in the right cheek, the peculiar fullness of the lips which is present only in youth. From that point, lacking observation, I was forced to create by logic. I deduced the roundness of the shoulders, the slender molding of the arms, the firm innocence of the bosom, with flowerlike climaxes, and the graceful stem of the waist. And that's as far as I got."

"Upon my word!" said the judge.

"It's quite impossible," said Master Villon, "to do justice to a poem in a summary. May I now have your permission to recite the thing more intimately to your niece?"

"More intimately!" echoed the judge. The look he was giving Master Villon was queer—intense rather than friendly. With the handle of his table knife he rapped on the board, and the two military men came in from the hall.

"Yesterday," said the judge, "my house was entered by one or two unwanted persons. It may have been two, but I believe it was one. You broke in, you say, to find material for poetry on the person of my niece. Another man—or perhaps it was you, making the most of fortune—knocked the porter on the head and carried off the key to the front door."

Master Villon raised his eyes in sympathy.

"I don't wonder you are shocked," said the judge. "Would you like to simplify the usual procedure by returning the key now?"

Master Villon glanced at the girl and was gratified by the anxious pain on her face.

"I haven't the key," said he, "but I may aid you to recover it."

"Were you what you pretend," said the judge, "you would have brought your poem along. I never knew a poet who didn't have some verses in his clothes. But you carry nothing but keys. If you will permit my men—"

Master Villon stood confidently with his arms above his head while the guards went through his pockets.

"Come, come!" said the judge impatiently.

"There's no key," said one man.

"There's something on this side," said the other.

"Ah!" exclaimed the judge.

The fellow pulled out the closely folded manuscript.

Master Villon permitted himself a smile at the girl as the judge held the page out at arm's length.

"It's well written," he admitted, "and I suppose I owe you an apology."

"Not so much an apology," said Master Villon, "as a reward. All will be forgiven if I may have ten minutes alone with your niece."

The judge pretended not to hear him.

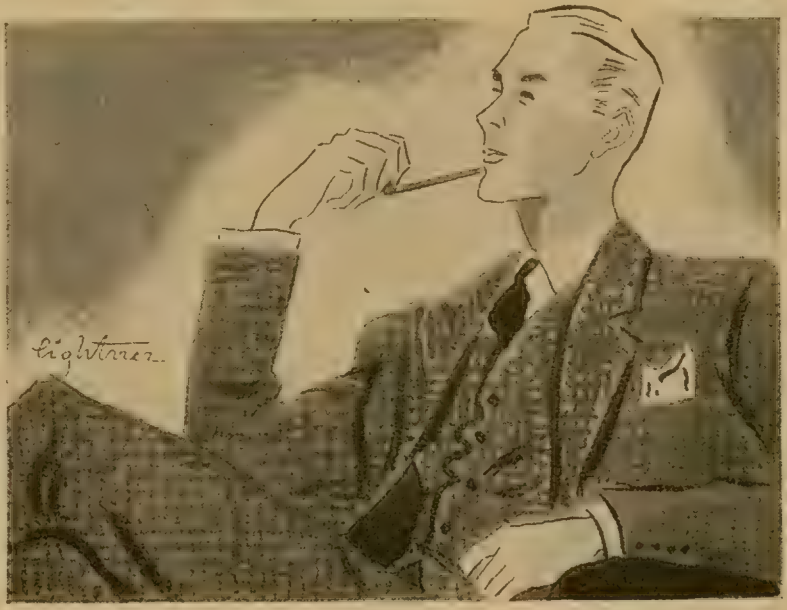
"It's *very* well written," he remarked at last; "almost too well. There's only one man in Paris who could have done it. He happens to be a dangerous character."

FASHION FLASHES
From PARIS

Girls will no longer monopolize comfortable fashions, now that Kostia de Var is launching hand-knitted lounge suits for men. She will knit them beach pajamas, shorts, and even what-nots in her raffia yarn, that works up so light that you can roll your jacket into a ball and tuck it into your trousers pocket.

Some famous arbiters of masculine modes are even ordering town suits of hand-knitted wool or silk in patterns resembling striped suitings or tweeds except for the feel of them. They're perfectly tailored and not a bit floozy.

—DORAMILLER.



"Ten minutes alone with your niece," pleaded Master Villon, unperturbed, "either here, or in some more convenient room, or in your delightful garden."

Just then the porter stuck his head in from the front corridor. "There's a man here demanding justice. He says it's a near murder, and the testimony of the victim should be taken before he weakens."

"Pest!" said the judge, rising. "Bring him here!"

As the judge stepped toward the hall and the guards turned around to have a look at the newcomer, Master Villon helped himself to the chair on the other side of the table next the girl.

He touched her hand to see whether she would withdraw it. She didn't.

"You'll like the poem," he whispered, "but I can do better. There's a sheltered spot in the garden, isn't there? An alcove, or something?"

The judge, out in the hall, started questioning the new arrival.

"Say it in few words! I'm busy."

"A friend of mine has been treacherously assaulted."

Master Villon straightened up in his chair. It was Montigny's voice.

"This friend is male or female?" inquired the judge.

Master Villon gripped the girl's arm with a vigor that had nothing whatever to do with love.

"Look out in the entry," he whispered, "and see if the key isn't hanging on the nail."

She tiptoed across the room. Master Villon listened again.

"He was struck in the face," Montigny was saying. "The poor fellow looked out his attic window, as any one has a right to do, and the murderer swung at him from the outside, right through the sash, with an old chair or some other piece of furniture."

"Do you keep your furniture outside on the roof? Whom do you suspect?"

"I don't suspect—I know. It's a fellow we once trusted, but he has fallen into evil ways."

The girl came back from the front hall and shook her head at Master Villon, disappointed. The key wasn't on the nail. He smiled to himself, realizing who had taken it down.

Then the judge's voice in the hall caught his attention again.

"You can identify the assailant?"

Montigny would never give the right name, not after admitting he had once been a close friend. The momentary silence out there was understandable.

"I know who it was. Nowadays he assumes various disguises. Sometimes he pretends to be a poet. He frequently takes the name of des Loges."

Master Villon rose hastily and walked out into the hall.

At sight of him Montigny blanched. The judge looked from one to the other.

"So you did come, after all!" said Master Villon. "It will always be a solace to your conscience."

"What's this?" said the judge.

"This," said Master Villon, "is my friend Robert du Bois, an honest man but slightly insane. Several members of his family have been so before him, and whenever he tries to think hard, he imagines nonsense. What he really is trying to say is that he'd like to return the key to your front door. . . . Hand it out, Robert."

With a long look of hate and desperation, Montigny went slowly into his pocket and drew out the key.

"Upon my word!" said the judge. "Both of them are rascals!"

"Only one, really," said Master Villon with a sudden access of daring. "I suspect you know who I am."

"I suspect I do."

"You said you owed me something, and I claimed a word with your niece. May I substitute another reward? Let him go free, and I'll take his place."

"I'm not distributing favors!"

"Then I'll tell the whole truth," said Master Villon. "It was the key I came for yesterday, but when I saw this beautiful girl, I reformed. Du Bois promised to return the article for me, but I didn't expect him to do it so early in the day. I craved another glimpse of her before I ran for my life."

"And you didn't expect to see me, eh?" said the judge.

"I did not."

The judge turned to Montigny. "Get out!"

Villon watched his enemy disappear through the door.

"You, François Villon," said the judge, "have forfeited your life. These men will keep an eye on you while you walk in my garden for a quarter of an hour. You'll have only one more chance to look on sunlight. But my niece, who admires the arts, may be glad to remember that you once read a poem to her."

So the guards took Master Villon and the girl down the staircase into the garden, where there was a sheltered spot with a comfortable bench, and the guards, being decent fellows at heart, or indolent, thought their duty called for nothing more than to make sure the thief didn't emerge from the alcove, and Master Villon had no thought of emerging since an extraordinary happiness occupied him, the special details of which concern neither you nor me.

With his heart still beating a joyous tattoo he clasped her to him for another kiss.

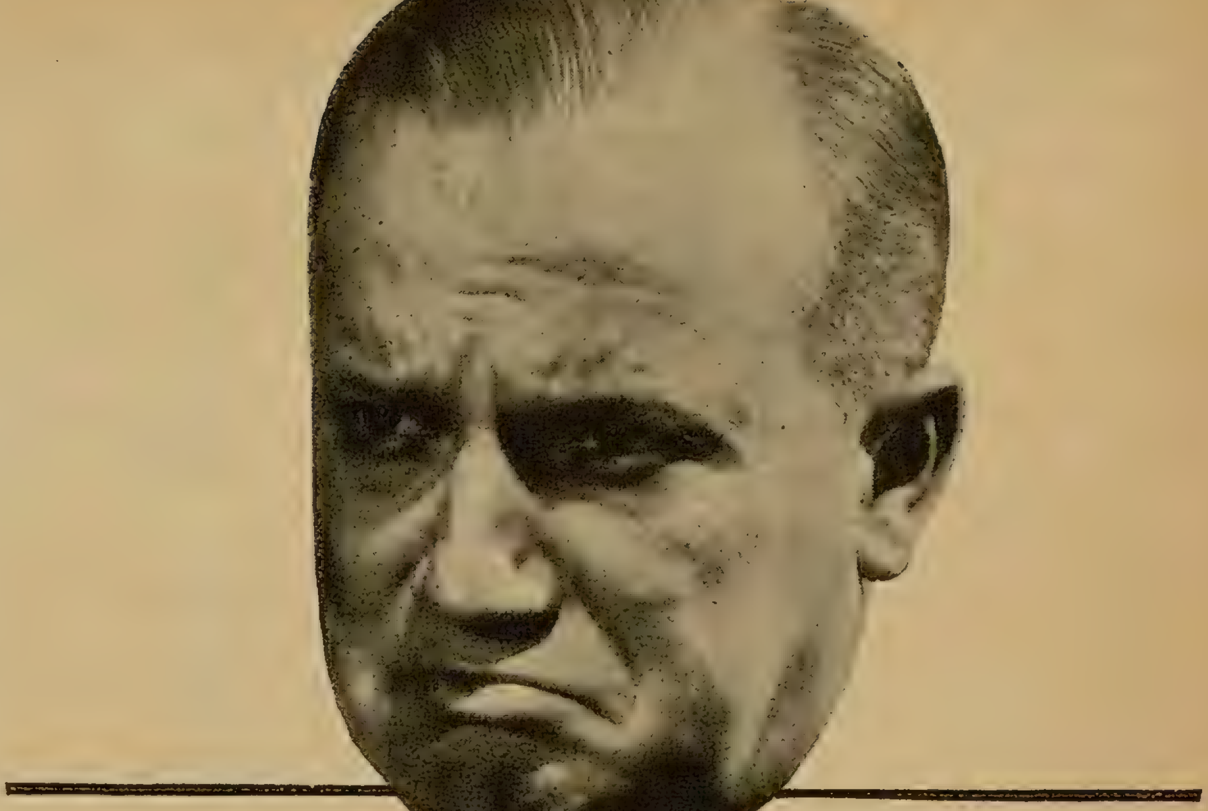
"My adorable!" she whispered. "Are you as bad as you say? How I love you!"

"The time is nearly gone," said he, standing up and tightening his belt. "When I entered this garden yesterday I made a study of the best ways to get out. Tell your uncle that the wall in this alcove badly needs mending."

She was too astonished to feel the edge of her heartache as he lifted out a formidable section of masonry and disappeared headfirst through the gap.

She listened to his feet running into a distant silence.

THE END



THIS IS THE MAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

"EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY"... it's a good idea once in a while. But later on the gentleman above found that he needed a laxative. Which is often the case after over-indulging.

But he made one grave mistake. Lots of people make it. He said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where he was wrong!

The laxative he took—*picked at random*—happened to be a harsh, over-acting cathartic. It upset him. Nauseated him. Sent pains shooting through his stomach. Left him weak . . . weary. Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective...and who doesn't every now and then?... don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing... Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—
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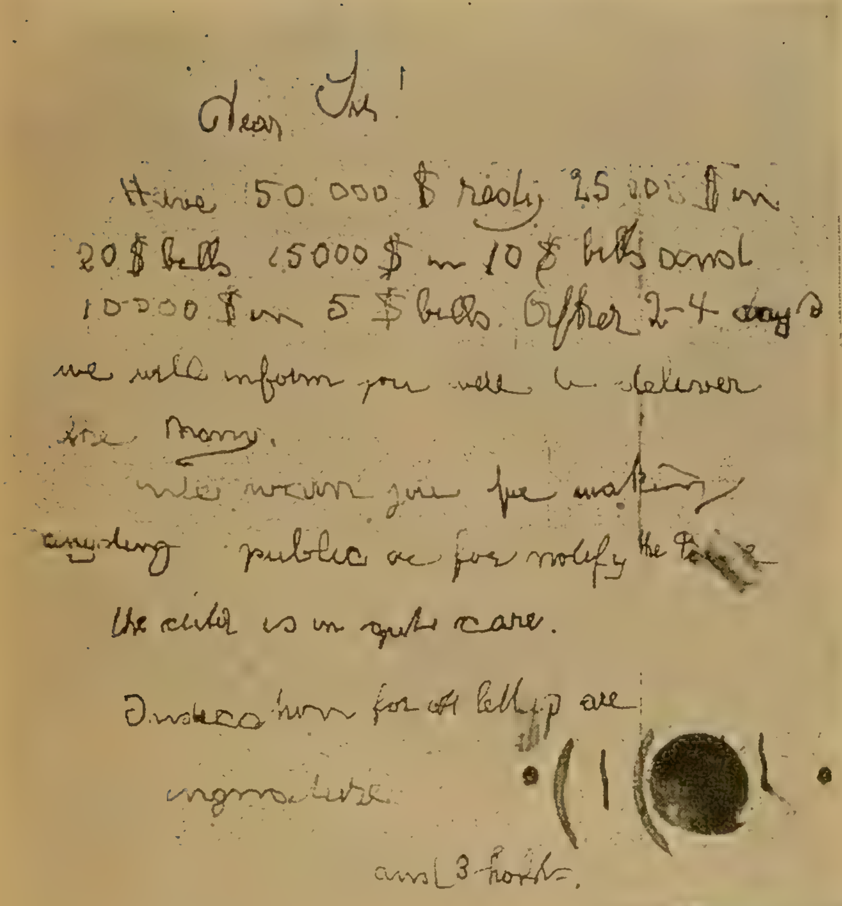
SCIENCE SAYS The Lindbergh Baby

The Amazing Story of How a Psychiatrist and a New York Newspaper Man "Solved" Most of the Mysteries in the Case Two Years Before Hauptmann Was Caught


Dear Sir!

Have 50.000 $ redy 25 000 $ in 20 $ bills 15000 $ in 10 $ bills and 10000 $ in 5 $ bills. After 2-4 days we will inform you were to deliver the mony.

We warn you for making anyding public or for notify the Police the child is in gute care.

Indication for all letters are singnature and 3 holes.

The first ransom note and (right) the ladder at the nursery window.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: From March 1, 1932, when the Lindbergh baby disappeared, Mr. Matteson, as science editor of an important news agency, followed every phase of the case up to and through the trial at Flemington. Very early in the investigation, in association with one of America's leading psychiatrists, he reached the conclusion that the crime had been committed by an automobile owner, living in a certain section of the Bronx, whose identity could readily be established by an examination of applications from motorists for operating licenses.

Although professing every respect for Lieutenant James J. Finn, Mr. Matteson insists that the authorities in general should have given more weight to his theory than they did, and that if they had, the culprit would have been apprehended two full years before he actually was.

In presenting his reasons for this belief, Mr. Matteson discloses hitherto unpublished evidence which was not used at the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, also a startling new version of the relations between Hauptmann and Isidor Fisch, and finally an explanation of the crime, which, if it had been proved in court, would automatically have saved Hauptmann from sentence to the chair.

In order to preclude offending against the strict code of ethics governing the medical profession, the name of the distinguished psychiatrist is withheld. It is, however, known to Liberty and to the authorities as that of a man whose reputation as a leader of his profession is unimpeachable.

IN New York City there lives a short, slightly pudgy man with large eyes, gentle manners, and a tendency to cackle delightedly whenever he makes an acute observation—and he makes many of them. This man knew more about the character, personality, and habits of the murderer of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., back in the spring of 1932, than most of the rest of the world knows today.

Thirty-one days *before* the baby's body was found, he told me that the perpetrator of the crime had not kidnaped the child but had murdered him. And he had.

Ten days *after* the body was found, he told me that the murderer lived in a certain section of the Borough of the Bronx. And he did.

Repeatedly, thereafter, he told me that the murderer's identity could be established almost at once—instead of two years later, as was actually done—by examining the operators' license applications on file in the Bureau of Motor Vehicles. And it could have been.

More than once that hectic spring he told me that the murderer was insane. And although he was not called to testify at the trial in Flemington, it is becoming increasingly obvious that he was right about this.

Once he told me that he believed the murderer to be a homosexual pervert. And—

But I am getting ahead of my story. I first consulted this man, whom we will call Dr. X, forty-one days after the baby disappeared and thirty-one days before the body was found. Dr. X is a very famous psychiatrist. My purpose in going to him was to obtain, if possible, expert corroboration of a theory which I had formed the morning after the crime.

That theory was that the baby had been strangled in his crib by a lone man, who had never meant to kidnap the child but merely to pretend that he had done so.

The psychiatrist agreed with me absolutely in this conclusion; and from that time until the Flemington trial we stayed in close association in our work on the Lindbergh case—so close, indeed, that it is almost impossible even for me to be sure just where his hypothetical concepts ended and my practical applications began.

The important point is that between us, a little more

by LEIGH MATTESON

Was Killed in Cold Blood

than two months after the commission of the crime and much more than two years before the arrest, we got the "straight dope" on the Lindbergh murder.

The start was easy. You may remember what Lieutenant Finn said in his How I Captured Hauptmann: "The fact that the extortioner said there were several in the plot had helped us to be sure that there was only one. When he said he was a Scandinavian, we felt sure that the man who talked with a strong Scandinavian or German accent was a German."

Then he added: "We should have known that when he said the child was in 'gut care' it was dead."

Dr. X did know. And in all modesty I must say that I knew, too, and had known from the day after the disappearance of the baby. Dr. X didn't know so soon simply because he hadn't then seen the note the murderer left in the child's bedroom. But when I consulted with him on April 11, 1932, he agreed with me heartily.

This, roughly, was the way the psychiatrist reasoned:

Here was a careful, methodical man who had carefully prepared a ladder, who had carefully written a note, who had even more carefully provided a forgery-proof symbol signature. It was not conceivable that such a man would have forgotten to prepare for his getaway with the living child *if he had had any such getaway in mind.*

Yet the note he left in the nursery was completely devoid of threats against the child's safety—threats which had to be in the note if the writer hoped to keep the Lindberghs from giving the alarm to the police until after he had time to make his getaway to a place which would be a safe hide-out for a live baby.

To reach such a hide-out he would have to go to New York City or to the New Jersey shore. Either would require an hour and a half of travel by car from Hopewell. He would use a car; it was unlikely he had toted the ladder to Hopewell in a train or bus. If he was trying to get away with the live child he would drive at a moderate speed for fear of being picked up for speeding.

Threats intended to gain him time would undoubtedly have been specific. When he merely put in a vague, "We warn you for making anyding public," and followed it with the reassurance, "The child is in gut care," he unconsciously revealed that he had so fully made up his mind to kill the child immediately that he simply didn't remember to go through the motions of making the usual threats against the baby's safety.

In short, the crime was not kidnaping but murder.

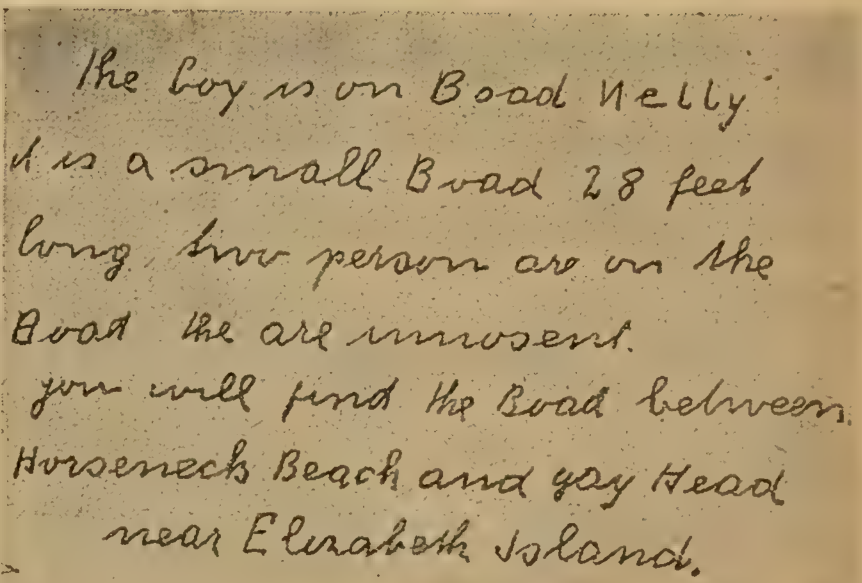
It was now simple for Dr. X to decide:

1. That the baby had probably been strangled when it was lifted from the crib.
2. That its body had been reposing somewhere near Hopewell since that tragic night.

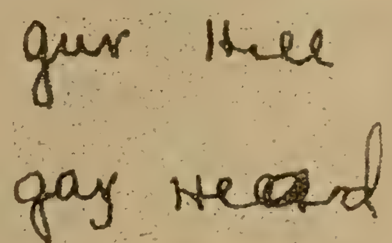
I supplemented the doctor's reasoning with some of my own when I reported to my boss that day.

"It's like this," I said. "If the man did not mean to try to make a getaway with the live child, he would logically kill it right away, before it could cry out and betray his presence in the nursery. He probably walked over to the crib and throttled the child as he lifted it from under the covers.

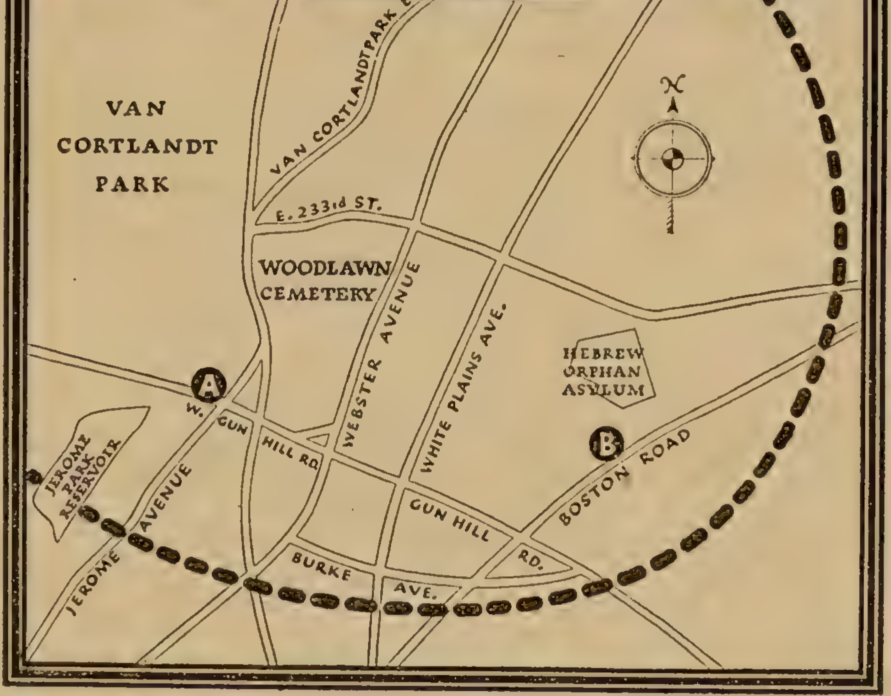
"As it was infinitely more dangerous to be caught with the corpse in his possession than with the live child, the killer would get rid of the body as quickly as possible—



the boy is on Boad Nelly
it is a small Boad 28 feet
long. two person are on the
Boad. the are innosent.
you will find the Boad between
Horseneck Beach and gay Head
near Elizabeth Island.


gur Hell
gay Head

The so-called receipt note which "John" gave Jafsie in return for the ransom. Left: An exaggerated illustration of "John's" slips of the pen in it. Below: Hauptmann.



From Dr. X's deductions, the author localized "John" by drawing this dotted line. Two years later Hauptmann was found to live at B. He gave Perrone a ransom note at A.

that is, within a few miles of Hopewell. He would not dare act on the assumption that the family would obey his vague orders not to notify the police.

"As the child might be missed from the nursery before the killer got fifty yards from the house, he had to fling the body down the nearest empty well or into some grave he had prepared in the vicinity.

"Let's get to work now and convince the authorities of the logic of this analysis. Let's—"

Of course we didn't convince anybody—then. But the facts, as they have little by little come to light, have done their own convincing!

Now how about the number of criminals involved? On this point the psychiatrist was equally positive.

The viciousness of such a plan to commit such a crime against such a celebrated couple as the Lindberghs virtually precluded the possibility that more than one person was involved. The association of even two persons in any crime usually entails much discussion; and even a little discussion between two or more of even the most reckless criminal types would have revealed to them that the commission of such a crime was altogether too hazardous for serious consideration.

LEIGH MATTESON

was made ready for newspaper work and writing on public questions by knockabout practical experience including wartime service in the navy. He was science editor of I. N.S. when the Lindbergh case broke. He's a Nebraskan.

The psychiatrist also was unable to believe that two or more persons could have stuck to their compact during the thirty-two days required to complete negotiations for the ransom. An almost suicidal rashness combined with superhuman patience had been manifested, and such combinations of traits do not come in bulk—especially when the whole nation and the whole world are aroused, as was the case during that period.

Dr. X's conclusion that only one man was involved was verified to his satisfaction because he found that only one man, and the same man, left evidence of participation in *any* phase of the crime, and that this one man left evidence of participation in *every* phase.

He alone entered the nursery, left the first note there, wrote the subsequent notes, selected Condon as go-between, handed the note to the taxi driver, met Condon twice, issued all the instructions about payment of the ransom, and collected the ransom.

And, all alone, without consulting any of his alleged confederates, on the spur of the moment, he accepted a $20,000 reduction in the ransom sum of $70,000 which he had come to St. Raymond's Cemetery expecting to receive.

In short, whenever anything was to be done, "John," and "John" alone, did it. There was literally nothing left for an accomplice to do.

AS for the crime itself, it was obviously a one-man job. Any physically developed alert twelve-year-old boy, according to the psychiatrist, could have accomplished it—given the intention and the ladder! It was equally obviously a same-man job. For "John's" ability to describe the furniture in the nursery and his instant identification of the large safety pins that fastened the baby's blankets to the mattress of the crib, together with the fact that he could promise to return the child's sleeping suit and keep that promise—these well publicized circumstances put the ransom collector definitely in the nursery on the night the child disappeared.

The psychiatrist then proceeded—still without any of the actual script—to deduce that the lone criminal had been reared in a lower-class German family, that he had received his meager formal education in Germany, that he was an adult before he came from that country, and that he had had mechanical training.

In all the notes was a servile tone, the accent of one who habitually felt inferior. He never failed to address them to "Mr. Dr. Condon," "Mr. Col. Lindbergh," or the like—corresponding to the "Herr Doktor" usage in class-conscious Germany. His frequent misspelling, misuse, and misplacement of English words, and such typical Germanic practices as placing verbs and adverbs at the ends of sentences and dollar signs after sums instead of before them, seemed to clinch the contention that he was an adult when he arrived in the United States.

One note included a drawing of the ransom-money box in perspective, drawn as only a trained mechanic would draw it if he were generally as uneducated as the note writer seemed to be.

Dr. X then decided the man was miserly; that he probably meant to stay on living where he had been living at the time of the kidnaping; and that he probably would continue to live in a small way.

"John" complained that the return of the sleeping suit would cause him to expend "3$ more for anoder." Of course he was only pretending; but that it even occurred to him to haggle over such a sum in a $50,000 transaction showed the nature of his attitude toward money.

Dr. X also decided that our German was a semiskilled worker, not only because he had made that drawing and thought $50,000 was a huge fortune, but because he was ducking and deprecating in a typical small-gauge German workman's manner in all the notes and in both his conversations with "Herr Doktor" Condon.

"JOHN'S" demand that the money be packed in a long, narrow box of certain specified dimensions was interpreted by the psychiatrist as meaning that "John" had a hole or compartment prepared where he meant to stow the boxed hoard for some time, at least.

From all the circumstances of the crime up to this point, Dr. X concluded that the fugitive was a victim of dementia praecox, the commonest form of insanity, which in certain cases impels the victim to want money, not for fancy living but for hoarding, or for childish purposes of various sorts. Having detected the frugality and near-miserliness of the man, he now decided that the fellow really wanted the bulk of the $50,000 for some other use than personal extravagance, and that he would therefore pay himself a small salary from the hoard for mere living expenses.

Dementia praecox is characterized by a splitting of the personality into two or more, often completely separate, parts. Dr. X saw "John" as a real-life Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a man who might strangle a helpless baby in his crib, but who would scrupulously stop for all red lights while out driving in his car, who would never think of driving a machine without an operator's license, who would go through all the motions of industriousness and honorableness. Yet he would remain, on the other side of his nature, a vicious "lone wolf," a fellow with an insane desire to attack the most honorable types of human beings and make them painfully aware of his anonymous but, to him, all-important existence.

Why had the Lindberghs been chosen as victims? Dr. X deduced the answer from his large experience with insane persons. The lust for money could hardly have been the motive. There were perhaps thousands of young couples in the New York area with much more money, whose children could be stolen as easily, without causing half the uproar. The conclusion was obvious: the criminal was a victim of dementia praecox.

Dr. X thereupon stated that this fugitive lone man had been insane in this fashion since his youth; that he had undoubtedly betrayed his condition during late adolescence in such a manner as to come to the attention of the police or mental specialists; that this probably had resulted in his commitment to jail or an asylum; that he kept his fiendish side a strict secret, even from his closest intimates; that he would not confess the Lindbergh crime when he was arrested, even if the police were able to show him a photograph of himself coming down the ladder with the child dangling from his hand; that he would not express indignation when first accused—in short, that he would not react normally, in an emotional way, to any circumstance of his predicament.

The doctor also was able to state that the fugitive, although outwardly respectable, even servile, was privately indulging a mad sense of superiority. This man thought he was greater, more competent, cleverer, and possessed of more will power than God.

He wanted to show Lindbergh, who had been exalted all over the world for courage, daring, pluck, and will power, that compared to him, "John," the Lone Eagle was a nobody!

He planned to collect the ransom not only to get the money but to make the crime appear more rational to himself. By the same token, he would not want to confess, if he were caught or even if he were convicted. Especially by the manner in which he risked easy capture twice by visiting deserted cemeteries to meet Condon did he demonstrate an insane belief in his ability to get away with anything.

Dr. X surmised that this fellow would be much more plaintive and wistful than indignant when he was caught. This was deduced from the plaintive air found in the notes, as when he asked: "How can Mr. Lindbergh follow so many false clues?" and again, "Why should we move the baby and face danger?" when he actually was facing all the danger he could.

It was equally clear to Dr. X that the man was childishly, immensely lazy. The ladder broke because he built it to weigh as little as possible; he didn't want to carry one pound more than was necessary. Here his defective imagination, his want of normal foresight, caused an accident that might have resulted in his immediate capture if not his death. He forgot that when he came down out of the window he would weigh thirty pounds more than when he climbed up—for that was the weight of the child's corpse.

FROM this alone, it was predicted that he would start spending the ransom money outside the Bronx and keep that up for a long time, but that eventually he would get lazy and start spending it nearer and nearer his home—which he did.

These are only a few of the deductions and views Dr. X expressed to me on April 11, 1932. On May 22, the tenth day after the body was found, I was able to hand him for the first time samples of the note writer's script, in photographic reproductions twice removed from the original writing.

The samples consisted of the last two notes received by Condon and Lindbergh — the folded note found under a stone in front of the greenhouse opposite St. Raymond's Cemetery, and the so-called "receipt" note. As you may remember, the latter read:

the boy is on Boad Nelly it is a small Boad 28 feet long two person are on the Boad the(y) are innosent you will find the Boad between Horseneck Beach and Gay Head near Elisabeth Island.

Dr. X got his hand magnifying glass and studied the rest of the script for about five minutes.

He explained that persons suffering from certain types of insanity frequently betray themselves by slips of

I've seen many a Great Finish

—but the one I saw in Boston tops them all

by Clem McCarthy, Dean Radio Announcer of the American Turf

THRILLING races—hair-breadth finishes—close shaves—these are the very breath of life to veterans of the turf. Knocking around and following the bangtails from track to track, I've seen as many great finishes as any man. But the greatest finish I ever saw wasn't at a race track at all. It was on a tiny wafer of steel, less than two inches long—and the millions of dollars it took to put it there would make a "Man o' War's" lifetime earnings look like chicken feed by comparison.

In my travels here and there, I heard so many men crab about razor blades that I found myself wondering why I always get clean, quick shaves with never a bit of razor drag or burn. I found the answer all right—but it took a special trip to Boston to turn the trick. There I went through the Gillette factory and learned why.

My head was in a whirl when I was through. I saw the world's finest blade steel chemically analyzed, "X-rayed" by an amazing instrument that searches the heart of the metal for hidden flaws, tested for hardness with a diamond-pointed scientific instrument, measured with micrometers, examined for perfection of micro-structure—all this before the steel is O. K'd for use in Gillette blades.

I saw the steel hardened in electric furnaces that are automatically controlled—saw the blades sharpened in huge grinding machines weighing several tons—yet so precise they are adjustable to the infinitesimal fraction of 1/10,000 of an inch. Believe me—precision is something you feel in the very air of the Gillette factory.

So after seeing one astounding process after another I'm convinced of this—better blades than Gillette blades will not be made—until Gillette scientists and engineers discover how to make them. In fact, my advice to any man who wants to *enjoy* shaving is not merely to *ask* for Gillette blades—but to *insist* on them.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS

Also the famous G-E "Dime" lamp. The first real value in a 10c lamp. It is available in 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watt sizes, and is marked like this . . GE

the pen much as normal people do by slips of the tongue. Whereupon, to my amazement, he proceeded to give what he called a "highly theoretical" but entirely possible explanation of the curious spelling of the word "Boad" and the selection of the name of the craft: namely, that while the writer of the note was telling his biggest lie he selected the name "Nelly" and spelled the word "Boad" because he was really thinking, "the boy is on the road nearly"—a phraseology quite in keeping with the murderer's normal manner of speech.

In support of his belief that the word "boat" ended up with "d" because the writer knew the body was actually "on the road nearly," the psychiatrist pointed out that the word "Boad," as written the three succeeding times in the note, had probably been first written as "Road" and the capital R had been then transformed into a capital B.

Indubitably the doctor was right. Where the word "Boad" appeared the second and third time in the note, there was plenty of evidence that extra pen strokes had been made to transform the bottom of the R into a B. The last time, the word actually was "Road," with a long upstroke to the "o" serving ineffectively to produce the illusion that the first letter was a "B."

Dr. X now directed my attention to the words "Gay Head." My wonderment at this ended when he wrote the words "Gun Hill," and then transformed the "u" of "Gun" into an "a," and the "n" into a "y." Then he added a loop to the "i" in the word "Hill," combined the two "l's" into a large "a" and added a "d."

"You should know what that means!" he said.

I did know. Gun Hill Road is one of the main thoroughfares of the Bronx, beginning at Woodlawn Cemetery, where the first meeting between Condon and "John" occurred. It also was on Gun Hill Road that John Perrone, the taxi driver, was handed the note that he was instructed to take to Condon's home—the note which appointed that first ransom rendezvous on the night of March 12, 1932.

"It might have slipped out under his pen," said Dr. X, "from force of habit, because he lived at some address on or near that principal thoroughfare."

That was enough for me.

It was immaterial then and it is immaterial now to know just why those words happened to underlie the words "Gay Head" in the so-called "receipt" note. Their presence there—or, if any one wishes to cavil, their supposed presence there—enabled me to put a circle around a small portion of the upper part of the Bronx and tell the police that the lone fugitive in the Lindbergh case most probably lived within that area.

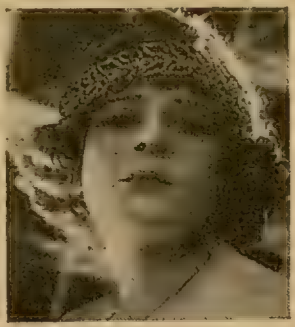
I drew that circle on the map on May 22, 1932, ten days after the finding of the baby's body.

Hauptmann, when arrested two years later, was living exactly one mile within the border of that restricted region!

Even more amazing deductions that Dr. X made will be revealed by Mr. Matteson next week. He will explain how they might have led to Hauptmann's arrest, and have thrown a strange light upon his "Fisch story."

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—This lady's been known as Lil, and now it's Annie; arrested, molested, she's nicer far than she's pictured. She was comparatively obscure when the early photo at the right was taken. Who is she?

2—What are the seven deadly sins?

3—Who was the hero of Jutland?

4—Is Mount Vernon in New York or is it in the District of Columbia?

5—What is the popular name for solid carbon dioxide?

6—Who administered the oath of office to President Calvin Coolidge?

7—There are more than 2,000 miles of what in the adult human body?

8—Where is never-never land?

9—To what did Solomon liken a woman of the sort now termed beautiful but dumb?

10—In what order does a queen bee lay eggs?

11—The two canine teeth (upper jaw), next to the grinders, are called what?

12—What is Asgard?

13—Where does the Canadian River rise?

14—Who wrote: "Drink to me with your eyes alone. . . . And if you will, take the cup to your lips and fill it with kisses, and give it so to me"?

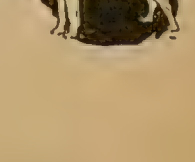
15—What New England college grants free tuition to selected Indian youths?

16—Which of the following were born in the United States: H. B. Warner, Marie Dressler, Dorothy Mackaill, Maureen O'Sullivan?

17—Where was the United States Naval Academy from May 5, 1861, until September, 1865?

18—What combined with copper forms brass?

19—In the picture on the right is shown which breed of dog?



20—What famous naturalist wrote The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

GOVERNOR HARRY W. NICE

HARRY W. NICE, Republican Governor of Maryland, thinks more of us girls ought to make ourselves heard in the hubbub of politics; says our feminine intuition can hit the political nail on the head just about as straight as men's logic. He is the first Maryland governor to appoint lady police justices, has put eighty women to work as state officers—yet his professional experience with our sex hasn't always been unruffled. He told me the following story:

As a lawyer he once defended a man whose wife tried to have him locked up in an asylum because he wouldn't pay any attention to her while he was reading his newspaper. "It doesn't prove he's insane," argued Harry Nice. "Lots of men are like that. Why, I'm that way myself."

"Well," snapped the lady, "who ever told you that *you* had sense!"

Governor Nice is a large man, jovial, shrewd. Rides twenty thousand miles a year in his automobile to exchange talk with all sorts of Marylanders. Mrs. Nice drives the car. "I claim," said the governor, "to be the champion back-seat driver of America. And I claim that my wife is the national champ at cooking terrapin."

Every year he rereads the works of Charles Dickens. "They are textbooks," he says, "on the subject of humanity. You can't walk along the main street of any town without meeting at least two Dickens characters."

Harry W. Nice is a minister's son. Takes particular pride in his success at putting the finances of his state in order.

● Note from a young man in a fix: "My girl's uncle gave her a dog for her birthday, and her dog has taken a dislike to me. I try to make friends with it, but it growls at me every time it sees me. I have a feeling that my girl may think there must be something wrong with me, and that her dog knows it by instinct. What can I do?"

An embarrassing situation, as any one knows who ever has been in the bad graces of an unreasonable pup. I suggest bribery. A few hamburgers, or perhaps a raw chop.

● A sympathetic jeweler has rushed to the aid of women who own two expensive diamond clips but do *not* own a diamond bracelet. Poor things! The big-hearted jeweler now gets out a plain bracelet band of platinum so made that diamond clips can be attached to it and removed from it at will. His bracelet (without clips) costs only two hundred dollars. I asked the jeweler what good it would be to a woman who happened to have only one diamond clip. "Madam," he answered, "ladies always own a pair of clips."

Now we know. The *lady* always clips twice.

P. S. Five-and-ten stores, please notify us when your copy of the clip-and-bracelet combination goes on sale.

● We saw new buds of pussy willow in a florist's window. The friend who was with me said:

"Pussy willows were the hope and the despair of my childhood. When I was a little girl some one told me that pussy willows would hatch into kittens if I took enough care of them. So every spring I used to bring them home and put them behind our kitchen stove in a padded basket. Then I would wait and watch for the kittens to come. It was a sad day when I finally abandoned them. My faith in pussy-willow kittens was even harder to give up than my belief in Santa Claus."

Now what career do you think she has followed—this girl with such poetic memories of her childhood? Is she an artist, an actress, a writer?

I'll tell you.

She's a first-class surgical nurse in a big hospital. She is one of the outrageously underpaid young women whose skill and care help keep us alive when we threaten to drift out toward death.

● At circulating libraries I am informed that women readers *adore* every book about the Russian ballet. Me, too! A new delight for us ballet worshipers is Igor Schwezoff's book, Russian Somersault, which won the $5,000 autobiography prize in England. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

● A favorite luncheon dish at Monte Carlo, the last time I stayed there, was this novelty in the creamed-chicken line. It looks and tastes very partyfied but is quite easy to make.

I recommend it for bridge gatherings.

To 1 cup minced chicken add ½ cup minced ham, 1¾ cups thick cream sauce, yolk of 1 egg, salt and pepper, a pinch of dried basil or thyme. For each portion butter a small custard cup, sprinkle chopped parsley at the bottom, fill with chicken mixture. Stand cups in pan of hot water, cover, and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Turn out on platter, garnish with cream sauce. Flavor the sauce with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire and 1 green pepper, peeled, chopped, lightly fried in butter.

Serve with new green peas and with warm French rolls.

WITHOUT WARNING

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

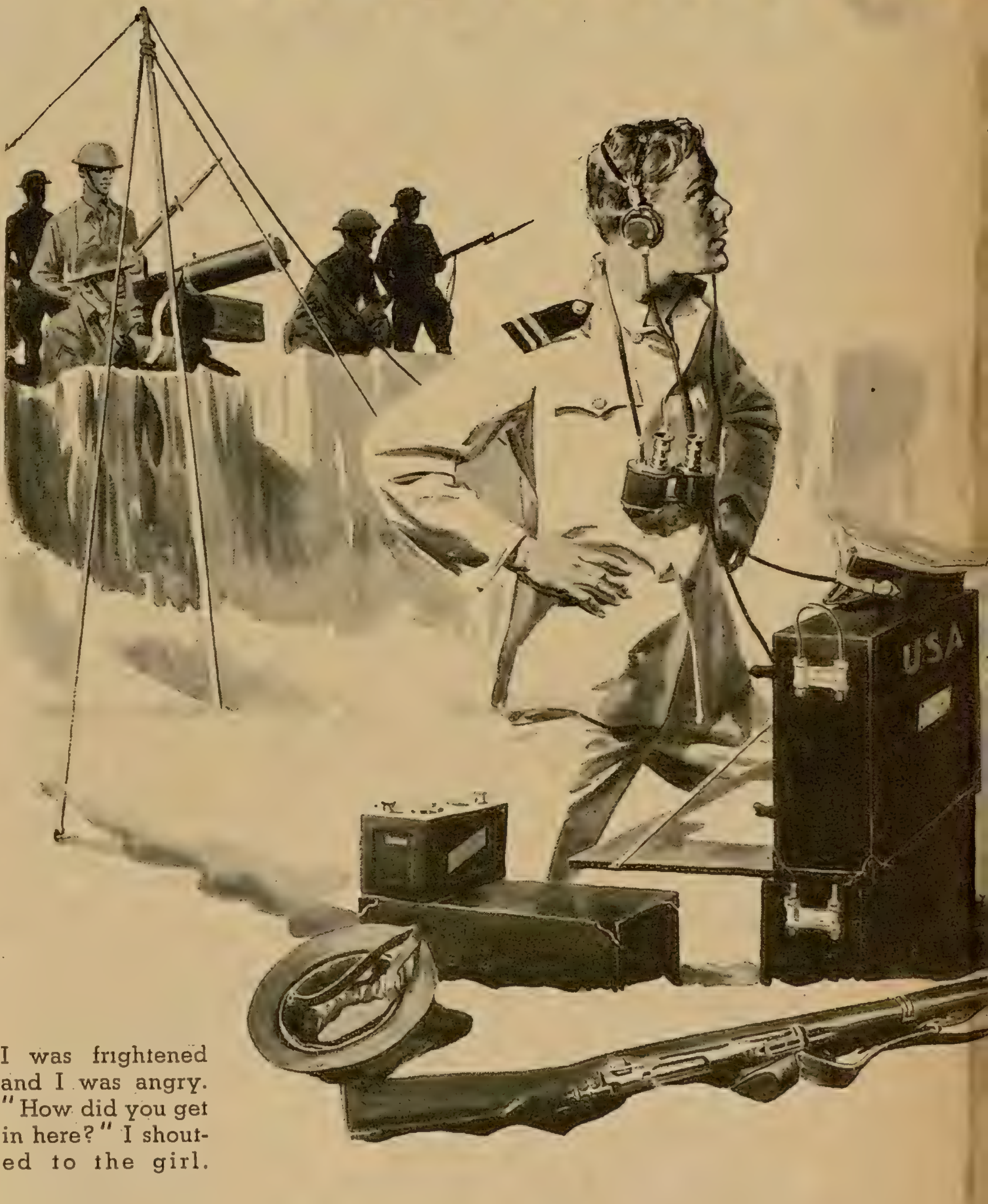
YOKOHAMA is rife with rumors of war coming between East and West in the spring of 1937. Among other things, Lieutenant James Thurlow Grant, U. S. N., learns that Japan has built super-submarines that can go to California and back without refueling. Disguising himself in the shabby, dirty clothes of his faithful henchman, Mike Delevan, the young naval officer climbs over the wall of the Yokosuka dockyard at night and sees the giant subsea boats with his own eyes. His government must be warned!

But his presence is discovered by guards, who set out to capture him. Before they realize it, he has disappeared, apparently in a magnificent waiting limousine. The guards dash up to it. But its occupant, a beautiful white girl, demands to know how they dare invade her privacy and the motorcar of their war lord, Prince Kakagawa. They withdraw in confusion.

The girl, Marian Lamar, had hidden Grant under a heavy robe at her feet. When the guards vanish, she tells him to cling to the framework under the car. He does this, and so escapes from the dockyard undetected!

Though engaged to Rita Cannelle back home, the ardent lieutenant falls in love with Marian Lamar. Unexpectedly, Prince Kakagawa bids Grant to dinner, and at it he again sees the girl who saved his life. But what is going on?

The real objective is soon revealed. Prince Kakagawa orders Lieutenant Grant, Mike Delevan, and Miss Lamar on an English tramp steamer bound for Honolulu. During the voyage it is discovered there was a plot to sink her! Almost as soon as they arrive in Hawaii, a fleet of Japanese planes bomb Oahu. "God help the United States!" cries young Grant. "Amen," says Admiral Neville, stationed there.



I was frightened and I was angry. "How did you get in here?" I shouted to the girl.

PART THREE—HELL IN HAWAII

THE admiral went back to his desk. I stood at the door. The drone of planes died out. The world was deathly still for long, long minutes. There was nothing in the world—no sound, that is—but the admiral's voice issuing new orders.

Then from far away I heard the mild thunder of exploding bombs. I fancied I could see those planes droning over the Wheeler airdrome in perfect formation, laying their eggs.

Mike came by in a marine uniform. The jacket fitted him so tightly he couldn't button it.

"Glory be!" he said. "What kind of a war is this, lieutenant? A soldier can't even get a drink in this man's outfit."

He had "mooched" the uniform, and was indignant because a sergeant's chevrons didn't go with it and because he looked like "a dumb rookie on his first hitch."

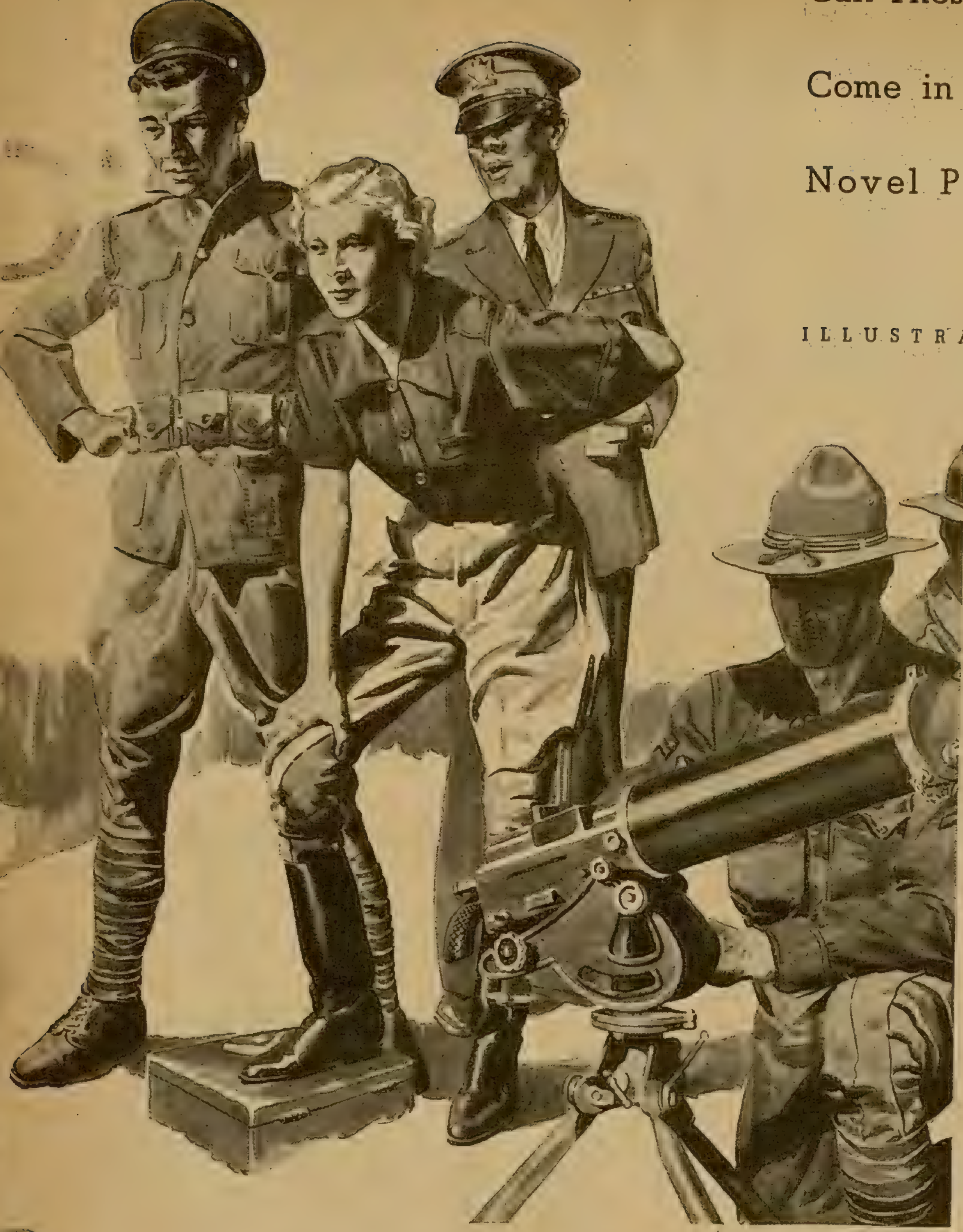
I had no time for him. The planes were coming back. Already they had blotted out the sun. One squadron lazily detached itself from the others, swerved south toward Honolulu, coming to bomb the naval station.

"Stand by and watch, Lieutenant Grant," Admiral Neville called.

He had scarcely reached the doorway when Colonel Server's 64th Antiaircraft began to bay. The colonel's trucks had come roaring down the road from Fort Shafter. I hadn't seen them because I was watching the sky. And I hadn't heard them because of the noise above.

Can These Things Happen? If War Should Come in 1937 Will This Vividly Realistic Novel Prove an Accurate Prophecy?

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

It was lovely to watch. A bang. A belching of flame. A cloud of white. A plane shivering like a butterfly in a gale. A mass of fire and smoke fluttering down. I saw eight planes drop like that.

Now a flight of seaplanes rose up from the harbor, the ugly ducklings of the station. Slow they were and unwieldy. They were never meant for such work as they were doing now. They had little chance of success. The pilots knew it. But they went up bravely, and sent down two bombers before the swift Jap pursuit falcons fell screaming and tore them all apart.

The 64th, and the antiaircraft guns on the tenders Seagull and Widgeon, sent smoke and flame and steel into the midst of the pursuit planes and smashed a pair of them.

And now our turn came. Bombs rained all about us. The marine barracks buckled outward. Pieces of it flew everywhere. Fires surged up in a dozen places. Great winds came out of nowhere. It was like being in a cyclone and an earthquake at the same time. The breath went out of me. Something picked me up and set me down hard.

I looked around and saw a man's right arm lying near me. It was well muscled, hairy. There was a tattoo mark on the forearm—a bleeding heart and inside it two words: "Get hot." Clutched in the fingers was a pair of dice.

The shadows of wings passed overhead. The earth quit rocking. Waterspouts shot high up from the placid water of the harbor. Piers cracked and splintered and started to burn. The submarine S-46 went down with a bomb in her throat that ripped her to fragments.

The admiral was sitting near me, scratching his neck.

"Now you know, lieutenant," he said dispassionately, "how it feels to have a baby."

Officers ran up from all directions. The admiral rose to his feet and looked at them sternly and gave calm orders.

Presently men were going about with stretchers, taking the wounded to the hospitals, removing the bodies and parts of bodies, fighting the fires, policing the grounds.

Within half an hour Neville was called to a conference at the governor's residence. He took me along, and his assistant, Captain Witson; and Captain Sponson, who commanded the submarine base; and Captain Werbster of the naval air station; and Colonel Hoovey of the Marines.

Mike jumped on the running board of our car as we started out. Neville was annoyed, but before he could say anything Hoovey recognized him.

"Mike!" he said. "You old leatherneck such and such!"

If Mike had been his own son the colonel couldn't have spoken more fondly to him.

"Thought you were dead and buried years ago," he went on. "It's a pity."

"Thanks, colonel," Mike said.

"Where'd you get that outfit? Steal it?"

"Naw, colonel. I give a guy some dirty pictures for it. I got 'em from a spy me and the lieutenant captured coming from Japan. They was darbs, too."

The colonel gave Mike his flask as we went into the governor's residence.

"I owed him that," he explained to Neville. "That guy saved my hide more than once in France."

The army men were waiting for us: Major General Connelly, commanding the Hawaiian Department; Major General Winton, commander of the division of troops that formed the principal portion of the garrison;

General Callahan of the coast defenses; and Lieutenant Colonel Ward, the senior air officer.

We sat around the table, and the admiral opened the ball.

"There's no doubt, gentlemen," he said, "that the enemy planes have come from carriers lying offshore below the horizon. I have ordered four seaplanes up to reconnoiter. They're all I have left. The question is, what are we to do when the Japanese return with a new load of bombs? I take it we have no air force that can get off the ground with any hope of success?"

He snatched up the governor's paper cutter and with it made vertical little marks on his neck.

Colonel Ward shook his head.

"Not a pursuit plane left," he said. "Their bombers wiped 'em out. Nothing but heavy observation planes and bombers now—ships that couldn't even hope to effect anything against their pursuit."

I kept wondering, while they talked, what was happening in the United States. Had the Japanese taken San Francisco and Los Angeles and San Diego? Had they bombed Seattle and Portland? How many planes had we on the Pacific coast? What had happened to them? I thought I could see great buildings falling in ruins; people running through the streets, screaming in terror, dying.

"I've seventeen damned good submarines," I came out of my reverie to hear Captain Sponson say. He was on his feet, glaring at the men about the table. "All in full commission and ready to go. How about taking a run out tonight and saying hello? The Japs can't be more than thirty miles out—two hours and a half for my pig boats."

They thought about that. The admiral had the last word:

"Good. Take Divisions 7 and 8. Leave 9 and 11 here. The Japs may try a sudden attack under cover of darkness. We'll need some of your submersibles in that event. You'll have nine boats. Captain Witson, have Commander Keys patrol to the westward with the mine layers Gamble and Ramsey. Start at once."

He stuck the end of the paper cutter to the tip of his nose and addressed the army men:

"They are the only ships I have with any speed. They used to be destroyers."

He turned again to Witson:

"All other ships to stand by, ready to get under way at once, if ordered."

Connelly outlined briefly the preparations he had made for the public reception of the next Japanese delegation—the patrolling of the beach, the establishment of an observation station on Mount Kaala, the readying of trains carrying special machine-gun and artillery detachments so they might be quickly brought where they were most needed, the rushing of supplies to the forts.

"WHAT about our Japanese population here?" the governor asked. "There are about fifty thousand Japanese of military age on this island."

"We haven't forgotten, sir," Connelly said. He lighted a cigar with exasperating laziness. "Our plans include all possible provision for interior patrols. But I trust you will at once call out the National Guard. There are only two battalions of them, but we need them. They can guard magazines and do general police duty in Honolulu."

The governor smiled proudly.

"I've already called out the guard," he said. "The adjutant general will report to you shortly for orders."

Army and navy officers went out of the governor's mansion cracking jokes and telling stories.

I looked around for Mike. I couldn't see him.

"How about a spot of lunch?" Admiral Neville asked.

I would have liked to go home for lunch; but this was war, and hell might pop any minute.

"Thanks," I said.

Neville knew my folks. He asked about them during lunch. We lunched in his headquarters, and his private phone rang every other minute, it seemed. He had to talk between bites and sometimes with his mouth full of food.

I told him about my parents, my kid brother, my little sister. They lived a few miles away, in Honolulu. I told him about my married sister in Los Angeles. I even told him about Rita Cannelle. I guess he thought it was good for me to talk about other things than war. Maybe it helped him a little, too, to listen to me.

It was just about sundown when Sponson stood out through the channel, cleared the reefs, and turned westward. Nine submarines. They made a grim picture outlined against the red-gold sun.

There were sixteen left behind in the harbor, eight of them in first-class shape. The other eight were in the condition known as "rotating reserve," that is, with only maintenance parties aboard. That was one of the "economy" measures thrust upon the navy. Those eight submarines lying there idle would have been invaluable to Sponson—but how could he use them without the trained officers and men needed to take them into action? They might just as well have been with the S-46, lying in pieces on the harbor bed.

IT had grown very dark before I realized it. I was talking about Kato and how my father had converted him to Christianity when I happened to look out and see the stars.

An orderly came in with our dinner on a tray. I felt rather embarrassed. You don't usually eat lunch and dinner with a rear admiral in his quarters. Nor do you sit and chin with him all day. I began to wonder why he was keeping me around. Did he think I was no good for anything but talk?

He picked up the phone with one hand and with the other he removed the napkin from the tray.

"Good," he said. He hung up the receiver. "Chicken again! Take it away. Bring me something that doesn't cackle or fly or run all around eating worms. Bring me something that moos and eats good grass and puts some hair on a sailor's chest."

We were halfway through dinner when Lieutenant Lewis of the Gamble came in with a young Hawaiian. The boy was exhausted and in pain. His uniform, that of a second lieutenant in the Hawaiian National Guard, was stained and torn and soaked with blood and water. Lewis had to support him. His name was Rekahune.

"They got Kauai," he said. Lewis helped him into a chair and addressed the admiral:

"We picked him up in the channel, sir. He was in a little fishing boat. He has important information. The commander sent me ashore with him in the launch."

The admiral nodded his head and began to munch on a nut. The boy told how the Japanese residents had suddenly "rose up" last night, with guns and bombs and machine guns. They had seized the cable stations, destroyed radio stations, slaughtered people, burned houses, looted stores and banks. I gave him a cup of half-warm coffee. He drank it down. The cup fell from his hand. He didn't notice. Where was Kauai? I wondered. Then it came to me. An island only sixty miles away!

"They got Hall," the boy said. "Hall's our captain. Maybe you know him. An ex-marine sergeant. Big fellow. They captured him. They captured the first lieutenant, Rogers. I got away. I got about forty of the men together. We don't have any armory. Not Company I. No. The men lived at their houses and kept their guns there. We went to Lihue and rescued the captain. We got him out of his house and away, and took two machine guns from the Japs. They were in the garage. Hall's garage. There were only about twenty Japs there then. We killed them all. We ran along the coast toward Hanamaulu Bay. It was dark. We went looking for boats. We couldn't find any. When it was light, we saw the Japanese warships and transports in the bay."

He gave the admiral such names as he knew. The admiral jotted them down with a pencil. Then the admiral jumped up, and for a moment all you could hear in that little room was the squeaking of his chair as it rocked on its springs.

"You're hit, aren't you?" he cried. "Dammit, get him to the hospital—quick."

The admiral spoke in a squeaky voice that was kin to the squeak in his chair—but if he had roared the order from the bridge of his flagship I couldn't have jumped more quickly to obey him.

I picked up the boy, glad of the chance to do something. He laid his head against my shoulder and I carried him out.

"Pick up some sleep, lieutenant," the admiral said as I went through the door. "I'll need you later."

I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep for a time. I was exhausted physically, though I hadn't done anything at all. Perhaps it was the excitement. I'd never seen a war before. Perhaps it was just the sitting down all day that gave me such fatigue.

I lay in bed remembering the look in that boy's face, the smile he gave the doctors when they put the blessed ether cone over his face. He was so young! He was twenty-one or -two, maybe. But he looked as young as my kid brother.

There would be lots of kids in this war—there were lots of them out there now on the black water, or under it. Japanese kids, American kids, eager to fight for their countries, even willing to die for them—but hoping not to! Some of them must be dying now—and hundreds of others screaming with pain and trying not to.

WHY were we at war? I didn't know. Pride of race? Pride of empire? Greed for colonies? A place in the sun?

Then every once in a while I'd get up, hearing rifle fire in the city, and look out at burning buildings. I wondered if my people were safe. I wondered if Marian were safe. I wondered when I'd get a chance for action. It's hell to sit out a war! Maybe that's why admirals and generals are as they are. Life for them, even in war, is just moving from one chair to another.

I jumped out of bed gladly when the summons came. But again I was little more than a looker-on. Two shivering Japanese boys wrapped in blankets awaited me, and some of the naval intelligence men. So this was my job in the war, I thought. Just an interpreter. The intelligence men told me what questions to ask. I asked them. The little Japs wouldn't answer them. You know, I liked those kids. I was glad when they were taken away and given a chance to rest.

We had won a victory at sea while I tossed in my soft bed. Sponson had done a wonderful job. He had discovered two vessels coming out of Nawiliwili Bay. His night glasses told him they were merchant ships, big ones, transports heading for Oahu to make a night attack.

He ordered five of his own group to submerge and attack, the others to remain in reserve. He got torpedoes home on the leading ship, the Yaiyo Maru. She was crowded with the men of the 6th Kobe Reserve Infantry Brigade. She went down almost at once. Only a few of the 5,500 men and boy soldiers and the 200 sailors

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were rescued. The two boys to whom I had talked were soldiers. They'd been picked up by the Ramsey.

The second ship was also torpedoed and sunk. But this was not such a victory for the American arms, as she was merely the destroyer depot ship Jingei. She went down with her guns blazing in futile rage. Futile? Not quite. She gave the Japanese admiral warning. The remaining transports, as yet unseen by Sponson, were ordered back to the harbor, and a division of destroyers was loosed against the submarines. Searchlights began to sweep the surface. The S-1, coming up for a periscope sight, was rammed and sunk. Sponson drew off his other ships by hydrophone signals.

There must be a dozen transports, Sponson figured. They'd need that many for an attack on Oahu. But he decided not to rush them. The Japanese were on the alert now. He'd lose all his ships. If he withdrew, the enemy might think they'd been attacked by only three or four subs—and they knew one of those had been sunk. So thinking, they'd surely not let such a small force delay them. They had but five hours of darkness left. And what were two or three submarines anyway to a division of destroyers?

Sponson drew off and formed a patrol line covering the Kaieiewaho Channel, and waited. He didn't wait long. His reasoning had been correct. The Japs came on—and Sponson sank a transport bearing an artillery regiment—men, guns, and horses. He sank the Yubari, a small cruiser.

"We knew her at once," he said, "when we saw her peculiar rig against the stars. She went down by the head with all on board."

And he sank the destroyer Minekaze.

More than ten thousand bodies pitched into the star-spangled seas! I shuddered. And at the same time I wished I had been there to take part in the destruction.

Ten thousand homes in Japan would mourn. But how many thousands of American homes would be safer for the killing of those Japanese men and boys?

IT was victory, but it was not cheaply won. Sponson bought it with the loss of all his submarines save two. And these, the S-23 and the S-18, badly damaged by shellfire and unable to submerge, crawled along on the surface and battled with the small destroyer Kiri until the Gamble and the Ramsey came to their aid. Gallantly these American craft attacked a whole destroyer flotilla, sank the Kiri, crippled another ship, and got safely away in the dark.

It was dawn when the shattered wrecks of the S-23 and the S-18 came creeping in through the main channel at Pearl Harbor and tied up at their base. From the yard of the signal mast before the commandant's quarters fluttered the signal:

"Well done, submarines!"

Well done indeed. But there was no rest for Sponson and those who returned with him alive. They must put out again to sea with the eight manned submarines which had been held in reserve.

They had hardly gone beyond the reef when the Japanese launched the second day's attack.

"Report to General Connelly at Schofield Barracks," Admiral Neville ordered me.

I gave him my most respectful salute. I could have hugged him. There's where most of the fighting would be, I knew. At Schofield Barracks. That's where I wanted to be!

THE telephone wire had been repaired in the night—many things had been repaired in the night, even some of our damaged planes—and I was to be a naval observing officer, keeping the naval authorities in touch with the military situation at all times.

Mike waylaid me as I ran out, eyed me with reproach. He was like a dog you've left out in the rain all night and forgotten—hurt but forgiving. He was shivering. He had three Japanese helmets in his hands.

"Hi, lieutenant!" he said. "Want to give me a buck for these souvenirs? I took them off some of them little monkeys in town last night; but they won't miss 'em, praise the Lord."

He was just the man I wanted to see.

"Go to my house and tell my folks to get to Fort Shafter or any place it's safe," I said. "It might be safe to get away now—with the National Guard on the job." I gave him the address. I gave him some money. "Tell dad to get the family out quick. Don't stop to take anything he doesn't absolutely need. And—"

"Yeah," said Mike, "and the girl."

I jumped into an auto and hurried away. Already there was a droning in the sky. I was doing eighty when they passed me, a fleet of bombers covered by high-flying pursuits.

They'd made splinters and ashes out of most of the buildings before I got there. There was nothing but ruins.

And, I learned later, there was little more than ruins back in the naval station I'd just left.

My communication post had been conveniently dug for me by a half-ton bomb. Army signalers had already strung a telephone wire into it, tapping the main line to Pearl Harbor; and a Signal Corps lieutenant and two operators were in the bottom of it, squatting on their haunches.

The lieutenant was writing a message, with some difficulty. He had somehow lost two fingers of his right hand. Some one had put a double tourniquet on the stumps and bandaged them with a handkerchief. He used that hand, though, to keep the pad of paper steady against his knee. The tourniquet must have loosened, for blood dripped from the bandage on to the paper.

"Hello, Navy," he greeted me. "You come to take over?"

"Yes," I said.

I pretended not to see his wound. Some men are sensitive about that sort of thing, sort of ashamed at being hurt.

"Then take over, Sailor; and give me a cigarette."

I put a cigarette in his mouth, lit it for him, and took his earphones. He went on writing for a second or two.

"General Connelly," he said to an orderly. "Hop!"

The orderly hopped.

The lieutenant stood up, grinned at me, and jerked his head to indicate he wanted to get out too, but couldn't without help. He could have put it into words, but he didn't. I boosted him up.

"Thanks, Scram," he said. "You don't remember me, I guess."

I didn't. Maybe he was some Army lineman I'd played against. I don't know. I never saw him again. He walked away, holding his left wrist. I had never seen a man so pale before.

I stood up in the hole. I could see plainly in all directions. I had a box seat, you might say, at that man's war.

The bombers had gone back to Kauai to get another load of grief. But the pursuit ships were still flying around, and now and then some of them would swoop low and spit at moving troops. Wherever they spat, men died.

The 64th had brought some of the bombers down, the orderly told me, but they had no luck with those darting wasps.

EVERYWHERE was theatric beauty—the sweet green slope broken by dark gulches and silvery watercourses, little far-away houses twinkling in the sun, flat miles of taro fields and sugar cane and pineapples and palm trees, the white sands laced by surging foam to the calm blue of the sea. The sea! And far away on the sky line, and above it, soft white clouds and black wings and the smoke of ships.

A brigade of doughboys was entrenched quite a distance below me. The gulches and watercourses—which in the main ran in a northwesterly direction—served as excellent communication trenches and divided the front into natural sectors.

Nearer to my observation hole a second line of trenches was being prepared—and beyond me men were throwing up more earthworks.

West of Puuiki Station, on my left, the heavy guns of Colonel Hilcome's 41st Coast Artillery stared with blind eyes at the rising sun. Enormous guns they were, mounted on railroad cars. The locomotive faced in my direction. Little circles of white smoke went up from its stack. Beyond the guns I could see two small railroad bridges and a section of track.

Back of me, on the left, a white road ran, and lost itself somewhere behind the shoulder of a hill. That road was choked with traffic now: pleasure cars from Honolulu, trucks full of soldiers, motorcycles, men and women and children afoot—people who had been driven by terror from their homes, or by curiosity to see the battle.

To my right and some little distance behind me were the hospital buildings with the Red Cross flag flying and the tarmac of Wheeler Field. All the effective planes left us were there carefully camouflaged—observation, bombardment, and attack.

The 27th and 35th Infantry regiments were in those foremost trenches, with a battalion of the 3d Engineers. And the tractors of the 11th Field Artillery were dragging their 155-millimeter howitzers into covered positions in the ravines between the South Opaeula and Poamoho gulches, where they would command the whole stretch of beach around and between both bays.

The two Opaeula gulches, joined at the town of Waialua, formed the dividing line between the regimental sectors. The 27th, north of the town, was given the mission of defending Waialua Bay. Its right was protected by the salt marshes, and rested on the entrenched village of Kawailoa. Its line ran slanting to the northwest. The line of the 35th, the other side of Waialua, ran due west, defending Kaiaka Bay. The

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outer flank of this regiment was protected by nothing more than a few taro fields. Only two of its battalions were in the line, the third being echeloned in reserve behind that exposed flank south of the village of Puuiki.

This was the 22d Brigade. General Bernhard, who commanded it, had no brigade reserve, as it was essential to place every rifle and machine gun in the line. But the troops of the 21st Brigade were coming up as fast as trucks could bring them.

That smoke on the northern sky line grew blacker, and presently little dots appeared, and grew, and swelled into ships. I could make them out with my glasses, but not until the naval station had told me their names. I saw the Gamble and the Ramsey go tearing out to reconnoiter them, leaving angry white water in their wake.

Japanese planes were circling low over our positions, spotting for the fire of the ships. Cruisers they were, and the battleship Fuso, a weird-looking craft with a great topheavy fire-control tower, six turrets, and a funnel with an "antiflare" top that resembled nothing else in the world than an old-fashioned American locomotive smokestack.

The ships—little toys they were until you looked at them through the glasses—began to spark and smoke. The air was filled with thunder. Colonel Hilcome's guns let go, and the earth shook, and my head rang and kept on ringing.

For an hour those guns kept thundering—and trucks thundered on the road in back of me, bringing up men, bringing up ammunition, bringing up machine guns.

One of those little toy ships was afire. She drew off, a floating pillar of smoke and flame vanishing on a slick blue sea. The warships were close inshore now. They were not more than a mile off. There was sufficient depth. There were no fortifications such as guarded the approaches to Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, which must be the ultimate objectives of any attack. They would land an army on the beach. It would come swarming up the heights. It would take the road to the city.

Or so they planned.

The Fuso's fourteen-inch guns began to talk; and strangely enough they added but little to the clamor of the morning. Her 1,400-pound shells tore up the track beyond the two batteries of railway guns. They smashed the bridges. The batteries moved quickly to a more sheltered spot, near the salt marshes northeast of Waialua Bay—and sank the cruiser Tenryu off Paena Point.

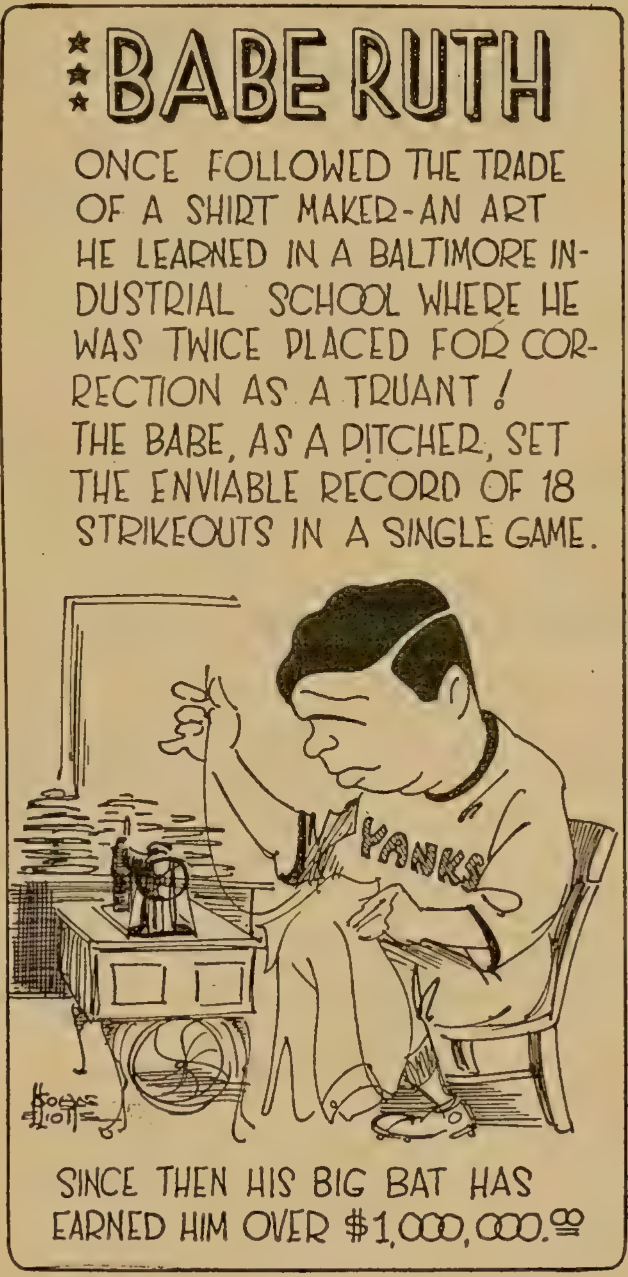
The planes of the Rising Sun followed those batteries as they went panting out of danger, swooping down to attack the gunners with light bombs. The smoke of the locomotive darkened their wings, so closely the Japanese came.

The Tenryu had hardly listed before one of the Fuso's shells burst fairly in the center of Battery A. It killed and wounded most of the gun detachments and put the two guns out of action. The second batttery tried to get under way, but a shell struck the locomotive and it blew up in a cloud of steam. The airmen dived again and rained machine-gun bullets on what was left of the crew. Batteries A and B had gone to glory.

The Japanese proceedings so far had been in the nature of nothing more than a reconnaissance in force. Now they were ready to take over the island.

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliotte


BABE RUTH
ONCE FOLLOWED THE TRADE OF A SHIRT MAKER-AN ART HE LEARNED IN A BALTIMORE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL WHERE HE WAS TWICE PLACED FOR CORRECTION AS A TRUANT! THE BABE, AS A PITCHER, SET THE ENVIABLE RECORD OF 18 STRIKEOUTS IN A SINGLE GAME.
YANKS
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SINCE THEN HIS BIG BAT HAS EARNED HIM OVER $1,000,000.00

I had been so absorbed in watching Hilcome fight the planes and the funny-looking man-of-war—and in giving somebody at the naval station a word picture of it—that I was entirely unprepared to look around and see Mike standing above me on the rim of the hole, and back of him Marian Lamar and an elderly man in the uniform of a British artillery colonel.

I was frightened and I was angry.

"How did you get in here?" I shouted at the girl.

She couldn't hear me. She jumped down into the trench. She was wearing riding clothes and shiny leather boots. She was cool and sweet, and defiant.

"Do you need a ticket to get in?" she asked me. "I didn't see any ticket taker at the gate."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"Has a journalist no rights?" she demanded. "Is this a private war?"

"Marian," I said, "for God's sake get out of here!"

SHE didn't answer me. She was watching Mike help the colonel into the hole.

"This is Colonel Reginald Cawbley-Cawbley," she said. "Lieutenant Grant."

"Jolly good of you," the colonel screamed. "Appreciate it no end. Rather good, what Miss Lamar said about ticket takers, lieutenant. Yes, rather. But—courtesy of the profession, you know. I'm a soldier myself, you know."

I had to take the earphones off a minute or two to hear all this chatter.

"His Majesty's Coldstream Guards. Retired, of course. But young as a boy of fifty. Jolly comfortable here."

"You'll have to go," I said. I meant it.

"But where can we go?" the colonel asked.

"Take her some place safe," I said. "Find the generals. Wherever they are, you're safe."

"She ain't safe no place," Mike put in.

"Did you find my family?" I asked.

"Yeah. And they wouldn't go. The old man says he's in the hands of God. The old lady says she'll stick with the old man. And the kid—she'll string with the old folks."

"My brother?"

"He wasn't home. They think he's with the army. Hell, half the school kids of Honolulu are in them trenches. And the other half will be there, if they can get away from them Japs in the city. The city's crawling with Japs. It's lousy with 'em, sir."

"Soldiers?"

"They got uniforms, but damn my soul if they're soldiers—killing, burning, raping—"

I'd heard enough. "Get to hell out of here," I shouted, "and take her and Colonel Cawbley-Cawbley with you!"

I put my earphones back on—just in time.

The blue sky had turned black with the smoke of new ships; and somebody at the naval station was telling me their names and their positions.

"Good luck!" he said, when he was through.

"We're still alive," was all I could think to answer.

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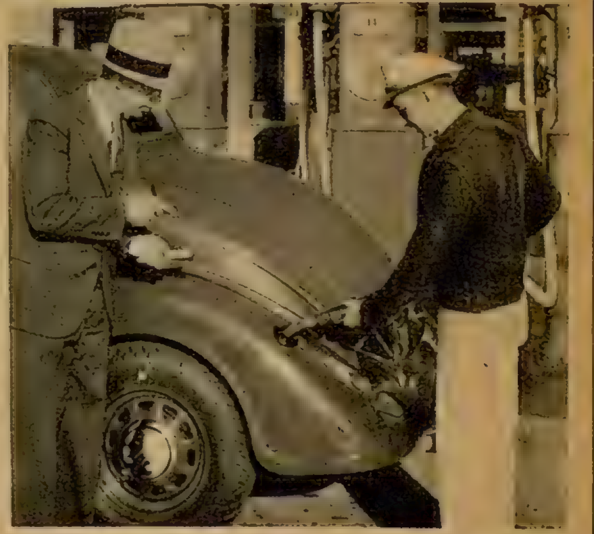

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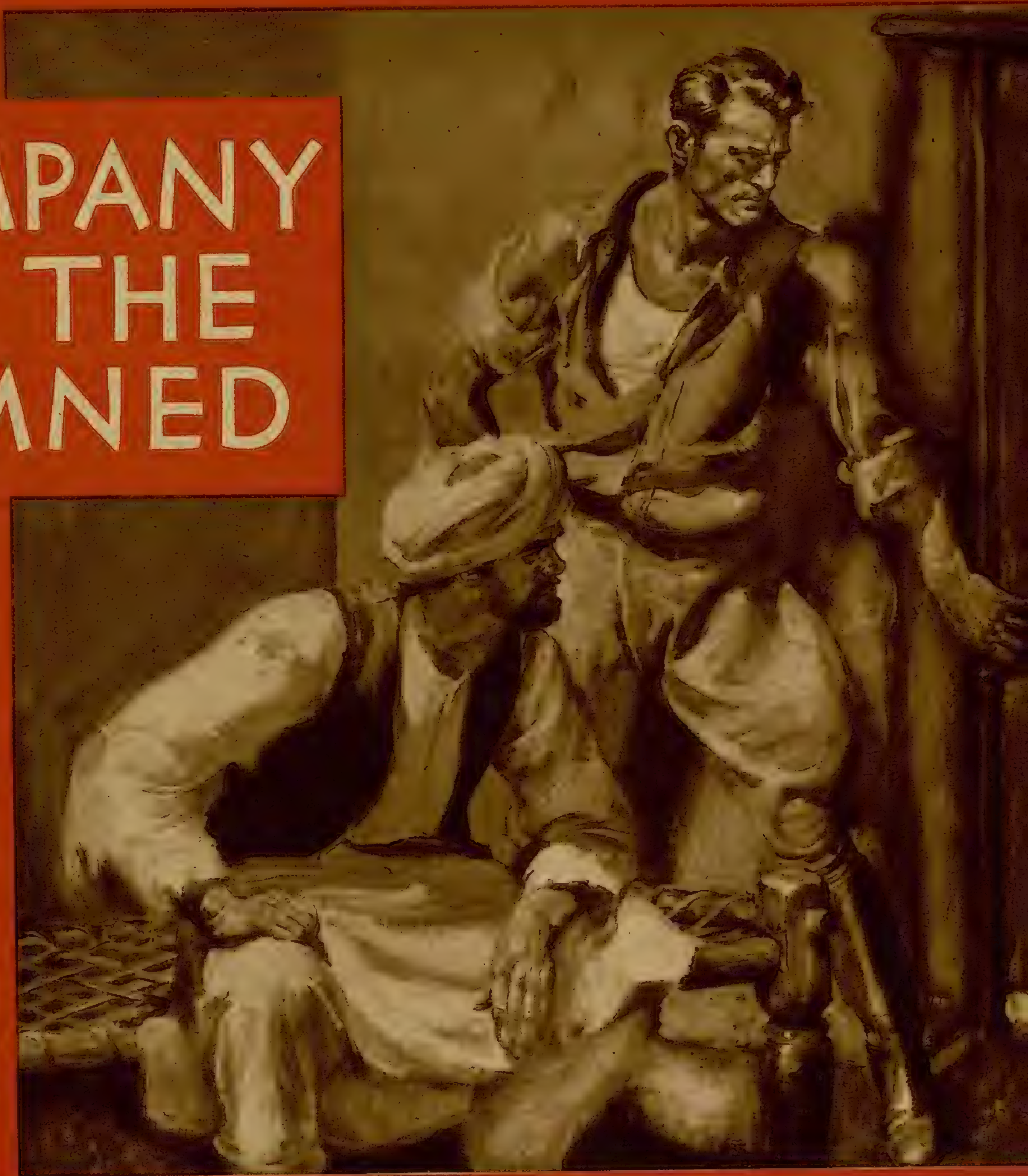


"You stole that plane? You took him captive?" She shrugged her shoulders. With

MAHRILA having escaped from custody during the Mad Fakir's secret meeting in Peshawar, Colonel Strong led Hunted Men's Militia back into the Hills, hoping this time to come upon Nabi, the boy Moslem "emperor," as well as upon Mahrila and her master. The company found a village of loyal Hillmen in smoking ruins, with most of its people hideously butchered—Lenhai's work, as the few elderly survivors could attest. The colonel at once pushed on in the direction that old Ibrahim, a former khan, said the Mad Fakir had taken, leaving Digger with his platoon and Barney Binns to clean up the ruins and bury the corpses. They had but one machine gun.

The khan's house was still standing, a miniature walled fortress. That night, as the platoon settled down in it, Lenhai and his fanatics returned and made a surprise attack. They were beaten off, but only by a heavy expenditure of ammunition. In the morning it developed that the surviving villagers had included traitors and that the water in the fortress was poisoned, leaving the platoon to stand siege with no more water than the men had in their bottles and canvas bags. Binns had sent two sepoys to overtake the colonel and the main force, but there was no knowing whether the two had got alive through the Mad Fakir's cordon.

During the second night, with repeated attacks, ammunition as well as water ran low. Twice sepoys volunteered to steal down the hillside to a well; dawn showed their stiffened bodies hung up around it. Two more sepoys tried by daylight, under cover of their comrades' rifles and Digger's machine gun. They did manage to get back with a little water, though one of them was killed.

The situation was now desperate. As Digger and Barney and the native non-coms were discussing a possible forlorn-hope dash for freedom, there suddenly came to their strained ears the whir and throb of an airplane.

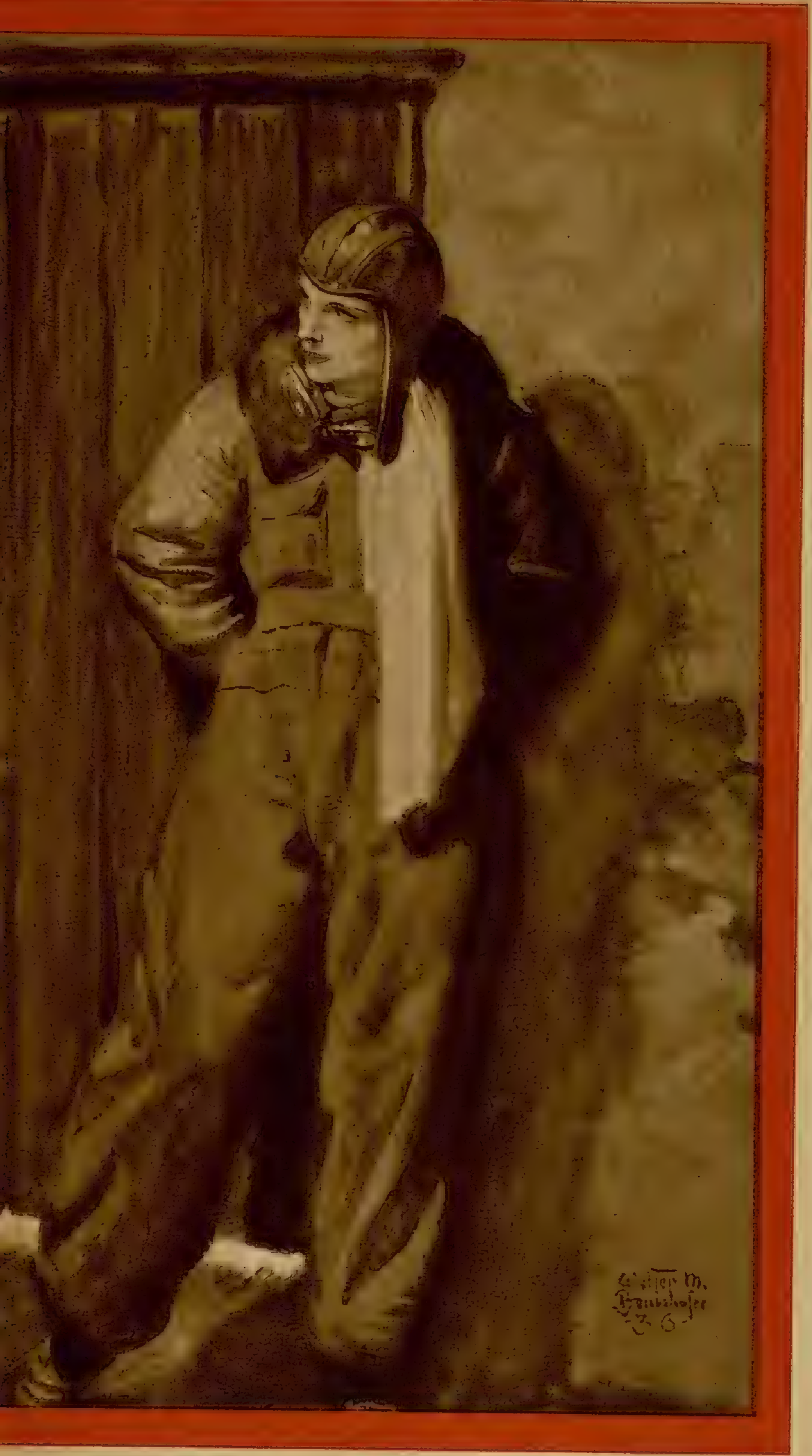
PART FOUR—BUTCHERY IN THE DARK

WE stared at the sky. There could be no doubt about it. A plane! And it was making for us at a terrific speed. Was it coming to our rescue?

The men started to wave and shout. They were dancing with excitement. Not once in a blue moon did a plane pass this way. If a plane, why not Colonel Strong and his column? A thousand queries raced through my mind as I stared at the oncoming black speck.

"It may be some aviator just passing, and not a rescue at all."

"That's occurred to me, Digger. Come on! Let's get on the roof and signal! If he's just passing—well, maybe we can get a message to him."



each query I had stepped nearer to those smoldering eyes.

Disaster Falls from the Sky; Digger's Platoon Goes Down Fighting; Mahrila Makes a Mistake—A Gripping Chronicle of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

The plane loomed over us, dropping speed. It swooped close to the flat roof from which we signaled frantically, circled the village, came back, swooped again. We saw something fall from it. The next instant there was a blasting explosion! A few seconds, and a blob of smoke rose from the slope below.

"Migosh! That was a bomb, fella! A bomb!"

I yelled to the men to take cover. That bomb must have been intended for us. And the plane was coming back! There followed another explosion, louder and nearer. There could be no question now of that aviator's intentions. His second shot had landed on the wall.

"But it's incredible!" I gasped. "These tribesmen know nothing of planes!"

"I should say not. This guy is one of those crazy free-lance flyers and he's working for Lenhai. The Fakir is in the money, I guess. He's able to employ bombers. This one's doing his darnedest to blow us to hell. He's coming again! Look out!"

There followed another resounding crash. This bomb dug a hole in the parapet, sending rubble and stones skyward in a cloud of dust. There was a big gap in the wall by the gate. The rebels could now walk in any time they pleased.

"I wonder," I said, "if there's any connection between that aviator we rescued and this plane."

"I guess there is, Digger. We never found any sign of his plane. Pity the poor devil went west before he could tell us what had happened. When this bird swoops again I'm going to take a crack at him."

"You ass, Binns! He has a far better chance of getting you!"

He crawled toward the archway of the forecourt, pointed his rifle skyward, and waited. He crouched in the shadow of the stone archway. The zooming plane approached, swooped again. There was another deafening crash. Barney Binns collapsed and the rifle fell with a clatter. I ran forward and dragged him under cover. He was covered with dirt from head to foot, momentarily blinded, and blood was running down his head.

"Just a chance in a million I might have hit his tank. Instead I get beaned by a flying stone. Gosh! Was that a smack!"

"Are you all right?"

"Sure! But I'd give the soles of my feet for a drop of water to get this muck out of my eyes!"

WITH the sinking of the sun our unpleasant visitor disappeared. He had done his job. We emerged and looked at the wreckage. The heavy timbered gates lay in pieces, and part of the wall had gone down with them. Neat. Very. It would have taken him all day to blast his way through the great blocks of stone of which the castle was built. He had done the next best thing—opened the gates for Lenhai's force.

The men were lined up and ready. They knew exactly what to do. We waited for zero. It had never been more nerve-racking than this in Flanders. There we at least had food and water—and plenty of ammunition. Now the ammunition would not go round. Otherwise we had stood the siege remarkably well, for there were no seriously wounded among us. Every man left alive was on his feet. We were still but nine short of being a full platoon! We had stared down upon the village long enough to have its every twist and turning mapped in our minds. We knew exactly where we should break through.

Another black night fell. We crept down the slope in extended lines, stumbling and cursing the bodies that impeded us, making a blind progress. Snarling dogs and jackals leaped among us. As yet the rebel tribesmen had made no advance. We were at the foot of the hill, Binns and I leading, before anything happened.

We had turned the tables on them. It was our turn to provide the element of surprise. They did not expect to see us emerge out of the blackness. We were on top of that ruined house where the guards and snipers had hidden before they became aware of our presence.

And then the circus! Lenhai's advance guards yelled to high heaven and we could not stop them. There was very little firing—mainly knife work and clubbing with rifle butts. We went into it with a will. Personally I was ready to die on my feet, for I knew what would happen if I fell into the Mad Fakir's hands again.

The black night was all in our favor. Though the rebel tribesmen were gathering about us in great numbers it was impossible for them to use their rifles at such close quarters, nor was it easy to distinguish friend from foe. Men spat the curses of Allah, skulls were cracked, knives flashed. We found ourselves in the center of a big struggling, swaying mass, inextricably mixed.

Once a band of us broke through. It looked for some hectic minutes as if we might make the outer walls. We were checked again, surrounded by a howling mob. We fought for our lives in the inky darkness. Once I stumbled and pitched headlong into the dirt. There were agonizing moments when the world was just a mass of champing feet. But somehow I was up again, jabbing and thrusting, parrying knife and rifle butt, dodging, side-stepping, clearing a space, running—but only to be brought up yet again.

What a slaughterhouse it was! Shrieks and oaths rent the air. The border tribesmen were wallowing in a feast of blood. And I knew long before the end came that we should never break through. I was conscious as I struggled and fought that there were few of our men left in this wild scrimmage. I had long since lost sight of friend Binns.

I thought I saw my chance, and jumped for it, leaping a broken wall—but only to find myself in the middle of another group of jostling bloodthirsty maniacs. Mine came with a sickening crash. I went down and out of that black night of terror. . . .

Opening my eyes to daylight, I tried to rise, but discovered that I was bound hand and foot. At first I could not understand the swaying movement of my body. Then I realized that I was on some sort of improvised stretcher slung between mules, and that the mules were plodding along a gully. This, however, was no rescue, for I was trussed up like a mummy; I was a prisoner of the rebels. I closed my eyes again. No point in letting these devils know I was conscious. They would make the discovery soon enough—and yank me out of this hammock to hoof the rest of the journey.

For the next few hours I lay with half-closed eyelids. My head ached intolerably and there was a curious stiffness down the side of the jaw. That must be where I had received the clout, I thought. Where was Barney Binns—and the platoon? How many killed? How many prisoners? Why had Lenhai troubled to move us from the village? Couldn't he have dealt with us there?

THESE and a thousand other queries worried me as we jogged along hour after hour, while the sun rose and burned more strongly. Once we stopped at a village. There was a clamor of voices, shouts, cries of recognition. They were giving each other the peace of Allah. Then the hoarse chanting of prayers. Feeding time. It was high noon.

The tribesmen crowded about the stretcher. I gathered they were discussing my condition. A coarse thumb jabbed at one eyelid. I lay still, breathing heavily but steadily. Some one threw water in my face, but I kept the lids closed and faked an unconsciousness that I hoped was convincing. Apparently it was. The caravan started again. That dash of water was most refreshing. I think I must have slept then.

It was late afternoon when I chanced an eye. We were still jogging along. Gray crags towered on each side of us. There seemed to be something familiar about them. I was soon to know. We began to climb a rugged path along the hillside. Then a wide plateau, the walls of a village, welcoming cries, a great bustle and activity. We passed in through the gates. Even before I was dragged from the stretcher I recognized the place, that fort, those watchtowers. I shuddered at the recollection of an ant-hill. I had been a prisoner in this nest of the Hills once before and had escaped. Would I be able to break away a second time?

The lashings were cut from my feet and I was jerked upright. No point in shamming any further. I opened my eyes, stared at a red beard, a pair of cruel eyes, piercing eyes with uncanny concentration of callous brutality. Be-akle Lenhai. He continued to stare for a long minute. But I was not to be frightened by a madman's eyes. I did not blink. He grew tired. He spat an order. Two giants of men fell upon me and I was dragged through the streets and the noisy bazaar, the gatherings of pantalooned men and women jeering and spitting upon me as I passed by.

I realized that the Mad Fakir must have promised these people that I should be returned to them—so that they might enjoy once more the spectacle of my tortures. Nothing short of a miracle would get me out this time. And yet I had learned from experience that miracles sometimes happen! I stared back at the yapping crowd, the great hulking brutes of men, the women spitting from behind their veils.

MY perceptions were quickened. I was looking about for one who did not wear the veil. Mahrila had power, enormous power with the Lord High Lenhai. I began to plan. I'd play a different game this time. If it were information Mahrila required, she should have it—in abundance! I'd been to Peshawar since I was last in her hands. That would be my backing for a concocted tale of military secrets. What a prize mug I was not to have thought of such a thing before!

I felt I could do something with Mahrila. She was not a Moslem; she was Russian and maybe more European than that. Perhaps she was as European as I. Might we not have much in common? I decided I'd go a very long way in my deceptive play with her. How little I knew then of that mysterious woman!

Thus my thoughts as I was dragged through the streets. I was literally slung along the courtyard of the prison. How well I remembered those walls! A door was thrust open and I was shoved into my old quarters. And there was Binns, bless his Irish grin, squatting on the charpoy! He raised a paw in mock salute.

"Howdy, fellah!"

"Fine! You?"

"O. K., Digger. You got a nasty-looking cut there."

"Yes. I took a wallop and went out for the count."

"I know. I saw ya. I had to stand around and watch the boys—what was left of them—slashed to ribbons."

"What happened?"

"You were lucky. I guess you were dead to the world. In the final roundup I was grabbed by half a dozen of these babies and hog-tied. Lenhai had flares lit in the middle of the village and then had the remainder of the platoon brought up—there weren't more than a score of the boys left by that time. You know what these rebels feel about natives who fight for the Feringi. Oh, migosh! It was awful! It's a wonder their screams didn't waken you up! I couldn't move a muscle. Lenhai attended to 'em himself. They were pegged to a wall. God! There's nothing I'd like better than sticking knives into his carcass!"

The recital made my flesh creep. I thought of those boys, their loyalty to the British Raj—

"Eater of Women?" I demanded.

"Don't know, Digger. Never saw him. Guess he was rubbed out. The platoon is flat."

"So they saved us for the entertainment of the inhabitants of this stronghold?"

"Yeah. Looks that way to me."

"This is the village where I was imprisoned before."

"Hell!" croaked Binns. "Is it?"

"This is the same cell. That circular opening up there is the one through which I made my getaway."

"That so? They'll see to it ya don't repeat. Gosh! Ants!"

The guards thrust open the door. We jumped to our feet. But they were only bringing us food—a pannikin of water and a dish of rice and goat's meat. We fell to. Maybe we should be left alone for the night. They would be freshening us for the entertainment on the morrow. Much might happen before tomorrow's dawn. The food and the drink made new men of us. Surely we could plan a way out of even this jam.

Night had descended. A shaft of light penetrated the cell from the aperture above. When we hoisted each other up there, we saw that the prison yard was ablaze with torches and there were guards immediately beneath us. Lenhai was not taking any chances this time. Doubtless the walls were crawling with Hillmen armed to the teeth.

No. That was not the way. We had to hit upon something entirely different.

"Do you suppose this Mahrila will visit you again?"

"I was hoping so."

I saw, however, that the scheme I had in mind could not be put into operation now. Not that I was afraid of Binns hearing my false military information. He would understand that. But two men and a woman make a far different proposition from that of a man and a woman left alone in a cell.

My friend, however, had a scheme of his own.

"If she does," he said, "you're a size smaller than I am—"

"And a devil of a lot bigger than she is!" I said, getting his drift.

"We'll have to risk that. Perhaps you could let the red pants down an inch or two. Anyway, these guards are watching our ventilation up there and not concentrating so much on the door. There's a chance we'd get by."

"What if she doesn't come?"

"We'll give her another hour. After that we'll think up something else."

These sepoys, shooting it out with sniping bandits in the Hills, typify the rank and file of Hunted Men's Militia.

But she did come. She brought a pleasant surprise. She was in flying kit, crash helmet and gloves all complete, as if she had just stepped from a plane!

"So you are the bomber of wrecked villages!" I gasped.

"Gosh! Can you beat that!"

"Yes," she taunted, "it was I who flew over your starving soldiery. Hunted Men's Militia! Bah! You will need to turn out something better to fight Be-Akle Lenhai's army."

"You stole that plane, didn't you? It was being delivered to the Amir of Afghanistan by that aviator whom we rescued and who died in Peshawar? It appears pretty obvious, Mahrila. The poor devil had to come down. You took him captive?"

SHE smiled, shrugged her shoulders. With each query I had stepped nearer to those smoldering eyes. Suddenly I reached out, one hand clasping her neck, the other over her mouth. She was surprisingly strong, this little spitfire. She bit and struggled like a wildcat. But we very soon had her gagged. We proceeded, with a minimum of noise, to divest her of the flying kit. Then Binns held her while I pulled the kit on over my own and jammed the crash helmet on my head as well as I could, for it was certainly a tight fit. Finally we used strips of her silken underclothes to tie her up, secured the key, and opened the door.

We walked out boldly. I was holding Binns by the arm and trying to look as if I were conducting this prisoner to some place for special attention. As I turned to lock the cell door I saw two of the guards standing beneath the window. I kept my face hidden from them. All flyers look alike from behind when dressed in flying kit. The guards had straightened to attention at the sight of the supposed Mahrila. So far, so good!

But we were by no means out of the woods. Guards patrolling the courtyard glanced in our direction as we moved briskly along in the shadow of the prison house. What would happen when we came to the end of it?

"I don't know what lies the other side," I whispered.

My companion bit off two words: "Keep going!"

We reached the end and paused uncertainly for appreciable seconds. Across the yard was another block of buildings. There were no guards in our immediate vicinity—they were too busy watching the yard walls.

"Come on!"

We stepped smartly across toward the buildings. There was very little light here and the going was easy enough, for this was not the way prisoners would escape! A flight of stone steps faced us. We ran up and into the shadow of a portico. The guards were still patrolling unconcernedly.

"Where do we go from here?"

"What's this building, Digger?"

"I fancy it's the fort. The watchtowers are above this place."

"O.K. Take off that flying kit and bring it along till we can find a place to dump it. We're going in. Maybe we can get through and get out on the other side."

WE went. The massive portico of solid stone led us into a dark hallway with arched roof. We came to a large room, a great vaulted chamber, dimly lit, silent as the grave.

"Door over there!"

We tiptoed across, entered another dark passage. As we crept along, faint sounds reached us—sounds of feasting, shouts, laughter. More and more corridors. Cold stone everywhere. We paused at the end of a corridor. Footsteps were coming toward us. Pressed against the wall, we waited. The footsteps drew nearer. On the instant that the man shot into view around the corner, Binns leaped. His great paw struck once. The fellow was taken completely unaware, received the full force of the blow and slithered noiselessly to the floor.

"Can't leave him here. He'd be discovered—and so would we!"

We dragged him along the passage and into a sort of alcove where there were a settee, cushions, and rugs. We stowed the flying kit, laid the man out as if he were sleeping, covered him with rugs. Above the couch was a frame of latticework, probably a window of the harem. If we should be caught in *this* quarter we should be flayed alive!

We hurried on—a blind bewildering progress down one passage and up another. We must have been running for the better part of half an hour when we suddenly realized we were back in the passage where we had left the unconscious Pathan.

"What the hell are we doing—chasing in circles?"

I jumped on the couch and reached up to the grating. Staring through the lattice, I made out what appeared to be an outbuilding and the courtyard beyond.

"There's a drop of about twenty feet—not more. If we can get this grating open—"

"Come on! Let's try!"

We wrenched at the lattice. It had been built to open like a pair of French windows, though it had not been opened for years. We pulled and struggled and at last the rusted lock gave way. We stepped out on a ledge of stone, and saw that if we followed it for a dozen yards we should reach the roof of another building. We carefully closed the grating behind us, then ran along the ledge.

Gaining the flat roof, we peered down over the coping into the yard below. Apparently we were still within the walls of the fort. We lay flat and listened to the sounds of running feet. Suddenly the yard was alive with hurrying men. They were bawling and shouting and we caught the ominous word Feringi. Our escape had been discovered.

" Well, I guess that's spilled the beans! "

" Spilled nothing. We've had a good start. They can't possibly know where we are! "

" Not till they find that guy on the couch! "

We explored the roof tops. In a few minutes the news would fly around like wildfire. If we cleared the fort, there would still be the village—but I knew from experience that the place was full of tortuous alleys favorable to escaping prisoners.

We came to the coping of another roof and looked cautiously over. At right angles was what we judged to be the back of the prison building. It looked quiet down there. There wasn't much of a drop. Twenty yards across the courtyard was the wall. Most of the guards seemed to have rushed to the front of the prison, where we could hear them. We dropped into the yard, ran across, and sought for the steps that led to the crest of the battlements.

A figure loomed up. We crashed at him together. A second later and he would have had the crowd round us! We pounded him until he lay still, then grabbed his rifle, knives, and cartridge belts, and sprang for the wall. That wall was about ten feet thick. Before we had cleared it and dropped to the ground outside the fort, they caught sight of us. Shots flew all around us as we sprinted toward the dark cluster of hovels that marked the village proper.

We dived into the first dirty alley we came to. A bunch of shouting men and screaming women met us. But nothing could stop our mad race. Binns swung the gun and I followed him, knife in hand. We cleaved a way through and raced on, the pack howling at our heels.

Rounding a bend in the alley, I felt a tug at my sleeve. My companion suddenly climbed a wall. I followed. We found ourselves in the courtyard of a house. It was dark and still. The mob came, turned the corner and raced on. Another moonless night, but all in our favor this time. Presently we emerged into the alley again. All was quiet at this end of the village. We turned back on our tracks for some distance, then turned into another alley. A glimpse of the watchtowers gave us a sense of direction and we went ahead, shuffling through the dust in the shadow of the balconies.

MOST of the dwellings were shuttered and silent. Maybe the people of this quarter had all gone off to the other end of the village to search for the Feringi, for that was the direction in which we had been last seen.

The memory of that nocturnal wandering is a confused impression of darkened sinister alleys, sudden alarms, a desperate fight with an Amazon-like female determined to scream her head off when we ran into her, breathless moments while we lay in the dust and waited for searching guards to pass on—and then, abruptly, we had reached the end of a lane within a few hundred yards of the village wall. Though this area was quiet enough, we saw that it would be utterly impossible to get out. Every inch of the wall seemed to be swarming with patrols. They were marching up and down in great bunches.

Well, we had to get over! But to attempt it then would have been lunacy.

" We gotta go back, Digger. Gotta find some place to hide for another day. Tomorrow night will be quieter. They'll have begun to think we made it—"

" Easy enough to hide through the night. But tomorrow? What do we do when daylight comes? "

" Depends on our hideout. We must get into a house—on to a roof maybe—and stay there. But first let's pinch some safer clothes for you."

I was in khaki breeches and tunic. Binns was still wearing the native costume he had worn when I had first made contact with him. I was the danger spot.

We turned back. A little burglary was indicated. We crawled around the alleys, sought the most deserted quarter, chose a fairly big house, and cleared the forecourt safely, and managed to prize open a shutter. The place seemed to be some sort of deserted resthouse or a little-used abode for the sick.

Ransacking chests and cupboards, I found clothes enough to cover my telltale khaki and a pair of stout sandals. Then we went up to the flat roof. Here we could spend the night in comparative safety. What would happen on the morrow was in the lap of the gods.

All around, there was a stone parapet about three feet high. We could look over this on to most of the near-by buildings. I was not in the least inclined for sleep. Binns curled up and was soon well away. I remained gazing out over the housetops.

Suddenly a faint murmur of voices seemed to rise from some place quite close to our hide-out. I stared round the roof. There was no sign of movement. That soft murmur! It was weird, ghostly. I confess to a feeling of creepiness.

THEN I saw the cause. I could have laughed outright with relief! Instead, I ducked down and began to tug gently at Binns. He sat up instantly, grabbing the gun.

" What—"

" All right. No cause for alarm," I whispered. " Look! "

I raised my chin cautiously above the coping and pointed. Binns looked over, uttered " Migosh! " Two blocks away there was the prettiest tableau one could hope to see anywhere under the stars.

Some seven or eight females, mostly young, were disporting themselves about a pile of bizarre quilts and cushions. These women of a harem had apparently ascended to their roof on account of the heat. They used no lights. They were strolling nonchalantly about, arranging their beds, secure in the belief that they could not be gazed upon by any Peeping Toms.

The nocturnal shades lent beauty to those softly outlined forms, some naked, others diaphanously draped. In that romantic dimness there was an ethereal grace, a carefree joyousness about the spectacle.

Had we searched the whole Moslem calendar, we could not have discovered a graver crime to commit than this —to peek upon the ladies of the harem in their sacred privacy and at midnight!

We had only to be caught now and our fate would be of a kind so awful that it cannot be hinted at.

Thus far we had been unable to detect any noise or movement in the house beneath us. So, when we grew tired of feasting and chuckling—what could you expect of two lone men?—by which time the ladies over there had snuggled down deliciously into their quilts, we realized we should do well to move on again.

We made our way cautiously through the skylight and on down to the lower floors, and came to a dead stop at the corner of the long passage that led to the shuttered window by which we had entered. A thin pencil of light showed under a door of one of the rooms and from that apartment came the soft murmur of voices.

" Somebody sitting up late," quoth Binns, who did not appear to have recovered from the entertainment on the sky line.

Could we creep by that door without our presence being detected? Or should we wait? Some one might leave that room at any moment. There was a loud hoarse laugh—the laughter of a big man. I could feel my companion's start of astonishment, and wondered if he had the same thought as I. It was the voice of Lenhai!

The Mad Fakir himself in a seemingly deserted house? Was it possible? Could he be at home there? If so, a tight place indeed for Digger and Barney Binns, that darkened passage outside his very door! Next week read Captain Blackledge's gripping account of their plunge into a tropical hurricane, followed by their discovery of the Mad Fakir's hidden arsenal in a village of those ferocious Afridi tribesmen, the Zakka Khel!

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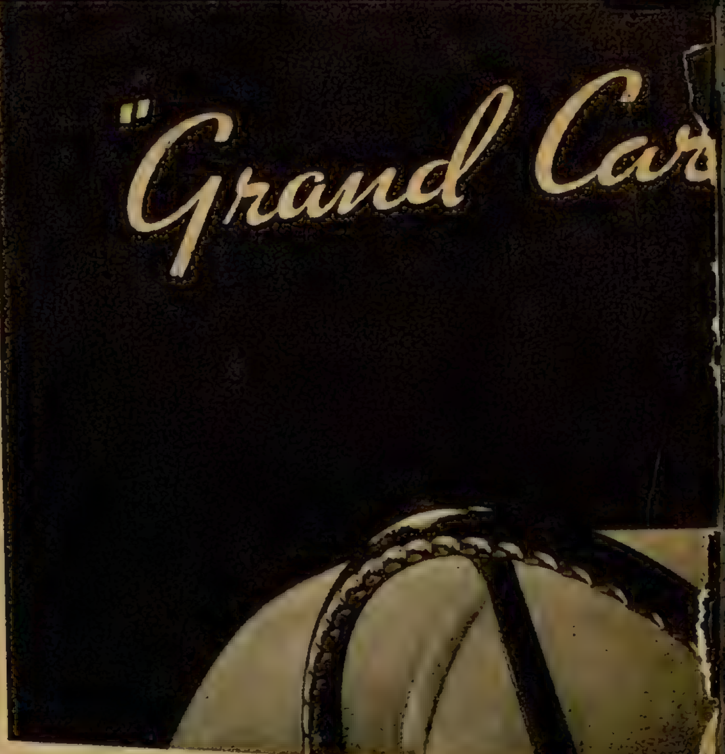

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She snapped her fingers and jumped up. The telephone rang. It was Wayne. "Come on over," I said.

THE crowds were getting worse each day, waiting for the take-off of the Southern Flight; and each day, when the news came of bad weather ahead, the people would go away. That seventh day the people started coming just a little after noon, and before long they were crushed against the iron fence upon the field side of the hangars.

When it started getting me bad, I went over to Wintley's hangar. I found him looking up at the sky and not noticing the people. I asked him if Wayne was still sleeping, and when he nodded and looked at me, I said:

"You got the shakes. You aren't the one who is supposed to have the shakes—what's the matter with you?"

"It's the plane," he said, and his voice sounded like a child's. "You think I did a good job?"

"Listen," I told him. "Don't get the shakes about that. The Southern Flight is the closest thing to perfect a man ever made."

He took hold of my arms.

"And if she goes down before she gets to the other end of Brazil," I added, "it'll be no fault of yours."

It was two minutes past four—only fifty-eight minutes before the take-off.

"Yes," he said; "the plane will make it if Wayne can stand the strain."

I said: "Let Wayne sleep until the last second. Let Mack warm her up."

The booth telephone rang then, and one of the boys answered it. When he came out he said:

"It's your wife, Mr. Williams."

I walked in and closed the door.

"Hello, darling," I said.

"Listen," she said. "Has the weather report come through or has the weather man lost his little thermometer?"

"No," I said, "and you can't kid me. Your voice is all ragged around the edges."

"And that's because this thing is getting me by remote control. It's had all of you for days, and now it's getting me. What I want to know—is Wayne taking off or isn't he?"

I said: "It's all in the lap of the gods. And when Wayne does take off, it's on the longest nonstop flight a man ever made. And if a plane was ever foolproof, the Southern Flight is."

"But it's got me, Dick. I can't see any of the answers. I can't—I can't!"

"Why, it's simple," I said. "Clayborne makes a few millions out of coffee, and he wants a good bunch of advertising. So what does he do? He has Wintley build him a plane that can fly from here to the land of the coffee bean, and then he gets Wayne to pilot it. See how simple?"

"Yes," Curly said, "it's just simple! And in your own delicate way you leave a girl by the name of Brett out of the picture. And you just skip over the part about her being married to Clayborne. And if you think that Wayne is taking this flight just because of Clayborne's coffee that's put up in puncher-proof tins—Dick, it's one of those imperfect triangles, and God have mercy on their souls! Where's Wayne?"

"He's in Wintley's office—he's sleeping."

"Clayborne been around?"

"Not yet," I said; "and the crowds are hell."

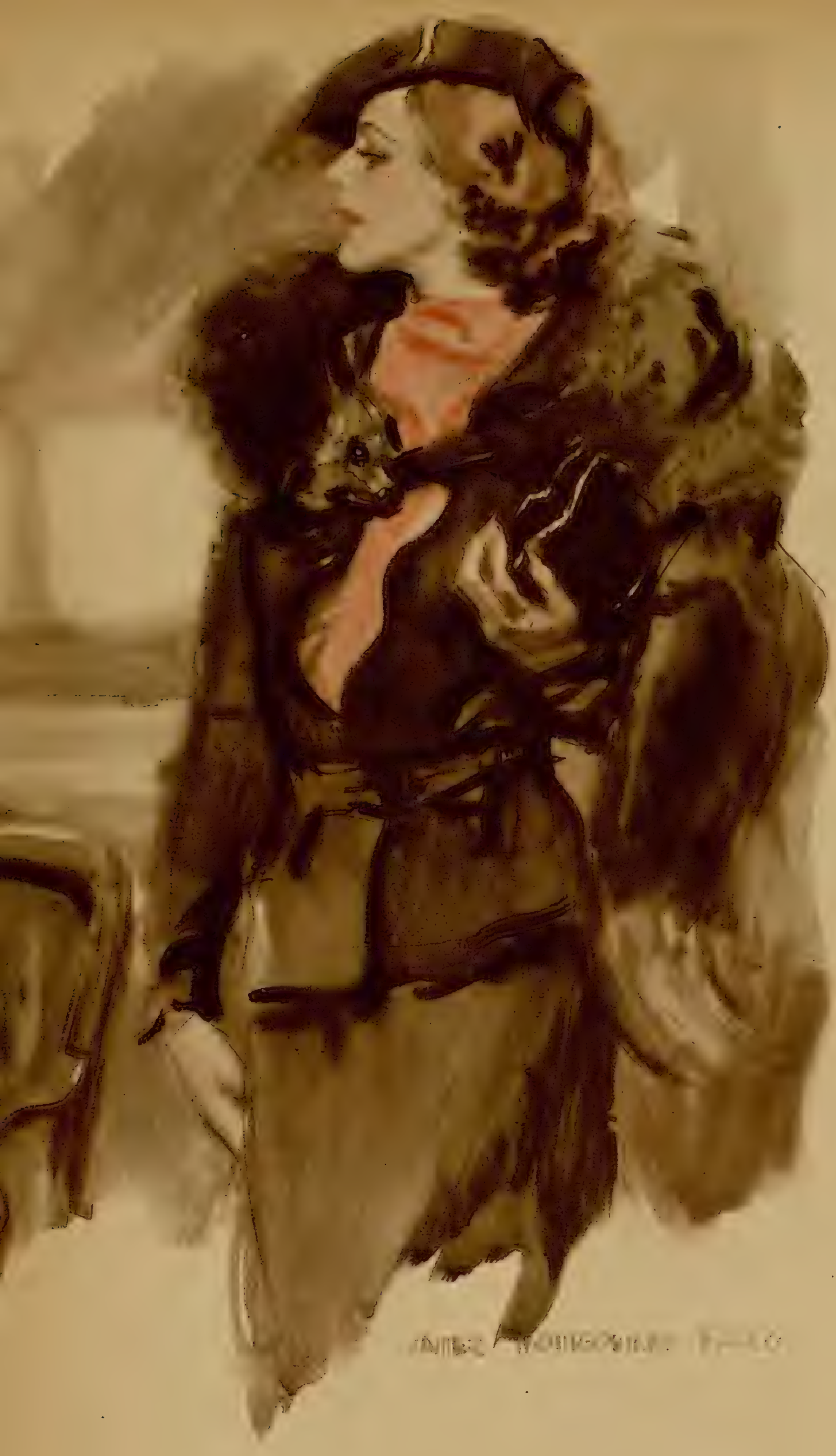
"You seen Brett?"

"I've never seen her, and I wouldn't know her if I met her face to face."

The Poignant Story of a Love that Triumphed and a Love that Came Too Late

by E. W. CHESS

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"Oh, yes, you would," Curly said. "You'd pick her right out of the crowd, because she's your type and she's beautiful. And after that we'd just leave the rest to you. And let me tell you she's going to put the whole deal right in your lap. She wants a man's advice on which buttons to press to get her out of the spin she's in. And listen: Brett was here, but she left half an hour ago."

I weakened and said, "It's got me, Curly."

"And if I've been nasty, it's because it's got me too, darling."

After that I told her to hurry and come out if she wanted to watch the take-off, and then I hung up and went back to Wintley and said:

"I'm all shot and I'm going down to my place. If the next weather report is good, phone me. Or if Wayne wakes up, tell him I'm taking a nap. Tell him to call me."

I got to the door of my office when one of the mechanics told me a lady had been looking for me. She'd been there twice.

"I don't know how you do it," he said.

"It's my indomitable personality," I told him. And after I walked in and closed the door I got it bad then. I started thinking a drink of my Holland gin might help; and it did, I guess, because it made me sleepy. When I lay down I kept listening to the auto horns and the people shouting. And I kept thinking the next time I saw Wayne it would be the last. A man simply couldn't stand five thousand miles in the air alone, and I knew it.

That was the way my mind was working—when I knew I wasn't alone. It was the perfume, I guess. My eyes opened with a snap.

And there she was.

There was an unconscious challenge in each simple movement she made. Her eyes were large and gray and all but lost between a fox scarf and a strange little hat.

"I'm Brett Clayborne," she said.

As I struggled to my feet she threw back her scarf, and I knew how much of a woman she was.

"I'm Williams, and don't be nervous; I'm just one of the boys."

I don't know why I took hold of her hand, but I did, and her fingers were thin and white and warm. For a while I just held it, looking at her. She didn't draw it away.

Her eyes held on to mine as she said, "Thanks—thanks. You know, we really aren't strangers."

I said: "Listen. Wayne's sleeping over in Wintley's office. He needs the sleep. If you want me to call—"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "Wayne talked a lot about you. I just want to sit down and think. Maybe I want to talk—I don't know. I had to do something."

I offered her a cigarette from the box, and a light.

"They're Curly's," I told her, "and I always have them here for her. She's the only woman in the world who smokes perfumed cigarettes and wears lavender underwear."

"Thanks," she said; "only don't be too sure about the cigarettes and the underthings." Then she added in a

This story
will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

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There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

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kind of distant way, "Curly—your wife."

"My girl," I said. "I don't like the other word. I could find her in a gutter some place, and she'd still be my girl. I get a little screwy when I talk about her."

"You're—very lucky," she said slowly.

"You don't have to tell me that. I love her. I—"

She looked at me. A kind of mellow craving came into her eyes.

"Tell me about it," she said.

I told her to sit down. I poured out a drink, handed it to her.

She shivered as it went down; but presently she brightened and smiled and said:

"I guess I needed that."

"It was one of those things," I said. "There's nothing to tell about Curly and me. Only you don't want to talk about that."

"I know how it'd be with Curly," she said. "I got a feeling that very first day she came up to me in 21. She told you about it, I guess."

"She only told me she met you in 21," I said, "and she told me you'd just been married."

She didn't say anything right away, but kept staring at the floor, while the smoke from her cigarette moved slowly over her fingers and on up to the ceiling.

"I'd only been married an hour," she said finally. "Clayborne and I had just left the church, and we were going to the hotel."

"Where were you married?" I asked.

"The Little Church Around the Corner," she said. "Why?"

"I was helping," I said.

She smiled and went on:

"The panic came when we were driving up Fifth Avenue. I know it sounds silly now, only it didn't then. We were just driving along, and I asked for an hour off. I had to—just an hour, and I had to be by myself. Clayborne was nice about it. He never asked any questions, but just stopped the car and called a taxi. Why, he even helped me in. And after that I didn't know where to go. I thought of 21, because I'd been there the night before. And because a woman can go there alone."

WHEN she paused again I said: "I like the perfume you use."

She looked at me. "I mix it myself. It is nice, isn't it?"

"Swell," I said. "Only go on."

"I guess I had two drinks, maybe three. Then I looked up and saw Curly looking at the wedding dress I had on under my wrap. Anyway, she came over to my table and said, 'We all live and yearn,' and then she asked the waiter to bring some drinks. But before they came she turned and said, 'Listen, honey. I know where there's a nice homelike place where you can get drunk and you don't have to be a lady about it.' I guess it was the way she said it—I don't know. And I was so lonely! Anyhow, we got into her car and drove out to Papsen's."

"We all go to Papsen's," I said. "We got a charge account there."

"Well, we weren't there very long before Curly turned to me and said: 'All right; you can break down now.' So I broke. I felt better afterward. Then Wayne came in, and I knew it never should have happened. Why, I'd give anything in my life to have had the last two hours back. Anything!" She stopped, turned toward the window, and cried, "Oh, I wish the crowd would stop making that noise. I wish it'd stop!"

After that she asked if I thought it would be nice for her to have another drink.

I said: "You really couldn't do anything that wasn't nice."

HER eyes sparkled after the drink, and she talked on in a low voice. I talked too, and it was nice, the two of us there and just talking. But the conversation always turned back to either Wayne or Clayborne.

"Clayborne always wanted to take some kind of flight," she told me. "See, he wanted to be a flyer during the war, but they wouldn't have him. And then, with Wayne being a flyer, it made it easy for us after that first day at Papsen's. That's how the flight to Brazil was started: so Wayne could come and see me."

When she paused I thought the tears would come.

"All my life I'd been looking for something. And then, finding it just after I'd given up—and it was so simple and nice. And that first afternoon, with Clayborne waiting in the hotel and everything, why, the hours slipped by like that!"

She snapped her fingers and jumped up.

"And now—now it's slipping—Oh, my God! I can't let it slip!" she cried.

The telephone rang and I grabbed the receiver.

It was Wayne.

"They just woke me up when they brought in the food. What do they think I'm doing—flying around the world?"

"You got to eat," I told him.

"Who said so?" he demanded. "Who said so!"

"You need food," I said.

"Listen. I got to talk to some one. I can't stand it, not talking to any one. And what's the matter with your voice? Listen—is she there? She does something to people when she's around. She's done something to your voice. For God's sake, don't hold out—answer me!"

"Come on over," I said.

We didn't talk. Finally the door opened and he came in. He was tall, with sandy hair and nice eyes. There was a childish awkwardness about him, and over his cheek was a scar he'd gotten in a crash somewhere.

He stood looking at her until I knew I should be some place else, so I said:

"Now listen. Curly's cigarettes are on the desk, and there are some of my own. And there's my Holland gin. You two have half an hour to be together. I'll walk down the road and over to Wintley's, and if anything happens I'll call."

At the door I turned and said to her: "I've seen a lot of women in my life. I guess I've seen twice as many as I should have. Anyway, I should know when I see a beautiful woman. You're beautiful."

Wayne seemed puzzled, so I said to him: "If you don't know it, that's what I call a verbal pass. And if I had a girl nobody made passes at, I'd think there was something wrong with my taste."

I closed the door then, and as I walked out I met one of the boys and told him not to let any one into my office, and gave him a dollar.

"But I ain't paid you that last ten-spot," he said.

I gave him two then, and told him to forget it.

Outside the crowd had gotten worse, but it seemed better to go back along the road. It was farther that way, but it looked easier. When I glanced at my watch it was four twenty-five, thirty-five minutes before the take-off. As I walked on, a car almost clipped me. Its driver was Clayborne, and he was alone.

"Hop on," he said hoarsely.

HE drove the car along, and finally turned into a parking place.

He looked all of his forty-five years then.

"Cigarette?" I asked.

He took it, and after I offered him a light I said:

"I don't think the weather report has come in yet."

Quietly he said: "It's Brett. She didn't come home last night."

"She stayed with us," I said. "You know how she likes Curly, so she stayed with us."

"That's good," he told me. "I'm glad she stayed with you. See, I worry like hell, that's all."

I reached over and caught him by the arm. "Listen," I said. "You're one of the boys, and you've been a couple of places. Do we shoot square with each other or do we act like a couple of collar ads in a serial of a woman's magazine?"

He tried to smile, and when it wouldn't come, I said: "Now, be yourself and let her have her moment. He's a nice guy and she's one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. And just remember—you bought controlling interest but you didn't buy the outfit."

"I'm glad she was at your place, anyhow," he said. "And she is beautiful, isn't she? I guess you're right about letting people have their moment. Only—only I never had mine."

I'd just seen him a couple of times before, but this time he seemed different. He sat fingering something on his watch chain.

"I didn't know you had the Distinguished Service Cross."

Either he hadn't heard me or he didn't want to talk about it. He sat with one hand on the wheel, and went

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on fingering the cross between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. He kept turning it over and over.

"I was just a cook during the war," he said.

"Why, I didn't know that. I didn't know you were ever in the war."

"I got this cross for bringing a field kitchen through to the Lost Battalion. I knew the boys were about starving to death. I had to get through. And the only thing that didn't have a hole in it was the kitchen. Both the mules died. It nearly broke my heart when the mules died."

I looked at him but I didn't say anything, and all of a sudden he became somebody else.

"I never told anybody about the kitchen before. I guess I never wanted to be honest until now. See, I wanted to be a flyer during the war, only it never worked out. That's the reason I had the Southern Flight built for two. But bringing in the kitchen the way I did—and just being a cook—I couldn't tell anybody."

I said, "Clayborne, none of the big flyers ever did anything greater than come in with everything wounded but the field kitchen."

It was pitiful the way he gazed at me then.

"And what's more," I added, "I never liked you before. But I do now—you're a real guy and you can take it. And listen. Brett wasn't at my house last night."

"I knew you were lying," he said, and a look of hopelessness came into his eyes. He asked me if Brett was on the field.

I said: "You want me to lie to you again, don't you?"

He shook his head slowly. "No. Just forget what I said—just forget it. See, if it was selling coffee, I'd know what to do, and I'm glad you said what you did about the field kitchen."

I caught hold of him. "Whatever happens, you come over to the house tonight. Curly'll like that."

"It doesn't seem to matter now," he told me. "I had the plane built for two, and now it doesn't seem to matter."

"But you'll come over?" I insisted.

He wasn't listening, because he said: "If it was coffee, I'd know what to do."

I told him to come with me over to Wintley's hangar. He thanked me and said he thought he'd go home instead, because *something* might turn up.

When he drove out of the parking place his hands were clutching the wheel, his eyes staring out in front of him. And all I could say as I watched him was, "Another poor so-and-so with ten million bucks."

I stopped in the crowd, looking at Wintley's hangar, and the sign over the door which read:

Through These Portals Pass the Most Beautiful
Planes in the World

The boys inside were just pushing out the Southern Flight, so I helped them until they got to a nice place on the field. Before I started back I asked Mack if the weather report had come through.

"No," he said.

I HURRIED back to the hangar, over to the coin booth, and called my office. It was a long time before Wayne got to the wire.

"This is Dick and there still isn't any news on the weather," I said. "And listen. When I started back along the road I ran into Clayborne. Wayne, he's just one of the boys."

"If he wasn't," Wayne said, "it'd be as easy as that."

"How's Brett?" I asked.

"Gone."

"Gone!" I cried. "Why?"

"I want to think," Wayne said. "I want to be by myself and think. I'll meet you in Wintley's office in ten minutes."

I walked out of the booth. One of Wintley's riggers came over and told me the report had just come through that the weather was lousy in the south. I felt glad—I don't know why. I hurried out to the Southern Flight to tell the news. When I got there, Mack was at the controls and Fritz, the mechanic, was standing by one wing, his head up and his eyes closed, listening to the motor.

"Bad weather—south!" I shouted in his ear.

He jumped like he'd heard a crash, and stared at me. I thought he was going to cry.

"I know it's hell," I said—"the responsibility—the motor. I know—I know."

The news of bad weather ahead had run whispering through the crowd. The people milled like cattle. Hands clutched at the frail iron fence. It fell as I turned to go back. The people poured through, the police started shouting, and a little girl went down under the furious rush of feet. One of the police picked her up. A tape of blood ran out of her mouth, and I heard her convulsive little sobs and the screaming of her mother.

I got into the hangar somehow, and into Wintley's office. That little man sat at his desk staring.

"The wind," Wintley said dully—"it's moving across Brazil and it's coming north. It'll be over the Caribbean Sea tomorrow. What's the matter?"

I said weakly: "I just saw the people who tell us how to love and live almost stomp a little girl to death." But Wintley didn't seem to understand, so I said, "Oh, what the hell! It's just something between me and my conscience. Only a drink might help. You got a drink?"

HE found a bottle some place, and was just taking the cork out when Wayne came in, looking pale and a little nervous.

"Why the hell's the crowd leaving?" he demanded. "They've come here six times now; I can't let them down again."

Wintley never looked at him as he said quietly: "I just got the report, Wayne. The wind is breaking down trees in the Brazilian jungle like they were matchsticks. It'll be over the Caribbean tomorrow—maybe Florida."

Wayne picked up his drink, held it for a moment, and then threw it against the wall. It made a dull sound when it struck. The glass went everywhere.

We felt better then, and I said:

"Wayne, you got to drink out of the bottle now."

Before Wintley left he said something about the quarter of a million dollars' worth of contracts that were tied up in the flight to Brazil. "An' you got to make it, Wayne. You got to have a fighting chance, first. And then you got to make it!"

He closed the door and left us staring at each other.

"Go ahead," Wayne said. "What do you think of her?"

I said: "I told you what I thought about her. She's the kind of woman I couldn't be left alone with very long without doing something about it."

"You know," he said, "I had the same feeling that first time I saw her at Papsen's. You—"

"Good God!" I broke in. "Be yourself and stop being a sap!"

He poured a small one in Wintley's glass, and then asked me what I'd do about it.

"Do about it!" I cried. "I'd grab!"

"Grab!" he repeated as if he'd never heard the word before.

"Listen," I said. "You're not going to pull this romantic stuff on me and fly away into the night and get sprinkled in little pieces over the landscape of Brazil!"

"But she's married," he said.

I got mad then, and said: "Sure she's married. She looked for the right guy for years, and all of the time she kept saying to herself: 'Maybe this one,' and 'Maybe this'; but none of 'em panned out. She just got tired, and when she saw a nice fat piece of security she took it—that's all. And two hours afterward she was sorry. Clayborne understands it—he isn't any fool."

Wayne said: "You—you know, he never touched Brett."

"Sure," I said. "She told me. She just looked at me and said, 'You know I've been married for a month, and he never touched me. I was just the way I came into the world!'"

"And what did you say?"

"That she'd missed a lot of fun; that's what I told her. My God, why can't people be honest with themselves instead of living the lie? They crucified a Great Guy once because He told people to know themselves and because He told them a few things about personal honesty. If you think Brett is honestly looking for respect, you're crazy. She's looking for love, and if she gets half a break she'll find it. You know damned well the first day she saw you at Papsen's she knew she just hadn't waited long enough. You know—"

I paused and then said: "We're getting into one of those let's-talk-about-women things. What do you say we do something reasonable, like having a drink?"

Wayne said, "Sure," and poured two stiff ones.

"Easy with that stuff," I said.

"What the hell," he murmured. "What the hell!"

For a moment the motor of the Southern Flight was turned on full. We both held up our heads and listened. Wayne said:

"I'm taking off."

I was feeling in my pocket for a nickel and I wasn't listening. When I found one I told him to wait; that I wanted to go out and call Curly.

"There's a phone," he told me.

I said, "I want privacy," and then walked out and to the telephone booth. I was a little surprised that Curly was home.

"I'm glad you haven't gone yet," I told her. "There's not going to be any take-off, because the weather is lousy."

She said: "Brett's here."

I WAITED a while, thinking. Then I got close to the mouthpiece and said: "I wouldn't change my life with you for ten million bucks and a new blonde every day in the week. Now, think about that, and think about Brett and Wayne. I'm going to give you a whole minute to wait. After that I want you to come right out and tell me if their setup is a phony or not."

She didn't wait, but cried right out: "And if it's a phony, then you're a sissy and I'm still wrapped in cellophane!"

I felt happy and miserable. In a moment I said:

"I met Clayborne, and I told him to come over for dinner. I—"

Just then I remembered what Wayne had said about taking off; I remembered the way he'd looked at me.

"Hold the wire," I told Curly, and ran back across the hangar. The office was empty. I waited a second, and then I went out again and asked one of the boys if he'd seen Wayne.

"He went over to Spike's place to telephone," he said.

"Why the hell didn't he use the phone in the office?" I demanded.

"Yeah—I told him that. Only he wanted a little privacy."

That seemed all right to me then. I lighted a cigarette and then went back into the booth.

"I'll be right out, Curly," I said.

When there wasn't any answer, I

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St. Louis and Chicago	1.25	.75	.50	1.65	1.15	.50
Detroit and Boston	2.55	1.40	1.15	3.25	2.10	1.15
Miami and Boston	4.50	2.50	2.00	5.75	3.75	2.00
Washington, D. C., and San Francisco	8.50	5.00	3.50	10.75	7.25	3.50

★ Station-to-station: When you call a telephone number or ask to talk with "any one" at a specified address.

★★ Person-to-person: When you call a specific person or a specific private branch exchange extension.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

hung up, and then dialed the operator.

"Say, you cut me off," I told her.

"What number were you calling?"

I said: "Flibern 7-6541."

"That line is busy," she said after a moment.

I waited a while and then called Curly again. I tried twice before I got her.

"Wayne has just been talking to Brett," she told me. "And listen—a car is just pulling up outside the house. And it's Clayborne's, because I can see the four lights in front. I know Brett doesn't want to talk to him."

I said: "Tell Brett to stay upstairs. And you hold tight. I'll be right out."

IT was getting dark as I passed the neon sign over Papsen's place, and by the time I got to the house I could see the stars. The lights were on in Curly's bedroom when I pulled in back of Clayborne's car. I didn't see Brett when I went in, and I didn't ask. At dinner the three of us just sat there, with Curly looking from one to the other of us. She looked lovely, with her red hair and her long lashes; only it didn't help.

We were about half finished when we heard the sound of footsteps upstairs. Clayborne's gaze fastened on mine. He didn't want to ask what he did, but he couldn't help himself:

"Is—is Brett here?"

Before I could answer him the sound of her high heels struck the steps. Brett hurried down. She never turned at the door, but flung it open and ran out. Then we heard the starting of Clayborne's car.

When we didn't hear it any more, Clayborne said:

"Let her go. Let her have her moment."

He sat staring at the door. I tried to talk to him, but his answers were flat and his voice had a tremor in it.

The phone rang and I answered it. "Listen," Wayne said. "I'm taking off. Mack has been helping me. He couldn't stand the strain, either. And you'd better say a little prayer, you and Curly, because it may be needed."

"O. K.," I said quietly. "I'll be right out."

"It'll be too late," he said.

I lost control then and cried: "Wayne! You can't! You haven't a ghost of a chance! For God's sake, listen to me!"

The phone was dead when I turned and said: "Wayne—Wayne's taking off."

Hope came into Clayborne's eyes. He stumbled toward me, caught himself, and straightened. "In—in the dark?" he asked.

I said: "Don't stand there staring at me. Wayne's taking off. He's taking off and he hasn't a chance in a million! We've got to stop him!"

Curly murmured something about a coat. She was halfway up the stairs when her heel caught and she fell. She was in a heap on the floor when I got to her and leaned over her.

"For heaven's sake, Curly, pull

yourself together. You're the only one who can handle a car, and we've just got seconds."

It was minutes before I could carry her out. I lowered her into the driver's seat and shoved Clayborne in next to her. I said: "Give it everything she can take."

The first jerk forward sent me hard against the seat. I didn't know how fast we were going, but when we took the turn on to the main road on four wheels I said:

"What's the matter, Curly? Give her all she can take!"

"She won't take any more," Curly threw at me. "She's going sixty, and she won't take any more."

I looked at the indicator. "Just fifty," I said. I started to say something more, but I didn't. I held myself together until we pulled through the gate, down along the field side of the hangars, and on to a sudden stop at Wintley's darkened hangar.

"Switch off!" I cried, and jumped out.

Far across the field, where there were no trees, I could see the four lights of Clayborne's car. As I watched, the black shape of the Southern Flight moved ever so slowly upward. I could hear the sweet sad sound of its motor, and the ease with which it carried a man's dream southward on the longest flight ever a human tried. I couldn't say anything. All I could do was look and listen to the dwindling harmonies of perfect sound. As I looked, the four lights of the car turned slowly and helplessly, and raced like mad across the field and out through the gates.

"He used the lights to spot his take-off," I said, and then I waited for a while before I got slowly back into the car.

"May God have mercy on his soul," I said.

It was hell when we got back to the house. Clayborne kept thinking she'd come; and when she didn't, I said:

"Listen. Don't let it eat your heart out."

HE kept calling his own house, and when I couldn't stand it any more I showed him the room downstairs and told him to try to get some sleep. I left him then and went to bed. But I couldn't go to sleep. I kept listening to Curly, and once I thought she was crying. I let her cry, and I must have gone to sleep, because all of a sudden my eyes snapped open and the sun was coming in the window. When I saw Curly I said:

"What time is it?"

"It's past noon," she said, "and—"

"Go on!" I cried. "He went down!"

"In the Caribbean Sea," she said. "Here are the papers." My eyes ran over the headlines:

WAYNE PASSES FLORIDA, HEADING INTO STORM

PLANE THOUGHT TO BE SOUTHERN FLIGHT SEEN BY SURVIVORS OF SINKING SHIP

SOUTHERN FLIGHT DOWN IN CARIBBEAN SEA

"Where's Clayborne?"

"He's gone," she said.

I couldn't talk to Curly about it and I wanted to get away. On the field, all Mack would say was, Wayne got him rattled—he didn't know what he was doing.

Wintley walked around with a ghostly look in his eyes. Once he said: "One change I'll make. The next one will be perfect."

I couldn't get Brett out of my mind. I kept seeing her as she must have looked when she read the papers. When I heard that Clayborne had flown out to Frisco alone, I was sure that I'd never hear from either of them again.

I didn't want to talk to Curly about it any more, but one night over dinner she looked across the table.

"I can't stand this," she said. "Go on! Unload."

I jumped up and cried: "That fall of yours was a phony!"

"Of course it was a phony. Go on."

"And you kept the choke pulled out in the car. That car will make eighty with the choke in."

"Yes, darling; it'll make eighty with the choke in." I kept still and she said: "Mack was in Clayborne's car on the other side of the field that night. Brett—she was in the Southern Flight. She went with Wayne."

"Brett? Oh, poor Brett—poor Brett!" I whispered.

"And she took off in the Southern Flight," Curly said, and wouldn't look at me. "I've gone through hell since then. I would have told you, but I couldn't after the headlines came through. And how do you think I felt? I'd helped them, and knowing they had gone down. And every time I closed my eyes I'd see them standing there in the Southern Flight, and the water all around, and they were just waiting for the end to come, and it couldn't have lasted long. Only a few minutes, maybe. And they'd just found it, and letting it drown like that."

"Don't—don't!" I said. I could see them waiting for the end to come, while the plane—one of the most beautiful in the world—was going down. And they were there, looking at the loveliness within the grasp of their hands; and I thought of their last embrace there in the Caribbean Sea just before their souls slipped away.

"It's all right, darling," I said. "It's—"

I hoped she'd break then, but Curly didn't. At times she'd stare at the wall, and I got to thinking something had to be done. I didn't know what, but something. I was thinking about it that night when the bell rang, and a boy came with a wire and said:

"Sign here."

Then I heard Curly cry out. She handed me the wire, and my gaze flew over the words:

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS BEFORE BUT I COULDNT BECAUSE IT WAS LIKE THAT WAR CROSS THING AND I COULDNT TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT STOP THE SOUTHERN FLIGHT LANDED SAFELY IN HONDURAS WHERE I HAVE SENT MY BLESSINGS AND TWENTY THOUSAND AND I HAVE A FEELING THAT BRETTS MOMENT WILL LAST AN ETERNITY CLAYBORNE

We just stood there. We couldn't speak. And as I held on to Curly's hand all I could think about was the time when Corporal Clayborne, cook, had gotten through to the Lost Battalion with everything wounded but the field kitchen; and I thought about when the mules died and almost broke Clayborne's heart.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **SOUTH RIDING** by Winifred Holtby. The Macmillan Company.

The theme of courage linked with poignant love runs like a golden thread through this soundly written story of life in a Yorkshire community. Winifred Holtby has given us a masterpiece.

★ ★ **THE CAUSES OF WAR** with introduction by H. J Stenning. The Telegraph Press.

A symposium on war, based upon a broad case by eight Englishmen, containing nothing new except the suggestion that if we take war and patriotic excitement away from the people, we must supply them with some other form of diversion.

★ ★ **AMERICA GOES TO PRESS**—The News of Yesterday, by Laurence Greene. The Bobbs-Merrill Company

This retells important events from the Boston Tea Party to the sinking of the Titanic as they were reported in the press at the time. Attempting to cover too much ground, it skimps with material.

★ ★ **A GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S WIT AND WISDOM** edited by Norman Lockridge. The Black Hawk Press.

Here is a collection of epigrammatic wisdom and aphoristic sophistry. The Baudelaire section is dedicated to Oliver Swift.

★ ★ **HOW TO ILLUSTRATE FOR MONEY** by Sid Hydeman. Harper & Brothers.

This book is a valuable work for the young artist who, after spending years in study, knows little or nothing about marketing his work. The experiences related here will be of great help to embryo illustrators.

The GREAT and LITTLE

Liberty's Short Short

by FRANK BUNCE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BURGESS, looking upon the specter of death in the sickly fire, felt two emotions new to his experience: fear of the unknown; contempt for a man. The first he mastered purposefully, but the second persisted; and that irritated and puzzled him. A scientist of broad scope, he regarded the bug coming under his glass, the tremendous and beautiful nebulae swimming across his field of vision as alike interesting manifestations of an energy pervading space; neither great, neither mean, both occupying a common level of utility. Yet for the man whose eyes, abject and doglike, were upon him, he knew, from across the fire, he felt loathing as intense and persistent as it was novel and unreasonable.

He lifted his head. He was so weak that it took a powerful effort of the will. He gasped for air, rasped:

"I say, Slater—can't you do something about that fire?"

The little man quivered. He rose very slowly, with protest and caution. "Yes—sir," he mumbled. He fumbled at the pile of wood, none too dry, which was their bulwark for this night against beast and reptile and that subtler menace, the fear that rules the jungles after the sun is gone. He stumbled forward, got up slowly, scraped together a few sticks and dumped them upon the fire.

"Not that way. Here—" Burgess took himself in hand and rearranged the sticks. "Can't you even lay sticks on a fire properly?" he asked, studiously insulting. Slater stood silent, trembling, looking at him. His silence, his incompetence and timorousness struck on Burgess's raw nerves, and he roared in sudden insane passion: "I say—sit down!"

"Yes, sir," said Slater, and collapsed back upon his hams.

God, Burgess thought, the fellow was a puppet. Left to himself, he'd sit in quivering terror until madness took him; or run, with heaving flanks, until his heart burst and a jaguar could crunch him at his leisure. It seemed a supreme discourtesy of fate that he, of all the race of humans, should be Burgess's companion to oblivion. Why, Burgess asked himself, couldn't he have been permitted a civilized chap with a dash of courageous humor for their last hours? Though Burgess was no romantic and no strict formalist, he felt there ought to be a right way to eat a salad, to greet a lady, or to die. And Slater's kind would die as he would eat a salad: disgustingly.

Slowly, however, as the dull hours passed, his irritation was absorbed into his scientist's curiosity. Tilting back his head, he studied his companion with a fresh interest.

"Slater," he said at length, speaking with a drunken precision, for it was hard to talk, "we're about done for." The other's eyes came open abruptly; terror stood gibbering in them, and Burgess's contempt recurred. "The odds are in the millions to one that another sunset will find us stiff.

"We've been lost four days. We've been three days without food, two with only a little water. Our feet are useless, our bodies poisoned by insects. Unless tomorrow, rather early, we pick up a trail—we're done. There's a point I'd like to settle before we pass on. It concerns a little theory of mine that every organism, no matter how mean, how contemptible it may seem, is a unique piece that has its place in the scheme of things. And you, Slater, if you will, can either prove or disprove that to me."

Slater squirmed up straighter. His bleared and reddened eyes showed a doglike puzzlement. "Me, sir?"

"You, yes. Merely by telling me whether there is any one thing you've ever done, or can do, well enough to justify your existence. Think, now—"

Slater squirmed more furiously. "Well—guess I ain't much good at anything—"

"It does seem that way—pardon my frankness, Slater. You were on the beach, down and out, when we picked you up at Progreso; you've bungled about everything we've put you at since. And that, you see, is just what interests me in you. If you could show me something, no matter how unimportant it may seem, that would give you a claim on existence, you'd prove to me that I've been right in thinking everything has its place in the scheme of things. But if not—then I'm wrong."

The little man shook his head dolefully. "I'm a pretty poor stick, I guess," he said. "Never had much of a chance—no schoolin' or anything—" Talking caused him pain. Burgess, studying him idly, reflected that with his inferior physique he would have been done in long ago had he not been schooled by hardship to hunger and deprivation. "So there isn't much of anything, except maybe—well—I'm a whiz at shooting snipes." Burgess stared, and Slater elaborated: "Spotting cigar butts, see? Down at Progreso the rest of them that was on the beach with me used to call me the Champion Butt Shooter of the Universe. They said I must have an eye like a lynx. I could beat any man jack at rounding up snipes—"

Burgess threw back his head and laughed.

"My companion to eternity!" he howled, with a wave and a bow to the shrinking Slater. "To eternity with"—his laughter went far out into the jungles—"the Champion—Butt Shooter—of the Universe!"

BEFORE sanity left him quite, and he lay prostrate and babbling next day, he observed the amenities. He commanded, with gestures and all the voice that remained to him, a reeling, stumbling Slater to go on without him.

He returned to consciousness with amazement, fitfully. There was a roof of thatched sapodilla boughs over him; there were men near. Hooker and Davis, his colleagues. And on a corner cot a puffy Slater dead in slumber.

"Thank him, not us," Davis said, when Burgess tried to put some of his feeling into words. "It's he who came in, gave us a clue to your position, just before he went under."

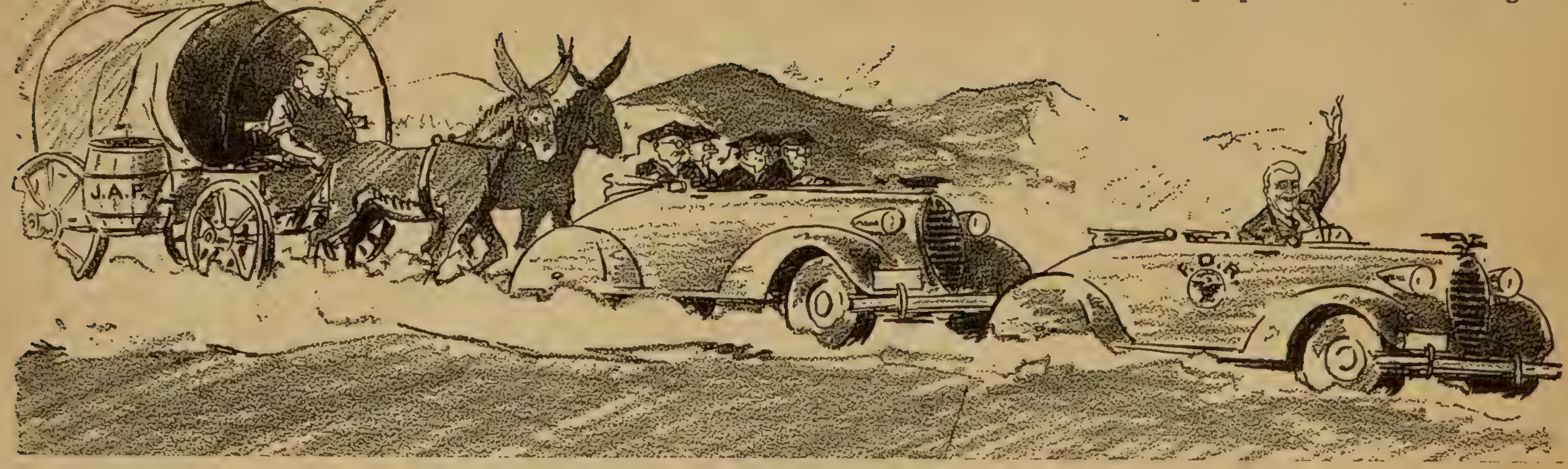
Burgess closed his eyes, shuddering. It was bitter irony that he should owe life to a man whom he despised; to the Champion Butt Shooter of the Universe!

Davis talked on, explaining: "It's one of those incredible coincidences, old man. Shows how things of the vastest importance can hinge on trifles. Just after you went down, and Slater himself was giving up, he saw it. He went for it, and so picked up our boot tracks in to camp. He had just strength enough to crawl in, but if he hadn't happened to see it, you'd both have been out there now—"

"It? Saw it?" Burgess questioned wildly.

"Why, one of our cigar butts, old man. It was away down in matted grass and dead as Chichen Itzá—not even smoking—but he spotted it. The fellow must have an eye like a lynx! . . . But I say, old fellow—you're looking bad. More water?"

THE END



An automobile procession can't be led by a political covered wagon.

What Will the Republican Progressives Do?

Will They Form a Third Party? . . . Here Is a Challenge and a Warning from Their Most Strenuous Spokesman

by FIORELLO H. LaGUARDIA

Mayor of New York City

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE question, often asked, is one of vital political importance and its answer may be a determining factor in the 1936 Presidential election.

Progressives are not organized in a national party. There are state organizations such as the Progressive Party in Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, the League in the Dakotas, various farm organizations in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. Then there are many groups and local organizations. In addition there is in course of formation a new group of experienced students of political and economic conditions such as Eastern liberals, the miners, the printing trades, needleworkers' groups, railroad workers, and not a few farm organizations disgusted with the technique and tactics of the extreme radicals and impatient with the tempo of the Progressives.

In these groups there is indeed considerable potential leadership. They refuse to follow the old school of politics and a party emblem no longer impresses them. Nothing short of a brand-new start, a new standard of political ethics, and an entirely new line-up will meet their demands. That will all come eventually—perhaps in 1936, but I doubt it.

Speaking on Labor Day at the Chicago World's Fair in September of 1934, I said: "Political parties, as such, are on the wane. Perhaps in 1936 we will see the last contest between the two great existing political parties, and in that campaign I venture to predict that there will be the greatest political *chasse* ever seen in the history of American politics. In the meantime labor must lay out its definite list of objectives."

I still think so.

Until there is a meeting of Progressive leaders and an agreement among them, no statement can be made including all Progressives. What I say here, therefore, represents my own views and only mine. What will Progressives who have in the past been connected with or elected on the Republican ticket do? I must make it clear that there are Progressives within the Democratic Party who, too, ignore party discipline and refuse to rubber-stamp ward politicians, and go out of their way to snub and rebuff party heelers.

In all likelihood Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate for President. For that reason interest during the preconvention time will be centered on the sayings and doings of the Republican Party. Republicans have had nearly four years to prepare. Issues have been handed them on golden platters. Opportunity has sore knuckles knocking at the G. O. P. door. To date there is no visible or audible indication that the G. O. P. has availed itself of any. It still has time for a superpolitical effort—call in the reserves, consult the minority, bench the has-beens, can the epigrams, do some hard thinking, stop damning and get to creating.

On the other side there is the Democratic administration. The Progressives' quarrel with it is on what it has failed or refused to do, while the standpatters' opposition is on what has been done. Will Roosevelt plan to do more and gain Progressive support, or will he promise to do less and prevent party defection? Will the Republican Party nominate a real Progressive and save its soul, or will it nominate a colorless candidate and go out of existence? This is no time for a Harding—the country calls for a Lincoln.

The political leadership of the Democratic Party differs as night from day from the leadership of the New Deal as personified by President Roosevelt. Mr. James Farley's politics are no better and no worse than those of any other political leader occupying a similar position. In fact, he is quite orthodox. He follows the practices, customs, tricks, and spoils of Hitchcock, Burleson, Hays, and Brown. He stands out, though, because of the changed times and in contrast to the professions of the New Deal and the hope of its new followers.

An economic New Deal must carry with it new standards of political ethics. Just there lies Roosevelt's weakness and what makes Progressives hesitate in throwing their full support to him. The Democratic Party has its standpat conservatives. At present in Washington the control is divided between the two factions of the party.

During his first administration the President was able to retain legislative control. His task in that respect was not an easy one. Many Congressional leaders are not by any means New-Dealish. The first Congress gave him his way because of the overwhelming election and his then popularity; the second Congress under the surface is not so enthusiastic in its support. Many of the President's own party would, if they could, retard the tempo—the pace is too fast. They find themselves in a political dilemma. The local conservative machine bosses control their nomination, but Roosevelt controls their election.

Assuming Roosevelt's re-election, all that may be changed. If the President is swept into office and takes complete control of his party, modernizes the political machine, he will then rebuild out of the old party a real cohesive, united Progressive Party, and the line-up after that will be between Progressives and Republicans. If —again assuming the President's re-election — the machine takes control, refuses to take all of the Roosevelt program, temporizes with social and economic legislation, then there will be found a Labor Party in this country the like of which is way beyond the hopes of its sponsors and the fear of its opponents. The line-up then would be between liberals and conservatives.

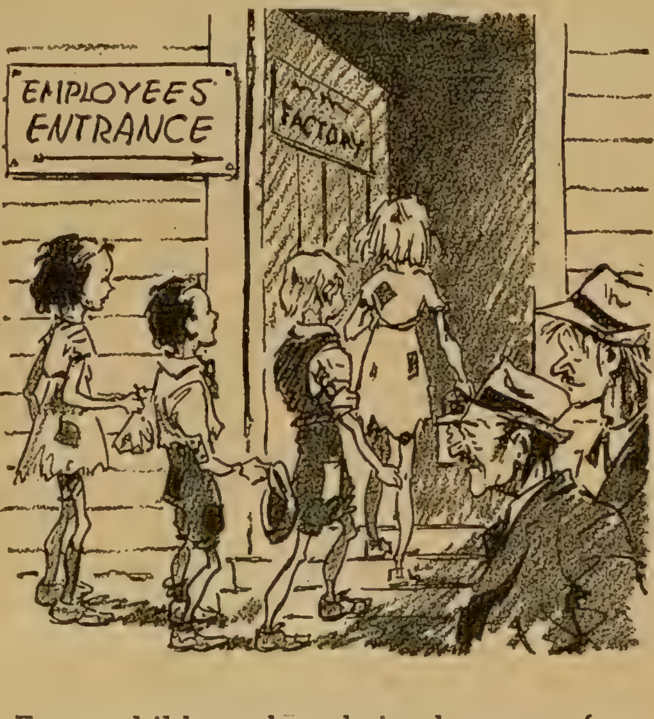
Specifically: Democrats must become Progressive, for Progressives will not become Democrats in the present-day and accepted meaning of the term. The President has qualified as an expert on the subject of the horse-buggy and automobile eras. As an expert he will recognize that an automobile procession cannot be led by a political covered wagon.

How about the Progressives? Are they united, harmonious, well organized? Not by a long shot; far from it. They have no national party. Leadership is plentiful but the army is not organized. Even so, it now holds the balance of power. Responsibility is therefore greater today than ever before. Hence the care and caution that Progressive leaders are taking before committing themselves in the pending Presidential election.

They have no deal to make; they seek no percentage of patronage. They do demand one thing and that is a well defined legislative program coupled with means of making it permanently enforceable to bring economic security to the masses of the American people: *specific* plans for the protection of the farmer, uniform labor laws regulating hours, wages, and conditions for the security of the workers woven into a constitutional fabric. It will not be sufficient simply to recite existing evil and express a hope that a remedy may be found.

THE Democrats dare not repudiate the New Deal; they must amplify and supplement it—with a definite plan to make it valid and enforceable. The Republicans must affirmatively state just what they will do with unemployment, overproduction, the farm problem, old-age pensions, and child-labor law. Both parties should state definitely just how they will make their proposed legislation constitutional. Will it curb the power of the Supreme Court, or will it enlarge the powers of Congress? The reason this is so necessary now is that politicians have learned that it is easy to make promises, to propose legislation, and later, with a mere shrug, say, "I'm sorry —we wanted to do it, but it is not constitutional."

Permanent and effective farm legislation surely is possible. Not until every man, woman, and child in the United States has enough to eat and proper shelter and clothing, can limitation of production, whether agricultural or industrial, be justified.



Every child employed simply means four or five people dependent upon relief.

What is needed is, as has so often been said, to re-establish or to increase the purchasing power of the American working men and women. There is no doubt that a sound economic method can be found to take up surplus crops. There is also enough business ingenuity in this country to manage a surplus export agency. It is possible that it may be necessary to trade these surpluses. Even then, it would be to the advantage of the country and the people.

As to labor, we have experienced that it is impossible to establish any standards locally. The country is one. Speedy methods of transportation have wiped out state lines. The manufacturer will go where labor is cheapest. We have seen advertisements by chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other local organizations brazenly advertising the fact that child labor was plentiful. That indeed is a sad commentary on American industry and business. Without efficient and improved methods of production, there is no doubt that all available labor cannot be employed. Working conditions must be adjusted accordingly.

IT therefore becomes necessary to adjust machinery to our lives and not expect humanity to adjust itself to machinery. To do that there must be uniformity. The slack may be taken up from both ends of the labor line. Superannuated workers can be provided for by a uniform system of old-age pensions. Child labor must be prevented. Every child employed in a mill or in a canning factory, or anywhere, simply means that one head of a family is out of a job and four or five people dependent upon some agency of government for relief. Many states have adopted proper child-labor laws. It is all ineffective as long as some states refuse to adopt such laws, and attract industry to their territory.

Unemployment insurance, in keeping with American viewpoint, methods, and standards of living, should be established. It will be cheaper in the long run than any temporary and unscientific method of relief. Again there must be uniformity throughout the states, differing only on the actual cost of living. No matter what social and economic legislation is enacted to bring security to the people of this country, nothing short of national legislation, uniformity throughout the country, can possibly be effective.

Whatever the Progressives do, they will not be merged —submerged or absorbed by either party. Progressives expect to assume leadership in the new realignment which is inevitable—whether that takes place in 1936 or 1940 still remains to be seen.

The Progressives would go it alone and nominate a Presidential ticket in event of—

1. A repudiation of the New Deal by the Democrats and a standpat declaration of policy by the Republicans.
2. An apologetic attitude on the part of the Democrats, soft-pedaling on the New Deal and failure to adopt a method to make necessary social and economic laws valid, coupled with a like platform and an indifferent candidate on the part of the Republicans.

In the event that one party takes an ultraprogressive stand with a definite and likely method of enforcing economic and social legislation, while the other takes a decided conservative stand with a laissez-faire policy, the Progressives would support the former.

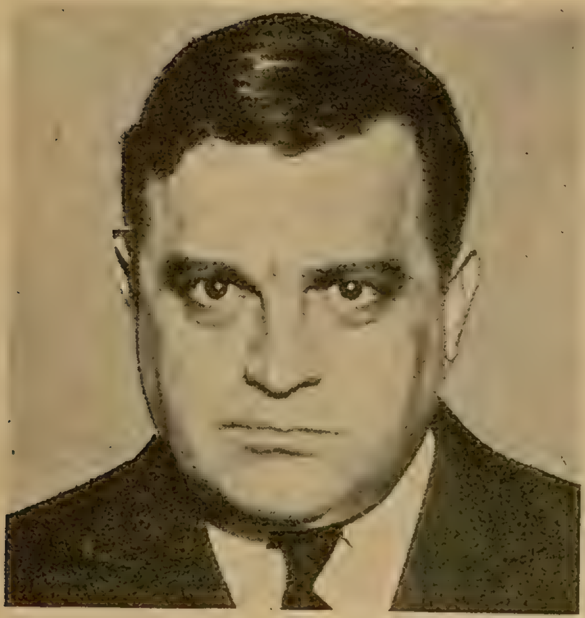
Should both parties go Progressive, then in all likelihood support would be given to the party having the candidate in whom Progressives have the most confidence.

After both conventions, the Progressives will be in a position to take a decided stand. Whatever it may be, it is reasonable to assume that it is the beginning of a new political movement in this country.

THE END

NO MORE EXPERIMENTATION, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

A REPLY TO MAYOR LaGUARDIA



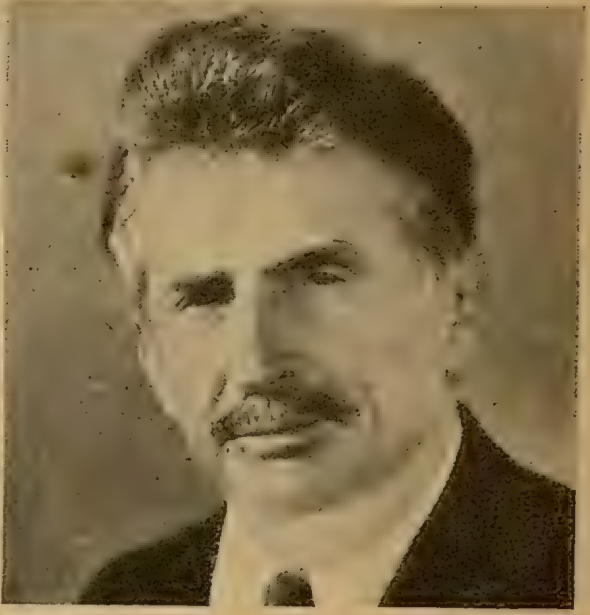
LaGuardia says—
"This is no time for a Harding—the country calls for a Lincoln!"

by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

PUBLISHER OF LIBERTY

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



Macfadden says—
"Did Lincoln ever advocate anything that smacked of state socialism?"

THE Mayor of New York, in his view of the needs of the Progressive Party, falls into the same pit in which the New Deal is now floundering. He appears to believe that all our defects can be remedied by legislation. Laws! Laws! An unending array.

Have we become so weak and wavering that we are no longer capable of taking care of ourselves and must depend on the government to do it? Adherence to such a policy would ultimately make us a race of rabbits.

Maybe that would suit some of our citizens. Many of them think that because in some states little children are being put to work, therefore the whole nation should be legally restricted from rearing children in accordance with individual viewpoint.

Certainly something ought to be done toward eliminating the evils of child labor; but every state should have its own child labor law, or, better, rules for child rearing which insure the mental and physical development necessary to a successful life.

There are many occupations in which boys and girls can earn money, which are also valuable to them educationally. From such occupations they should not be barred.

Name over all our great industrial geniuses. Nearly every one of them was in a gainful occupation at a very early age. And it was the educational influence of these occupations that gave them their first and most important lessons in life. Every child born to American citizenship is entitled to the opportunities which are essential to develop a useful citizen at maturity, and all parents must be made to realize that this is their responsibility.

But the child labor law is just one instance of the tendency of the Progressives. Mayor LaGuardia questions rather than explains what they will do during the Presidential campaign, and so the "stormy petrel" of American politics brings us face to face with the question, What is a Progressive?

The Tugwellian trend toward state socialism and the end of private ownership is called by his followers a progressive movement. Mayor LaGuardia includes with the Progressives the Non-Partisan League in the Dakotas—the so-called Townley movement. That movement gained complete control of North Dakota. It advanced toward state socialism as fast as its visionary leader could take it. The results? Extremely painful to the people of North Dakota. The state built packing plants and flour mills, and operated them. Inexperienced politicians were placed in control.

This competition with "greedy" private interests was to end property taxation practically, and end all poverty in North Dakota. But there were no profits. There were extremely heavy losses.

Upton Sinclair with his EPIC scheme in California claims to be a Progressive of the modern order. Yet his plan is recognized by the right wing of the so-called Progressive movement as an unworkable mixture of state socialism and governmental paternalism.

The New Deal claims to be the father of the Progressive movement just now, with its main cornerstones restriction in the industrial field and restriction in agricultural production. Yet Mayor LaGuardia, who has been a zealous champion of the New Deal from the start, stamps both of these policies as wrong by declaring that not until every man, woman, and child in this country has enough to eat, proper shelter and clothing, can limitation of production, whether agricultural or industrial, be justified.

The mayor declares, "This is no time for a Harding—

the country calls for a Lincoln." We say amen to that! But did anything that Abraham Lincoln ever advocate have the slightest relationship to Upton Sinclair's EPIC or Townley's Non-Partisan League?

Did Lincoln ever advocate anything that ever smacked of state socialism, and did he ever say anything to arouse bitter hatred between business, labor, and agriculture? He did not.

"Malice toward none" was the greatest principle enunciated by the Great Emancipator. That phrase will live through the ages, and it should be studied by our present crop of "cure-all" demagogues.

Now for the meat of the coconut.

The Progressives call for old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Making life more secure has been the objective of every President of the United States from Washington to the man who will be elected in 1936. Unemployment insurance and old-age pensions can only be made a successful reality when labor has sufficient wages and employers make sufficient profit to lay aside the necessary moneys to pay the unemployed and the aged with.

We do not create a more secure society by penalizing honest employers with restrictions that should only be placed against crooked men in business life. We cannot make one class of people more secure in the houses they own by tearing down the houses of another class.

This country has progressed more in every line during the last fifty years than any other people in the world. We should guard against former mistakes, but we should encourage all those principles that years of experience have proved practical. We want a resurrection of plain common sense.

The Republican Party in its 1936 platform must be specific and direct in its promises to the American people. But if the Republicans promise every one security and plenty without working for it, they may win an election but they will lose the respect not only of the people of America but of the world, when such impossible promises are reduced to the ashes of bankruptcy and disaster.

TWO principles are fundamental in social progress. First, the habit of saving. Since time began the man who saved part of his earnings which he put away as ready capital has been the man who brought about greater security and greater employment for all people.

Today a large portion of the so-called Liberal and Progressive groups view frugal saving as a monstrous mistake.

Second, the accumulation of private property. That has been the goal of human ambition throughout the ages, and where private property has been best protected, the greatest degree of human comfort has been maintained. Dishonorable practices must be curbed. Dishonest men of every rank must be prosecuted, but not the honest men. All Progressives will agree that the prime necessity of the hour is employment for the idle and greater wages in underpaid lines. Can this be brought about by discouraging those who sign pay checks and make employment possible?

Progressive *common sense simultaneous with conservative responsibility* should be the underlying principle of the Republican Party in its platform deliberations next June.

Practical economy must be an accepted fact. This country is not suffering from overproduction. It is suffering from the same disease the whole world is suffering from: underconsumption.

WE will have to get away from experimenters who have an idea they can regulate economic law. We depended on supply and demand to regulate prices and production during the period when we made our phenomenal growth. There were jobs for everybody that really wanted to work previous to this depression, and the same situation will prevail again if we can elect officials who will uphold the Constitution and enforce the laws. We have been through many depressions and we have climbed out of them.

The National Manufacturers Association stated some time ago that thirty or forty billion dollars would be released for investment if the government would cease its attack on business. When people lose confidence in their government they refuse to invest. They store their money away.

And the farm problem. There is an answer to that as plain as the nose on your face.

Labor is organized, industry is organized, and the farmer can protect himself similarly. That has been demonstrated in California, where they sell their fruit through an exchange to which all growers belong. They control the price of their product just as an industrialist does.

Exactly the same procedure can be adopted by the farmers throughout the country.

If a Republican administration is elected next November which we can believe will enforce the laws of the land against rich and poor alike, employer and employee, and under which every man will get a fair deal regardless of his station in life, billions will be invested and the unemployment problem will vanish into thin air.

This country has been hampered and starved by experimentation. If we can get our feet on firm ground and every citizen can know where he is financially and where he will be for a few years to come, most of our troubles will fade away.

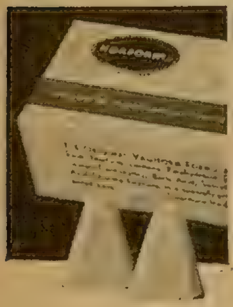
This country is ready for a boom.

It will take the construction of a million homes a year to even approach proper housing in this country.

This will give steady employment to more than three million men in the building trades for a generation to come.

THE END

FEMININE
HYGIENE
made easy



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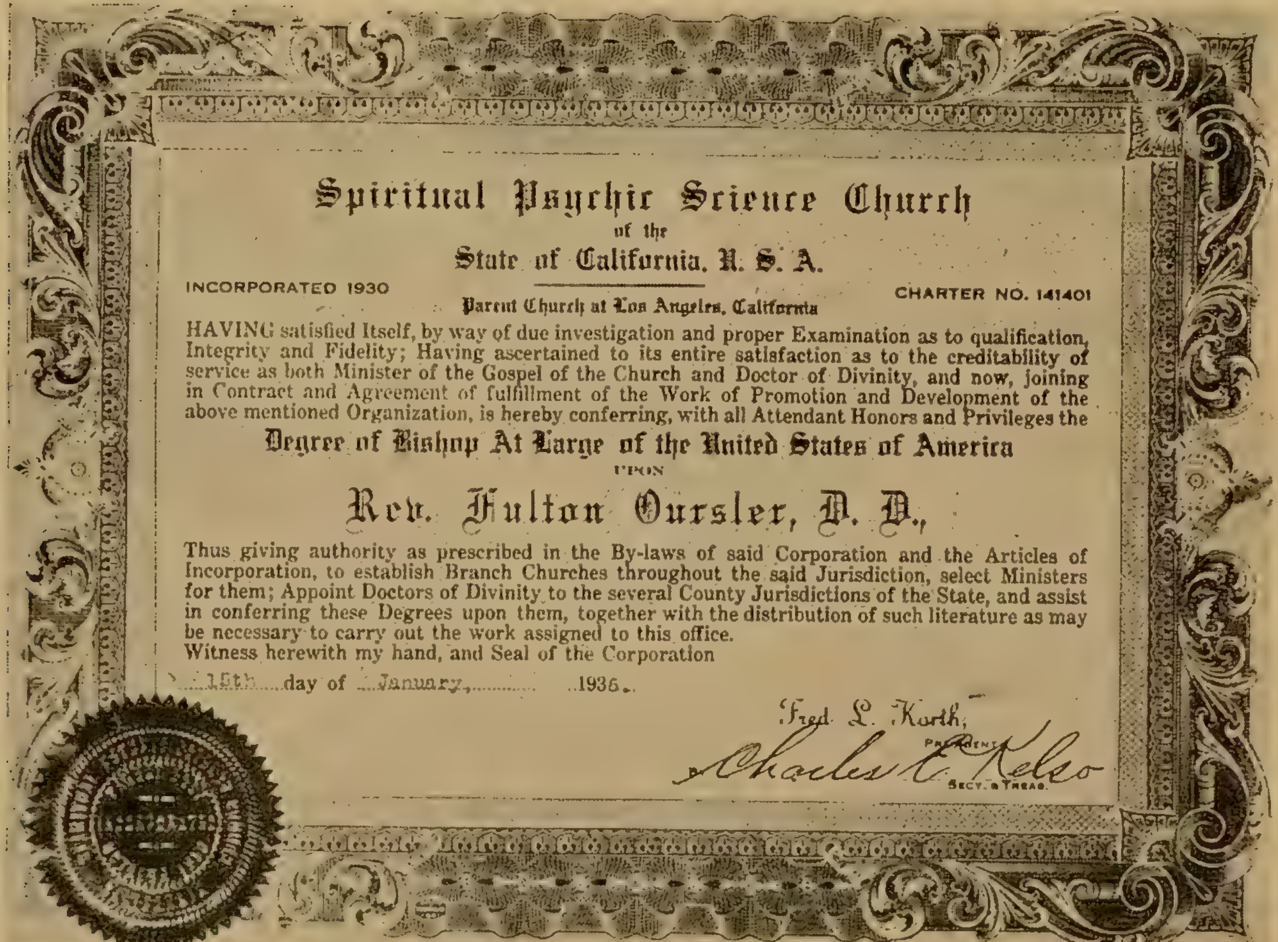

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INCORPORATED 1930

CHARTER NO. 141401

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Degree of Bishop At Large of the United States of America
UPON
Rev. Fulton Oursler, D. D.,

Thus giving authority as prescribed in the By-laws of said Corporation and the Articles of Incorporation, to establish Branch Churches throughout the said Jurisdiction, select Ministers for them; Appoint Doctors of Divinity to the several County Jurisdictions of the State, and assist in conferring these Degrees upon them, together with the distribution of such literature as may be necessary to carry out the work assigned to this office.
Witness herewith my hand, and Seal of the Corporation

15th day of January, 1936.

Fred. L. Korth,
PRESIDENT

Charles C. Kelso
SECY. & TREAS.

Here Is the Evidence—A Startling Exposure of a Religious Racket

THEY told him it could be done.

That he could become an Ordained Minister.

That he could become a Doctor of Divinity.

That he could become a Bishop.

All for forty dollars.

Of course he didn't believe them.

Nevertheless he would try anything once. So he wired the forty dollars to a man he knew in California—where this modern miracle was supposed to be wrought—and he dared him to do his worst.

By return mail he received the three certificates enumerated above, one of which is reproduced on this page.

The Editor of Liberty has long since ceased to wonder at the recurring beneficences of the great State of California. It has been his privilege to enjoy for long joyous months its hospitality and its sunshine. He is quite willing to believe with the native sons that nowhere are the skies bluer and the grass greener and the sands whiter than on California's golden shore.

Nowhere, too, he is now forced to believe, are ministers of the Gospel more conveniently conceived or doctors of divinity more casually born or bishops of the church more speedily matured.

For, mind you, he didn't ask to become an ordained minister, empowered " to officiate at marriages, christenings, funerals, and other services." He didn't sign a single letter of application. He made no representation as to his qualifications. He simply sent forty dollars by Western Union. And look at him now!

As for having " taken the Oath of Ordination " and " qualified in the Examination " and " satisfactorily complied with all the requirements " for " the Degree and Certificate of DOCTOR OF DIVINITY," he didn't do any such thing.

He didn't take any oath, he didn't take any examination, he didn't comply with any requirements. He just sent forty dollars to a man he knew in California.

As for his " service as both Minister of the Gospel of the Church and Doctor of Divinity " entitling him to become " with all Attendant Honors and Privileges . . . BISHOP AT LARGE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA "—well, he has only to point to the fact that all three of the degrees, Ordained Minister, Doctor of Divinity, and Bishop at Large, were conferred on the same day and for the one fee.

The Editor of Liberty does not pretend to be read in the law, either ecclesiastic or Californian. In spite of the affirmation of the person who signs himself variously as Secretary and Treasurer and Founder and Archbishop, he was, until the fifteenth day of January, 1936, a mere layman. But to him, in his hitherto untitled capacity, the ministry of Christ has always been a sanctified profession.

May the Rev. Fulton Oursler therefore suggest, as Ordained Minister, Doctor of Divinity, and Bishop at Large of the United States of America—and especially as a private citizen of the above-mentioned country—that the fake minister racket, as practiced not only in California but in other states, has gone far enough?

Specifically, may he commend to the solemn consideration of the various responsible ministerial associations of the State of California, and of officials everywhere who are charged with making and executing laws to protect our citizens against fraud, the facts stated and the exhibits reproduced on this page?

Rich Man's SON

Slowly the Wheels of Justice Turn and a Lover's Fate Is Weighed in the Balance, as a Frank and Daring Novel of Today Nears Its Tensest Moment

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

YOUNG Jeff Lorimer spurns his father's offer of a job and future in the family banking business in New York City, determined to make his own mark in the world and realize some of his noble ambitions. Reluctantly he accedes to his ailing mother's wish that he marry Margot Rogers, daughter of another socially prominent family. But before the engagement is announced he falls in love with petite Doris Fenton, a night-club entertainer. To discourage this new complication, Jeff's father and uncle plot to send him to Florida for the winter holidays, and hire glamorous Carol Carson to entertain him there. In this manner they hope Jeff will forget his radical ideas and realize the importance of money. Instead of falling for Carol, however, Jeff wins her over to his side. When the two return to New York they attend a party at the penthouse apartment of Carol's friend Howard Locke. Jeff gets a double shock when he meets his host. He recognizes him as the man whose secret affair with his younger sister Natalie had ended very unhappily. The girl with Locke is Doris! But in the few joyous minutes she and Jeff manage to steal together she assures him of her love. Later in the evening Jeff accidentally comes upon Doris struggling in Locke's arms on the terrace, and in a fury strikes him. The dazed man hits his head against a cement pillar and dies without regaining consciousness. Jeff is jailed for murder. The shock of the scandal proves fatal to Mrs. Lorimer. In the hope of strengthening Jeff's defense, the Lorimer attorneys, Andrew Osborne and Thomas Cranston, tell Doris that Jeff will go to the electric chair if she doesn't tell a convincing story in court. "What is the true reason for Jeff's striking down Locke that night?" Osborne asks her.

PART SIX—"HE DESERVED TO DIE!"

DORIS recovered her voice, but it was weak and tremulous. "I will testify anything you tell me to say, Mr. Osborne. I will do anything to help Jeff Lorimer." She wished she might tell the lawyer of her love for Jeff and his love for her—but he wouldn't understand. He would tell Geoffrey Lorimer, and then there would be more trouble.

Osborne turned quickly to Cranston.

"Miss Fenton will make an affidavit right now, Tom. Give her paper and a pen." He turned back to Doris. "This is just in case something should happen to you. And it will help you to remember when you take the stand in court." Cranston was already handing her the writing materials.

"Tell it in your own way," the lawyer advised. "Just set down the events leading up to that moment when Mr. Lorimer struck Howard Locke. Start with the time you entered the house." He sent her a searching look. "You know what to say."

There was a moment's pause. Then Doris dropped the pen to the paper.

"At eleven thirty on the night of January 3," she wrote, "I entered the apartment of Mr. Howard Locke, in company with him, to find about twenty people gathered there, awaiting his arrival. Among them was Mr. Geoffrey Lorimer . . ."

Cranston was right. On the next day the Grand Jury handed down an indictment charging Jeff with manslaughter. At least now there was no danger that Jeff might go to the chair.

Immediately afterward, flanked by two guards and his three lawyers, he was arraigned before the Court of General Sessions to plead not guilty—a mere technicality—and was returned to the Tombs, there to await trial.

For two days the prosecutor and the defense lawyers battled back and forth while juror after juror was called and examined.

JEFF looked haggard and worn on the first day of his trial. He was continually haunted by thoughts of how the newspapers would persecute Doris if they found out that they had known each other prior to that night at Locke's apartment.

But how would they find out? Carol, of course, knew; but she would be loyal. Harry Berwyn would mind his own business. Would Dan Hastings talk?

Long before court opened the corridors were jammed with restless would-be spectators.

At ten o'clock the doors were thrown open. Five minutes later every seat was taken.

Inside the railing and in front of the bench was the defense table. On the other side was the prosecutor's table, where his assistants were sorting papers and reference books. Beyond that was the reporters' table, at which eleven men and women were chatting in undertones. Among the spectators was more than a generous sprinkling of those whose names could be found in the Social Register, though they had tried to lose themselves in the crowd.

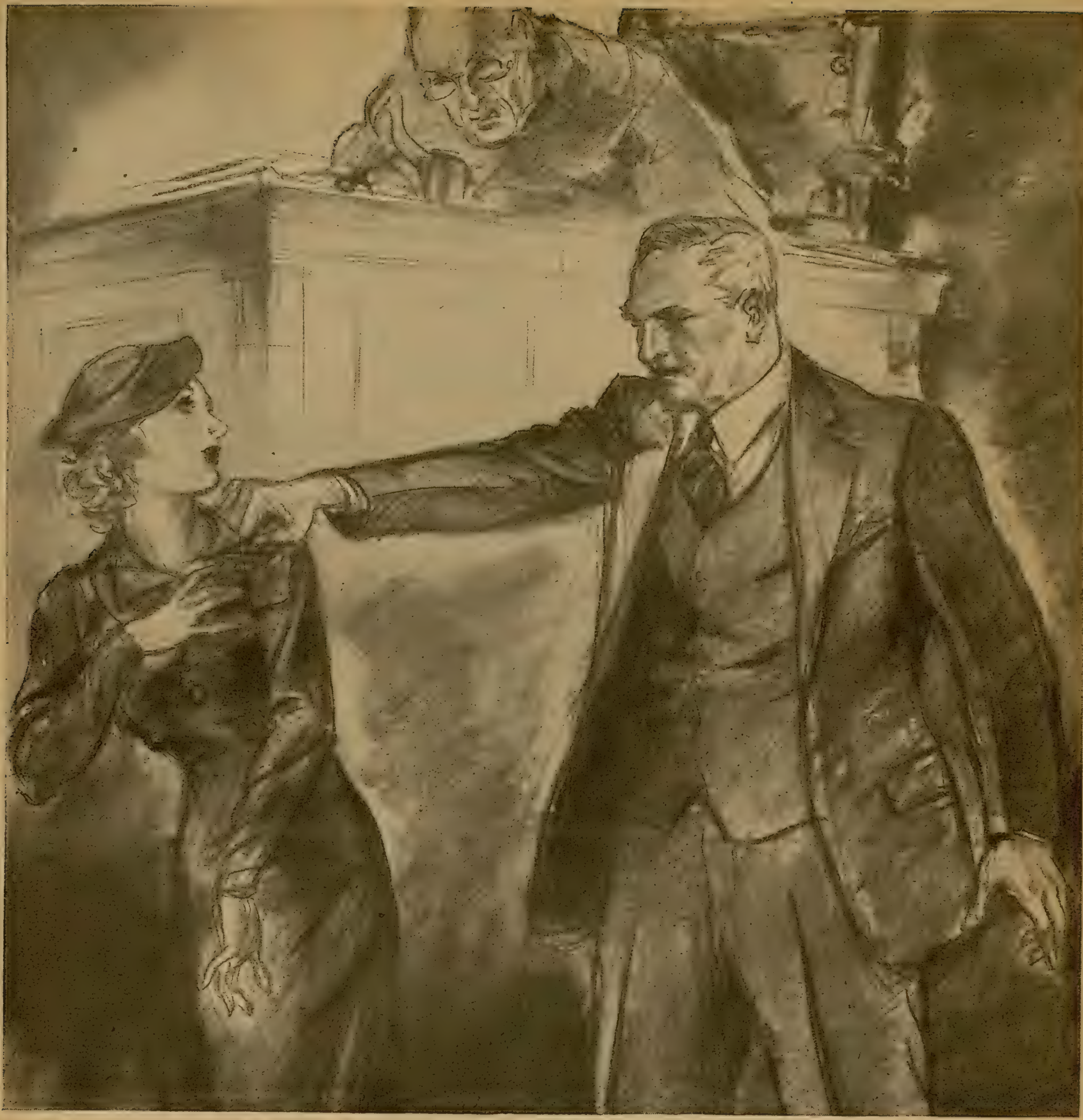
Jeff, handcuffed to a guard, was brought into the courtroom through a side door. Excitement swept through the room at his appearance. Here, people were telling themselves, was the son of one of the richest men in the country.

Exclamations were uttered—some in sympathy, some in derision. There was a morbid satisfaction for many in knowing that the same law that grasped ordinary mortals could also hold a Lorimer in its grip.

At the defense table Jeff saw his three lawyers, his father, Uncle Hal, and Nat. He wished Nat had stayed home. The young lawyer Cranston and she had their heads together in interested discussion. Nat looked up and flashed a smile at Jeff. Geoffrey Lorimer was conversing with his brother-in-law. He merely nodded to his son and went on talking. His attitude said plainly that he was here only to see the name of Lorimer cleared, and not from father love. And yet, that was not wholly the case.

Geoffrey Lorimer was bitter—yes. But it was going to be a long time before the stricken banker could look upon his son without at the same time looking on his wife's murderer.

Noting his nephew's dejection, Uncle Hal spoke a few encouraging words, then leaned across the table because Nat wanted to speak to him. Glancing quickly over the room, Jeff was startled to find himself looking into the



To the amazement of every one, the prosecutor unexpectedly caught the dress by the neck and gave it a wrench.

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

eyes of the girl he loved, sitting in the front row with Carol Carson. His pulses set up a mad beating. Carol nodded brightly. Doris attempted a smile, then looked fearfully about. After that she avoided his eyes, and Jeff knew she was playing her part so that no one would suspect their love.

Now the judge entered the courtroom and the trial began.

The first witness was Dr. Lavelle.

"When I got up to the penthouse," he told the court, "that young man over there—the defendant—was mopping Locke's head with a handkerchief to check the bleeding. He looked up at me and said: 'I hit him.'"

"Of his own accord he told you that?" District Attorney Edwards asked. The prosecution had opened the case.

"Yes, sir."

"In what condition did you find the deceased?"

"Unconscious and bleeding profusely from a wound on the side of his head, with probable skull fracture."

"Would an ordinary blow from a man's clenched fist produce such an injury?"

"Not an ordinary blow. A *mighty* blow. One struck in maniacal anger."

"Objection!" Tom Cranston had leaped to his feet. "The doctor was not asked for his opinion on the defendant's state of mind."

"Objection sustained," chanted Judge Lawton. A flicker of a smile crossed the district attorney's face. He had planted the idea he wanted in the minds of the jury. Now he continued:

"After making your examination, Dr. Lavelle, what did you do next?"

"I sent for an ambulance—and the police."

"Why the police?" the district attorney asked quickly.

"Because the defendant had confessed—"

"Objection!" Again Cranston broke in. "The defendant made no confession."

"Objection sustained." The judge nodded calmly. The doctor was excused.

Now the radio-car police sergeant, who was first on the scene, was called. His testimony was brief, disclosing only one important fact. Jeff, he declared, gave no indication of having been drinking. He was followed by his brother officer and the police lieutenant who had taken charge, but theirs was merely routine examination for the records.

GUESTS who had been in Locke's apartment when the police arrived were called. With slight variations, they told the same story: The first they knew anything was wrong out on the terrace was when some one shouted there had been a fight. They had hurried out to find Locke unconscious and Jeff and Doris bending over him.

"Did you see the defendant and Doris Fenton alone together at any time during the evening?" Edwards asked each one. Some swore that Doris had not left Howard Locke's side from the time she entered the apartment with him. Others insisted that she had not been present when they crowded around him at the buffet table. But one and all enthusiastically declared that their dead host was a man of great kindness and generosity. It was plain they felt the one who had caused his death should be punished.

"Carol Carson, take the stand!"

From among the first-row spectators Carol rose like a Venus. A buzz of excitement swept through the stuffy room. The first celebrity! Even Geoffrey Lorimer peered at her intently. This was the first time he had seen the girl to whom he had paid twenty-five hundred dollars to distract his young son's mind from what he considered stupid idealism. It was at least some satisfaction, he was reflecting, to know that the thousand-dollar bonus would never be paid.

"A symphony in brown and orchids," one feature writer was describing Carol, "startlingly set off by a mink toque under which her golden hair curled in fascinating tendrils about her neck and face."

Seeing that she had made a favorable impression, District Attorney Edwards began his questions in a conciliatory tone:

"How long have you known the defendant, Miss Carson?"

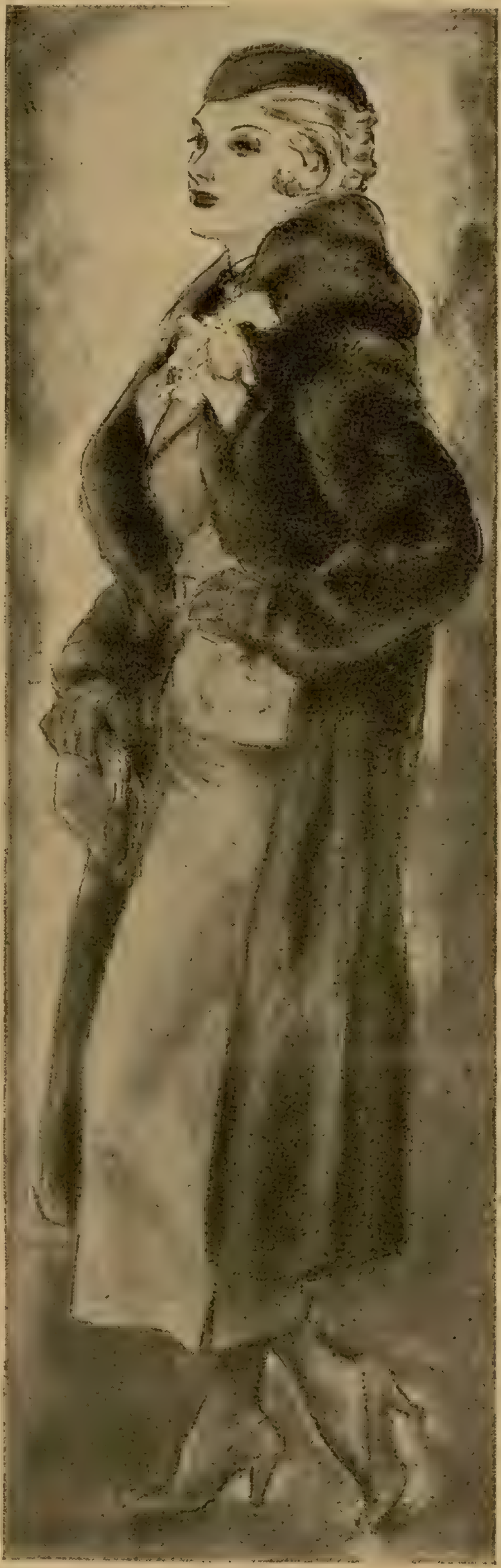
"About two months."

"Tell the court how you met him."

"A mutual friend introduced us during the early part of December in Florida."

"How soon after you were introduced did he become attentive? I mean, how soon after was your first engagement?"

"We had dinner together that night with Mr.—"



From among the spectators Carol rose like a Venus.

"And later you danced together, swam together?"

"We did."

"You admit that during the month the defendant was in Miami Beach he spent considerable money on you?"

"I suppose so." Carol was trying to outguess him.

"And naturally this impressed you?"

"I wouldn't say that. Mr. Lorimer is a wealthy young man. I imagine he is accustomed to spending money on girls. Most young men in his position do."

"Ah! Then you admit he is the typical rich man's son? The playboy who picks girls up and drops—"

"I object!" Cranston shouted angrily. "The District Attorney is attempting to put words into the mouth of this witness."

"Objection sustained," the judge declared wearily.

Several of the jurors whispered among themselves. The two lawyers glared at each other. Then Edwards shrugged and turned back to Carol.

"You were also acquainted with the deceased—were you not?"

"I was a friend of Mr Locke's," she replied hesitantly.

"How long had you known him?"

"About four years."

"Did he ever force unwelcome attentions on you?"

"No, because I was never alone with him."

"Confine your answers to yes and no, Miss Carson," the judge reproved. The prosecutor continued:

"Would you say that the deceased was a man of wide acquaintance among both men and women?"

"I would."

The District Attorney nodded in approval. "In your opinion, Miss Carson, would it have been necessary for a man of Mr. Locke's financial means and popularity to force his attentions on a young lady in the manner the defendant described that night when the police were called in—especially with so many other guests in the apartment?"

SENSING a trap, Carol hesitated. Cranston started to his feet; but before he could object again Carol began answering rapidly: "There is no telling what a man of Howard Locke's type would do if he saw a girl he wanted. I remember once—"

The judge shot forward in his chair. "I do not want to remind you again, Miss Carson, to confine your answers to the questions put to you." But his interruption had come too late to prevent Carol from scoring a point for Jeff.

And now the prosecutor came to the question that the defense lawyers and Carol feared he would ask:

"Did you at any time during the evening see the defendant and Doris Fenton alone together?"

"I did."

"Describe for the jury those circumstances."

With obvious reluctance Carol said: "I suddenly missed Mr. Lorimer. He had taken me to Mr. Locke's apartment and he didn't seem to be enjoying himself. So I—"

"You say he wasn't enjoying himself?" The prosecutor pounced on this. "*Why?*"

Carol was flustered. "No particular reason—he was just bored."

"Or in a quarrelsome mood, perhaps?"

"Objection!" came from Cranston. It was sustained. The judge nodded to Carol to continue.

"Well, I set out to look for him. I found Miss Fenton and him on the enclosed part of the terrace, and then—and then we all went back into the drawing room."

"In what position did you find these two people?"

"I don't understand," Carol was answering.

"Were they sitting down? Standing up? Or were they embracing?"

He was seeing through Carol as if she were a pane of glass. For her to tell the truth—which was that she had seen Doris crushed in Jeff Lorimer's arms—might lead the jury to believe that Jeff himself wanted the girl, and had struck Locke down in jealousy, believing him to be the favored one. This was the prosecutor's plan.

Without perjuring herself Carol could not avoid the trap. Straightening, she looked steadily at him. "When I came upon Mr. Lorimer and Miss Fenton, they were"—Doris was beseeching her not to say it—"the defendant had his arms around her."

A smile broke over Edwards's face. "That is all, Miss Carson," he said graciously, at the same time sending a significant look to the jury.

Carol hesitated, but Judge Lawton was signaling the clerk to call a recess.

Jeff was taken immediately back to his cell, and the others at the defense table went to a near-by restaurant for lunch.

NAT couldn't eat. On the way over, Cranston, who was walking beside her, said: "This recess coming right on top of Miss Carson's testimony is bad for your brother. Her admission about the girl and him was damaging enough—and now the jury has an hour to ponder on it. But those are the breaks we get."

"If Jeff only hadn't gotten mixed up with the little fool!" Nat lamented.

"If only we had a stronger motive to offer!" Cranston returned. Nat flushed in guilty silence.

From the spectators' standpoint, the afternoon session was far more exciting, the very first witness providing an unexpected thrill.

"Miriam Patterson, take the stand!" the clerk's voice rang out.

A tall dark girl dressed in black rose. Glancing neither to right nor left, she made her way to the witness chair and was sworn. The picture of composure, she waited for District Attorney Edwards's first question:

"How long had you known the deceased?"

"Six years."

"And what was your personal opinion of him?"

The girl spoke as if she had been waiting a long time to answer this question: "I never found him to be anything but the soul of kindness and generosity toward every one. He was a wonderful man!" Every syllable was accented with resentment.

Nat's cheeks had gone pale. This was the woman Howard Locke had with him the day Margot and Jeff and

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she had lunched together in the little East Side restaurant.

"You were devoted to Howard Locke, weren't you?" the prosecutor asked gently.

"I *loved* him." Again that defiant note.

"And that love was returned?"

"To my satisfaction, at least," she retorted, "although there are people who will try to tell you otherwise."

She also was reproved by Judge Lawton for making irrelevant remarks.

"What did you know about Locke's relations with Doris Fenton?"

"She was one of many persistent girls who chased after him."

"When did you first meet her?"

"Two weeks ago."

"You resented her?"

"Naturally."

"Why?"

"Because Howard was seeing her so often."

"Do you believe that Miss Fenton encouraged him to pay attention to her?"

Cranston leaped to his feet. "Objection, Your Honor!"

"Sustained."

The prosecutor smiled. "Very well; I will put the question this way: Why, in your opinion, was the deceased seeing so much of Miss Fenton?"

"Because she encouraged him to do so!"

Doris started up from her seat, her face flushed in anger.

"In what way did she encourage him?"

"By calling him up at all hours."

"At all hours?" the prosecutor echoed in surprise. "How did you know that?"

"Because I was there. I was Howard Locke's *wife!*"

The statement came like a thunderbolt. Edwards was delighted. Until now it had not been known that Locke was married. The judge rapped sternly for order.

"That is all, thank you, Mrs. Locke," the prosecutor said, helping her down from the witness box.

"Doris Fenton!"

As she rose, all eyes turned on her, and the girl looked at Jeff. His eyes leaped to meet hers, and the love in them made her suddenly straighten and hold her head high, determined to fight to the finish for the man she loved.

The jury regarded her with more than casual interest. She was such a startling contradiction to the girl their imaginations had pictured. District Attorney Edwards dispensed with his usual preliminary questions and launched into the salient facts:

"How did you become acquainted with Howard Locke?"

"We met on a train."

"Who introduced you to him?"

"No one."

"Did Locke speak first—or did you?"

"WHY—I don't remember." That was the truth. In the excitement of the train wreck, when they were standing outside on the tracks, one of them had commented on how fortunate it was there had been no loss of life. But the prosecutor had no intention of letting this slip into Doris's testimony. He wanted the jury to see her through his eyes.

"Did he buy you any meals on the train?"

"One dinner."

"How soon after your arrival in New York did you again dine together?"

"That same night."

"And you dined with him every night thereafter—until his sudden death put an end to the romance?"

Doris looked at him thoughtfully, then said quickly: "Of course not. I was working. Mr. Locke had gotten me a place in a floor show."

The prosecutor pounced gleefully on this: "So he got you work? That was kind of Mr. Locke, wasn't it, Miss Fenton?"

"Yes." The half-truths were building up Howard Locke's character. She looked appealingly to Osborne, who returned only a noncommittal nod.

"About how long have you known the defendant?"

"I have known Mr. Lorimer about two months."

How had she met him?

"I was riding in a taxicab. It stopped for a traffic light and Mr. Lorimer jumped in. But—" Before she could explain that Jeff hadn't known any one was inside, the prosecutor fired another question at her:

"When was your next meeting with him?"

Doris told how Jeff had come to the night club later that evening to have supper with her. Now the prosecutor jumped to the fatal night.

"Mr. Locke invited you to the party?" he asked.

"I came with him. We had been to the theater."

"I want you to forget everything from the time you entered the apartment until the moment you found yourself alone on the open-air terrace with Mr. Locke. Tell the court, please, exactly what happened."

As Doris talked, Jeff clenched and unclenched his hands, fighting the temptation to break in, to confess anything the prosecutor wanted him to, if only he would leave her out of it!

"Mr. Locke put his arms around me and asked me if I loved him."

"What did you reply?"

"I said I didn't love him but that I liked him."

"Didn't you repulse him—push him away?"

"Not at first." This answer was given hesitantly. The truth was that she had, but Doris was trying to repeat the words she had written down for Jeff's lawyer in the affidavit.

JEFF could not conceal the hurt and amazement he was feeling. He did not know that Geoffrey Lorimer and the lawyer had agreed not to tell him that Doris was to give false testimony to save him.

"And what happened next, Miss Fenton?"

"Well—we just stood there for a while."

"Making love?"

"I guess you would call it that!"

"You admit, then, that you had encouraged the deceased?"

"I suppose—I did."

Her last words were audible only to those near by, and they concluded the questioning. But Andrew Osborne had lost his air of amused satisfaction and was now whispering earnestly to Cranston. He had wanted Doris to admit encouraging Locke, but he also wanted her to tell a vivid and convincing story of her struggle for honor in Howard Locke's arms—and of Jeff's response to her cries. The prosecutor had been too canny to give her the chance.

Doris left the stand and made her way quickly back to her seat, keeping her eyes down. The District Attorney surprised the court by saying: "The state rests its case."

After a brief interlude Tom Cranston announced that the defense was ready to present its side, and the judge rapped for order. Again Carol Carson was the first witness called.

"Miss Carson," Cranston began, "you told the prosecutor that you had known Howard Locke well for a period of four years. During this time did you discover any sources of income he had other than his brokerage business?"

"I did. But other people were also aware of these facts."

"Tell the court, please, about these other sources."

"To begin with," Carol said, "Howard Locke had other apartments than the one in which he lived. One of these he used for preying on girls and boys from Social Register families, and married women who went there without their husbands' knowledge. He capitalized on their misfortunes."

"In what way?"

"Usually by lending them money to pay gambling or other debts. Then, when they couldn't pay him back, he would send them out to fashionable restaurants in the East Sixties to gather up other young people of good families who had too much time and money on their hands. He would feed them liquor, sedatives, and even marijuana cigarettes. Sooner or later they would get into jams with the girls or men they met at his place—and he would pretend to buy the other person off. After that he had no difficulty selling them stocks and bonds. It was a sort of blackmail scheme—"

"That's a lie!" Miriam Patterson Locke shouted from the rear of the courtroom. Judge Lawton pounded with his gavel and a guard warned her to be quiet. Still protesting, she sat down, and Carol continued:

"He would lend money to girls whose fathers gave them only a small allowance—and when they were in so deep they couldn't possibly pay it back, he would send them to lunch at the Embassy Club, and such places, to bring eligible men up to his place. One way or another, they too would be in his debt. Howard Locke got money out of everybody." Carol smiled. "I was an intended victim until he discovered I was a friend of his partner. Another pet racket of his was lending kids money on jewelry and then stalling forever when they wanted to redeem it. They didn't dare make a fuss."

Nat and Jeff exchanged looks.

"Howard Locke also peddled dope! He had half a dozen apartments scattered over the city. Shall I go into detail?"

"No." Cranston smiled. "I believe the court has a clear picture of Locke's activities by now. But about your association with the defendant in Florida this winter. Were there any unusual circumstances surrounding this?"

"I was employed by Mr. Geoffrey Lorimer, Senior, to see that his son had a good time. Mr. Lorimer thought he was taking life too seriously." The banker fidgeted uncomfortably in his seat and glared at the girl. "But Jeff—the defendant found out about it and went through with it to please his father."

"In your opinion, was he what is commonly called a 'playboy'?"

"Absolutely not!"

"You also mentioned to the prosecutor that there was no telling what a man of Howard Locke's type would do if he saw a woman he wanted. On what did you base this statement?"

CAROL was disconcerted by this question. Her eyes sought Nat's. "Why—Mr. Locke was going through a society magazine one day last summer, and came across a picture of—of a girl. He was greatly attracted to her and said she would be his next affair. I laughed at him, but the next time I saw her he had met her. The more difficult the conquest of a pretty girl, the better he liked it."

"I object!" the prosecutor shouted. "That testimony is irrelevant and—"

"And I can tell you the girl's name!" came from the rear of the courtroom. Nat paled and clutched the edge of the defense table. Mrs. Locke was again interrupting hysterically. This time the guards put her out of the courtroom.

"But my witness is testifying to what she knows about the character of the deceased," Cranston protested to the judge.

"Objection sustained," came the decision.

Now the young defense lawyer sprang a surprise witness.

"Dr. Frisbee!" the clerk called.

A nervous little man who had been standing along the wall hurried down the side aisle. His attitude plainly said that he was here to testify only because he had been subpoenaed. After taking the oath he stated that he conducted a private sanitarium on Lexington Avenue and that five times in the last two years Howard Locke had been a patient there—twice for alcoholism and three times for high blood pressure.

"What brought on his heart spells?"

"Fast living."

"Could a violent quarrel have the same effect?"

"It might," the doctor nodded.

"Could Mr. Locke have died in one of these spells?"

The little man bristled. "Under given circumstances any serious heart disturbance can cause death," he snapped cryptically.

The doctor was excused. Mrs. Locke was recalled to the stand. There was a moment's delay until she could be brought from the anteroom to which she had been banished. She glared sullenly at Cranston as she took the oath.

"Why," the young lawyer asked, "did you permit your husband to bring Miss Fenton into your home?"

"My husband was a broker," she answered tartly. "Much of his work was keeping his social contacts and making new ones. That is why I was kept in the background. He entertained on a large scale."

"But surely he could not have hoped to profit financially through this girl?"

Mrs. Locke cried angrily: "My husband had a good reason for everything he did. I never questioned him!"

Cranston smiled. He was still smiling when he called Doris Fenton to the stand.

"MISS FENTON, I want you to tell the court whether or not you know the difference between a man forcing his embraces on a girl—and criminally attacking her?"

"I do."

"Now, I want you to describe in detail just what Mr. Locke was doing when the defendant came to your aid."

Doris flushed. "Why, I—"

"The defendant said he heard you begging Locke to let you go. What was it you cried out?"

"I said, 'Please let me go!' I begged him to stop. He was hurting me, holding me so tight! He kept trying to kiss me and I kept pushing his face away. He began tearing at my clothes. Then I got frightened.

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I was helpless. I cried out. But nobody heard. When I screamed, Mr. Lorimer came running down the terrace and—"

"At that particular moment—when you saw the defendant—Locke was attacking you?" Cranston prompted.

The prosecutor was on his feet. "Objection!" he cried. "This man is putting words into the witness's mouth."

"Objection sustained," Judge Lawton nodded.

"All right!" Cranston snapped. "Then what *was* Howard Locke doing at that instant the defendant saw you struggling in his arms?"

"He was—he was attacking me." Doris's voice faltered on the final admission and she buried her face in her hands in shame.

Cranston helped her, still weeping, out of the chair, and Carol ran forward to her. Jeff writhed in his chair in helpless agony, indifferent to the fact that his father was staring hard at him. Then the clerk's voice broke in:

"Geoffrey Lorimer, take the stand!"

As he walked toward the witness stand, Jeff's hands were icy. He felt as if his heart had moved up and lodged in his throat. He could feel his right hand shake as he raised it to take the oath, and when he sat down a moment of panic assailed him. But at the first sound of Tom Cranston's voice he grew calm.

"Tell the court about your first meeting with Doris Fenton, Jeff," the young lawyer said. "Take all the time you want."

Jeff had no difficulty convincing the jury that their meeting had been an actual one. Cranston ignored the Florida episode and brought Jeff quickly to the night when he again met Doris in Locke's apartment.

"Tell us in detail what happened," the young lawyer instructed.

Jeff took a deep breath.

"I WENT out on to the terrace to get some fresh air. There wasn't any one out there that I could see. But soon I heard voices, and stopped. Then I heard Miss Fenton cry out and—"

"What did she cry out?"

"I think it was 'Let me go!' And then she said, 'Please let me go!' She sounded as if she were crying. Then I—"

"Could you see her?"

"No, because they were around the corner of the building. I started to run. I didn't know who she was with until I got there. And then—then I saw it was Locke and he had backed her against the wall! And her bare shoulder was showing. She was trying to push him away. She cried out my name, and I grabbed him and swung him around. Then I hit him."

"Tell the court what happened immediately after you struck Locke."

"He was dizzy from the blow, I suppose. He lost his balance and toppled against the stone coping. I grabbed at him and pulled him back—but he began struggling to get loose. When he did, he lost his balance again, and fell against the pillar, striking his head on the corner. I thought he was just knocked out."

"Did you intend seriously injuring him?" All Cranston expected from Jeff was a positive "No." Instead Jeff drew his brows together in a puzzled frown.

"I—I don't know. I—"

"That is all!" the lawyer broke in quickly. Jeff's last answer had disturbed him. It had disturbed the jury, too. But it pleased the prosecutor. In fact it inspired him to get quickly to his feet for cross-examination.

"When you came on Doris Fenton struggling as you say in Locke's arms—what was the condition of her clothes, Mr. Lorimer?"

Jeff looked puzzled. "I don't remember."

"But you remembered seeing her bare shoulder."

"Her dress might have slipped off—"

EDWARDS turned to the judge. "I should like to recall Miss Fenton to the stand," he requested.

The judge nodded to the clerk. Doris was recalled, and Jeff went back to the defense table. The prosecutor fixed her with a cold stare as he said:

"What sort of dress were you wearing on the night Howard Locke met his death, Miss Fenton?"

"It was black crepe with—" A smile suddenly broke over her face. "It was this dress I have on now!" she exclaimed.

Edwards smiled broadly with pleasure. "Stand up, please, Miss Fenton, and let the court get a good look at that dress. Notice especially the neck, gentlemen of the jury."

Doris rose, and Edwards took her by the shoulders and turned her around.

Then, to the amazement of every one, the prosecutor unexpectedly caught the dress by the neck and gave it a wrench. Doris uttered a little cry of fright and the judge half-rose in his seat. Eyes were popping. The prosecutor stepped back, smiling.

"You see?" he laughed. "I tried to pull Miss Fenton's dress off one shoulder. It couldn't be done. Yet the defendant swore on the stand that he had seen her bare shoulder gleaming in the moonlight! That is all, Miss Fenton. Now may I question the defendant again?"

Jeff came reluctantly back to the stand, infuriated. The prosecutor had trapped him in what he had thought a harmless exaggeration of truth.

"Are you in the habit of striking up friendships with night-club girls?"

"Of course not!"

"Then why did you go out of your way to cultivate Doris Fenton?"

"Because she was above the average. Because I liked her."

"Did you like her enough to be jealous of her?"

"Yes—I suppose I did," Jeff said hesitantly.

"Then it would upset you to discover that she found some man other than yourself attractive?"

Jeff sat up straight and gripped the arms of his chair. His eyes were flashing dangerously. "If you mean did I hate Locke for forcing himself on a decent girl, mauling her and—yes, I hated him! He deserved to die! I love that girl over there—Doris Fenton—and I would do the same thing all over again to any man who—"

"*Stop!*"

The cry came from a girl who was running toward Jeff.

Now comes startling evidence from an equally surprising witness. Its electrifying effect strikes a new dramatic climax in the sensational trial, and bears the weight of Jeff's fate. Don't miss the important revelation in next week's installment!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Mae West.
2—Anger, sloth, gluttony, envy, lust, pride, and covetousness.
3—Admiral Earl Beatty, British naval hero, who died March 10, 1936.
4—In the State of New York.
5—Dry ice.
6—His father, Colonel John Calvin Coolidge, at Plymouth, Vermont.
7—Blood vessels.
8—In northeast Australia; the name is applied to the apparently endless plains of that locality.
9—"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." Proverbs 11:22.
10—First the eggs that hatch into the workers; then those which produce the males; and, finally, those of the females.
11—Eyeteeth.
12—The heaven of Scandinavian mythology.
13—In New Mexico.
14—Philostratus, in one of his Letters.
15—Dartmouth.
16—None.
17—At Newport, Rhode Island; before and after that period the Naval Academy was located at Annapolis, Maryland, as at present.
18—Zinc (sometimes tin is included in the alloy).
19—The English mastiff.
20—Ch. Darwin

Sprightly, Sentimental, Swift

Miss Loy and Mr. Montgomery Invade the Frozen North; Mr. Jolson Meets Trouble on Broadway, and Hollywood Has Its Way with a Recent Liberty Serial

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ PETTICOAT FEVER

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Reginald Owen, Otto Yamaoaka, George Hassell, Forrester Harvey, Irving Bacon, Po Ching, Iris Yamaoaka. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. From the play by Mark Reed.

Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy in a scene from Petticoat Fever.

PETTICOAT FEVER is a frostbitten little burlesque of what happens to a man, isolated in a Labradorean outpost, who goes two years without seeing a beautiful woman. The whole mood of the film is flippant. And since its stars—Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery—are Hollywood's best exponents of flippancy, the picture gives the illusion of being much brighter than actually it is.

After a quite comic introduction that clearly shows that nothing ever happens in this snow-buried northern outpost, the film does a complete turnabout and fairly bubbles over with action. First sign of outside life is when a plane comes swooping down out of nowhere. The unexpected guests (Myrna Loy and Reginald Owen) are a novelty and a delight to the bored Mr. Montgomery. While it is no deviation from theatric formula that Montgomery immediately falls in love with his lovely guest, and that almost as quickly he begins to hate Mr. Owen, the complications that follow give Petticoat Fever many a sprightly moment.

The first complication comes when Miss Loy discovers two giggling native women in the supposedly monastic station. The second and by far more disastrous complication occurs when Montgomery's long forgotten fiancée arrives on the scene. From there on, the film goes about trying to untangle itself. The brokenhearted Miss Loy, the angry Mr. Owen, the vicious fiancée, and the perplexed Mr. Montgomery indulge in much emotional acrobatics, while the stilly night crackles with their invectives.

Though it hits occasional doldrums, the film remains, for the most part, a slyly entertaining bit of froth. No other actress can handle light dialogue with the same casual ease and sureness of Miss Loy. And, with Montgomery as an adept verbal sparring partner, she makes Petticoat Fever a highly amusing farce.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bob Montgomery's been tiffing with M-G-M. Wanted to play Romeo, but Thalberg thought him too young. Bob's active prexy of Screen Actors' Guild and prominent fighter for rights of man about town. The Montgomerys have just been storked with Bob, Jr., who already's organized the Jr. Jr. Actors' Guild, Shirley Temple first lady president. . . . Screen adapter Harold Goldman was once an architect and put up Wall Street dough turrets (Standard Statistics Building, etc.) in the palmy days. When the slump came, he wrote a story. Friend saw it, said it was built for the Atlantic Monthly. Goldman sent it there; got a check right back; became pro writer; just had Corespondent Unknown done on B'way in collaboration. Had never seen a movie through before going to Hollywood; had never seen any of cast in P. F. Was first writer assigned to P. F. Got it out in four weeks. Would have had it out sooner except for conference system. . . . All Labrador in picture exists at Culver City—indoors too. I hate to disillusion you, but those Eskimos are really two Japs and a Chinese, completely Americanized in speech and acting manners. . . . Never was there a more literate cast assembled, all participants being most intelligent actors in Hollywood. To intelligence Myrna Loy adds utter quietness, and she is a problem for the fan writers, who can't get a thing except sweetness on her. That's not news. . . . That polar bear looks tame but really is wild. Studio was unable to get a tame bear. Trainer was afraid of the beast and while doubling for Montgomery shivered in his boots, although studio had bear covered with machine gunners, rifle experts, a fellow with a pitchfork. . . . Director George Fitzmaurice hasn't been doing much recently, and this constitutes a comeback.

★ ★ ½ THE SINGING KID

THE PLAYERS: Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, Edward Everett Horton, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins, Beverly Roberts, Claire Dodd, Jack Durant, Frank Mitchell, Winifred Shaw. Directed by William Keighley. Story by Robert Lord.

FEW American entertainers have stayed at the top of their field as long as mammy-loving Al Jolson. And his latest picture, The Singing Kid, finds him doing, with undiminished energy, the same things he has done in all his other shows. There is nothing in the show to win Mr. Jolson any new fans, and there is nothing in it to scare away any of his old and loyal following.

Told with a grim insistence on continual wisecracking, The Singing Kid has Al as a Good-Time Charlie of Broadway whose lawyer runs away with his money and his girl. Attempting a comeback to pay off the government taxes, which his lawyer forgot to do, Jolson's career hits another bitter snag. He loses his voice.

From that depth Jolson begins to work himself back up to the top. A rest in the country is the first step in the climb again to fame and happiness. A backwoods literary novice (Beverly Roberts) and her precocious niece (Sybil Jason) supply the inspiration for the singer's new attack on Broadway.

Though he completely dominates this noisy and active etching of the amusement world, Jolson has been given Warners' utmost in the way of support. Beverly Roberts and Sybil Jason, a dark horse in the Shirley Temple

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sweepstakes, supply soft sentiment. Knock-down-and-drag-out gagsters Mitchell and Durant supply rough comedy spots. Edward Everett Horton offers educated whimsey and Allen Jenkins hands out bored stupidity. Greatest aid, however, comes from those mad musicians the Yacht Club Boys, who score a sensational hit with the tune I Love to Singa. Cab Calloway *au naturel* and Wini Shaw in blackface round out the lyric cast.

Louder than it is funny and more full of jokes than it is of humor, The Singing Kid is a nervous, tuneful trip through Warners' special Broadway.

VITAL STATISTICS: Seven years on the road to Hollywood, via Eva Le Gallienne, London, and the Paris niteries, ex-New York high-school miss Beverly Roberts makes her bow as a screen deb. Possessed of brown eyes, one of those husky contralto voices à la Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, she looks and sounds like a good screen bet. Bev's a great-granddotter to Dr. Ed Jenner, pioneer smallpox vaccinator. Hobbies at sculping. Wants to be a burning slinking siren. That Oxford accent's a relic of London. . . . The Yacht Club Boys are self-admittedly Adler, Kelly, Kern, and Mann. Adler's an ex-singing waiter who drowned out soup noises along when Jimmy Durante Coney Islanded. George Kelly ran a Jamaica race-track book; Billy (Red) Mann somehow met them, muscled them into Sophie Tucker's band; and Jimmy Kern was picked up when Jimmy volunteered to sing to their band in a New York chop-suey joint. Started going places after they were discovered by prohibition sophisticates in the Simplon Club, New York. They write their own songs; don't have them stolen because most song writers find the words too long. . . . The acrobatic Damon and Pythias, Mitchell and Durant, recently tried a business divorce, but couldn't find anybody who could take the terrific punishment they dole out to each other. Each is married, has a child. . . . Cabell Calloway III, his Highness-di-Ho, was born at Rochester, New York. Attended Crane College law school. Learned to sing in a church choir when he was hawking papers. Says he owes his peculiar croonshouting to a combination of said hymning and newspaper work. Cabell has pretty good opinion of himself. Gives no credit for birth of Minnie the Moocher to jungle—she's Hahlem bo'n and raised. . . . Al Jolson still wears them out around him, his energy geysers up so incessantly. He completely routed Calloway and the Yot Clubbers on the set, making them cry uncle after about fourteen hours of straight rehearsal and work. Al's crazy about Al, Jr., adopted by him and Ruby from the famous Evanston, Illinois, Cradle. Ruby won't allow child to be cameraed. Al never laughs at a joke, he's that analytical of them. Likes stage better'n screen, but can't stand cold weather—a hangover from his Petrograd exposure (the days when he sang Mammy for nothing but milk). Al wants to produce. . . . Edward Everett Horton's gotten passionate about glassware, furniture, ironwork, and did he bulge the Normandie's hatches with antique junk he'd raided from British shoppes on his recent trip abroad! . . . Sybil Jason's the youngest Jewish star in the world. . . . Lyle Talbot, feeling he's not getting heroic Gable treatment, has had himself released from Warner Bros. contractual servitude and will free-lance.

★ ★ SNOWED UNDER

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell, Patricia Ellis, Frank McHugh, John Eldredge, Porter Hall, Helen Lowell. Directed by Raymond Enright. Story by Lawrence Saunders.

WHENEVER a movie author hides out in some remote spot for peace and quiet, audiences can be certain that peace and quiet are just what the author won't get. In Snowed Under, which was originally serialized in Liberty, the Irish charm boy, George Brent, is the playwright who sneaks off to Connecticut to finish the third act of his overdue play.

Distractions from work are a lovestruck adolescent (Patricia Ellis), who hides in the bedroom. The author's drunken first wife (Glenda Farrell), who shouts for back alimony. His second wife (Genevieve Tobin), who tries to help him with the play. A nitwit sheriff (Frank McHugh), who tries to make an arrest. And a lawyer (John Eldredge),

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who arrives to collect back alimony for Miss Farrell and stays to fall in love with Miss Ellis.

Snowed Under is full of those things that are always happening in the movies and that seldom happen in life. However, since it hardly pretends to be a realistic portrait of a writer at work, the film manages to become a swift if obvious comedy of women and bad manners. For all its triteness, the plot kicks about a great deal and the players dress the silly doings with much hustling and bustling.

The only ambition of pictures like this is to fill out the tail end of double-feature bills. With bank nights, Mickey Mouse, newsreels, and Pete Smith to help, Snowed Under should accomplish its little task.

VITAL STATISTICS: Contrary to usual Hollywood writer practice, the several screen adapters of this one fought madly to keep their names off the screen. When Snowed Under got plenty of laughs at preview, were the non-credited burned up! . . . Patricia Ellis has gone playgirl nuts. She'll party at the drop of a cocktail glass. Her home is filled with so many games the casual visitor's liable to be socked by a flying ping-pong ball, badminton bird, thrown dart. I'm told Pat is proficient at tennis, badminton, swimming, rowing, fencing, bowling, wrestling, handball, baseball, basketball, and if women played football they say Pat'd be in there throwing the laterals before the line of scrimmage. . . . George Brent's vanned out of the Toluca Lake house where he lived for two years. Just bought thirteen acres near Palm Springs to be able to set down his plane on his numerous trips there. George likes to bask two hours a day in the sunshine. . . . It does my heart good to learn that Genevieve Tobin's social friends discuss polo and yachting with her far more than the motion pictures. Unable to stand Hollywood boorishness, moneymania, Genny holes out at Montecito, among her French books, cultural gadgets, refined tea-taking with the elect. Writes on the side; is undoubtedly the most literate comedienne in Hollywood (which ain't very hard); sings to herself at the harp; has electric lights in her doghouses; plans to direct and produce. Caught cold in the artificial snow scenes in S. U. The dust from the blown white cornflakes (snow) choked her up with a little infection. Those icicles, by the way, are made of cellophane. . . . Glenda Farrell says it isn't hard to get into one of those dizzy moods on the screen—it's getting out that troubles her. Works herself up in fifteen minutes to a wisecracking condition, but it takes from one to six hours to get over the hangover, often pulling puns to herself in a mirror when she gets home from a hard day at her Burbank studio. Doesn't want her twelve-year-old son Tommy to be a comic. . . . Frank McHugh's writing a book on Fifty-seven Ways to Steal Scenes. Advises young aspiring juveniles who want to swipe the scene while the leading lady emotes, and ladies who would swipe from leading men egotists.

★ ★ CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS

THE PLAYERS: Warner Oland, Keye Luke, George and Olive Brasno, Francis Ford, Maxine Reiner, John McGuire, Shirley Deane, Paul Stanton, J. Carrol Naish, Boothe Howard. Directed by Harry Lachman. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.

SUAVE slant-eyed Warner Oland, the perennial Charlie Chan, is always on his vacation and always finds a case which he follows just for the Chinese heck of it. In Charlie Chan at the Circus, the latest chapter in his sleuthing life, the Oriental flatfoot innocently takes his family to the circus and runs into a red-hot murder case.

The murdered man is a half-owner of the circus. There are more suspects than Charlie can shake a chopstick at, and all of them have good reasons for killing the impresario. Even one of the side-show animals, a gorilla, is suspected. Although in its motivation the film does not play quite fair with the audience, it has enough suspense to hold the interest.

Charlie Chan at the Circus follows the set pattern of all his earlier pictures. Except for the genial Mr. Oland, there are no first-rate performances. The Brasno midgets give the gory doings a touch of novelty. And Keye Luke, as Chan's blundering son, overacts so much that he makes up for centuries of Chinese stoics.

Humble reviewer would like to state to magnificent readers that Charlie Chan at Circus only so-so.

VITAL STATISTICS: To many a Chan fan, the slant-eyed gumshoe of the relaxed bromide is an actual person. So Swedie boy Warner Oland gets plenty mail in Chollie's name, begging him to solve such bafflers as: What taxi did I leave my bridgework in? Where is my wandering husband tonight? Can you solve these problems in algebra for a schoolgirl with Hollywood ambitions? Warner, y'know, wears no make-up for Chollie, gets the chow mien (catch on?) by brushing the ends of his nose-tickler down, contracting eyelids, and training eyebrows down. Has temporarily abandoned landscape daubing around his Carpinteria manor for his first junket to China. Missie Oland, flormer Bloston slocial lady painter, accompany him, plees! Terribly fond of Keye Luke, his No. 1 Screen Boy, he exchanged embarking telegrams with Keye. He sent Keye something in Swedish. Keye retaliated with a series of meaningless words in Chinese which he hopes Oland will submit to every Chinaman he meets on his tour. . . . Chlarming fella Keye Luke Canton born. Likes to plan for an idyllic ivory-tower existence when he can paint all day, call on friends all night. Is completely American-standard snappy young man offscreen: drives a multi-cylindered rickshaw, smokes cigars, swains the gals. Keye came here at an early age, his father being a Seattle art dealer, so he's had a chance to pick up our more advanced habits. . . . George (twenty-four) and Olive (twenty-one) Brasno, the midget Colonel Tim and Lady Tiny, are real brother and sis; were born on a farm at South River, New Jersey, of normal-sized parents; have five normal-heighted brothers and sisters and a sixth brother who is also a midget. . . . Marie, the aerialist fiancée of the murder victim, is the first screen part of Maxine Reiner, Philly stylist, cigarette-ad model; and the gal who does Maxine's trapeze stuff is really a Mexican high flyer. . . . Ape trainer in film John McGuire started in the Santa Clara U. Passion Play. Studied law, took degrees, yet couldn't advise the scenario writers that if an ape had committed a killing, as it does in the picture, it would have been condemned to death. (I learned this from Twenty Questions, folks!) . . . Director Harry Lachman's fresh from Dante's Inferno, which turned out to be a hell of a picture at the b. o. Lachman's quite an artist; is married to a lovely Chinese opera singer, Paris met. . . . Next, Chollie Chan at Race Tlack. That's all, plees!

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life.

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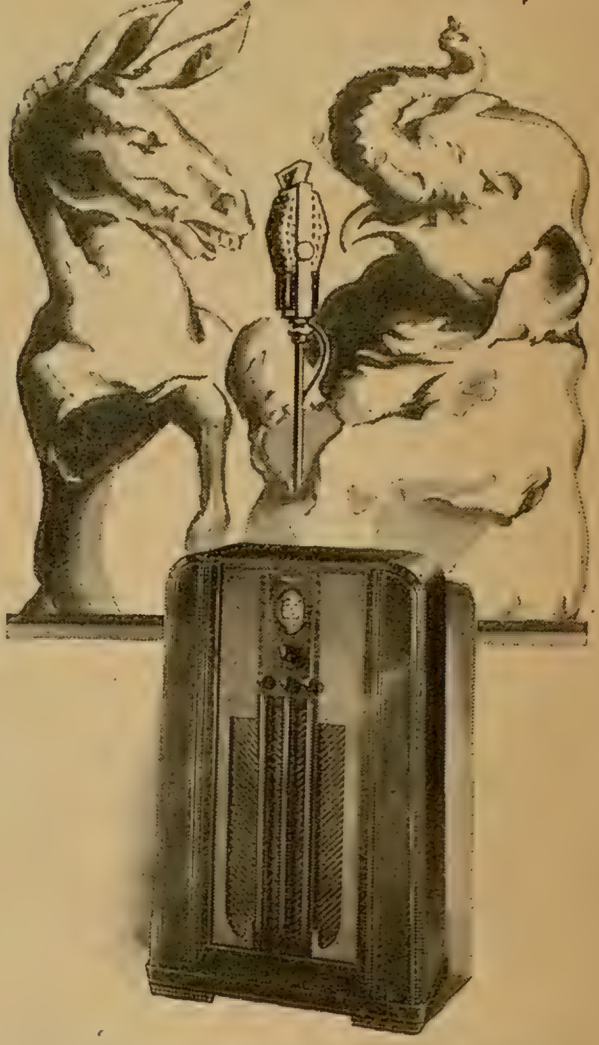

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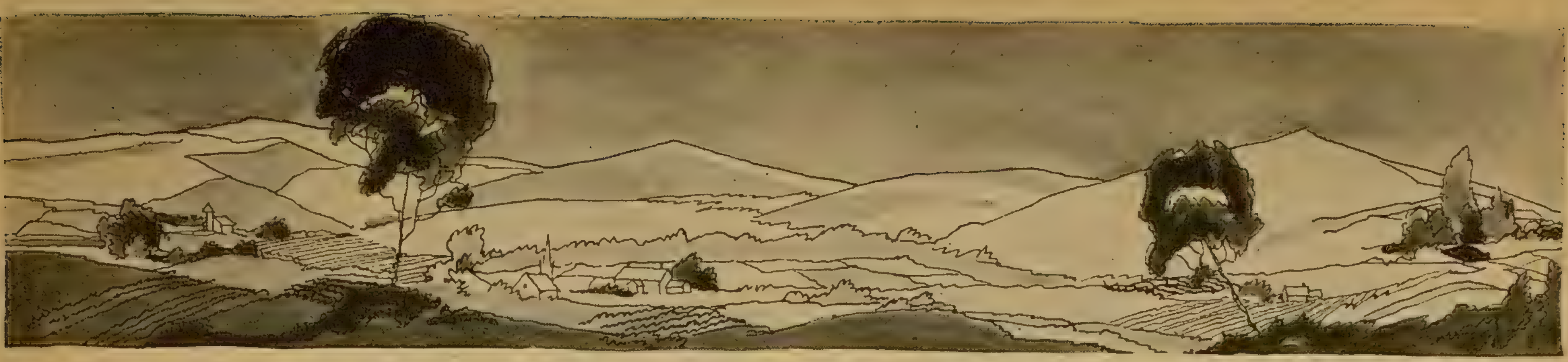

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by

ROBERT CARVER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN this depression is licked, the people will have to do the job." That was the slogan of the citizenry in Mason Valley Township, Benton County, Arkansas, in 1932.

Mrs. George Gearheart, wife of a former county assessor and long a citizen of Mason Valley Township, was appointed to distribute Red Cross relief. A committee of the heads of families in the township called on her.

"We have had good crops," they said, "and we are in fairly good condition. We have a good farming community. There are one hundred and four families in this township. We have ample in the way of food supplies to get along without experiencing any distress. Every American citizen owes his community, his county, his state, and his country every honest effort that is in him to bring the country out of this depression and into a condition of plenty and prosperity. We can take care of our own people. We will see to it that every able-bodied person who will work has work. We will pay for work in the necessities of life. We will contribute of our supplies to take care of every person unable to work. We want to preserve our pride in our family name, in our country and our community. For that reason we ask that no distribution of relief food or funds be made."

No relief funds and no relief food were distributed by Mrs. Gearheart. The supplies were returned to the county administrator. Those who had no surplus food supplies to exchange were given work, for which they were paid in necessities. In case they had too much of one kind of food and too little of another, due bills were issued, and were passed as freely as the brightest gold dollar that was ever minted.

One man near sixty was overawed by the prospect facing him, and took his own life, leaving his widow and two children to get along as best they might. Three months after his suicide, their two-room log house took fire and was burned. Neighbors saved nearly all the household goods. While the fire still smoldered, a near-by farmer offered the timber to rebuild the house. The owner of the sawmill offered the service of his plant to cut the lumber. Men experienced in housebuilding volunteered. Within six weeks the house was replaced with a better house, and all that was bought was the glass for the windowpanes, hardware for the doors, and nails for the roof, which was made of oak boards rived from timber donated by neighbors. And the work was done by men who had touched the edge of the early civilization of this area and roofed their houses with boards rived by the use of the ancient froe and mallet!

That is an outstanding example of the neighborliness of Ozark peoples.

A farmer had the flu. Women volunteered to do the housework while his wife attended him. Neighbors chipped in money for medical attention and medicine. Men did the farm work, took care of the live stock and chickens, provided firewood. The farmer recovered completely—and did not owe a dollar, but did feel bound by the finest of all human ties—the bond of such neighborliness.

So the story runs through the period of the depression in this township—and the custom has spread to many other townships, and thus is the depression being licked in the Ozarks without any kind of government aid.

THESE Ozarkadians are of old American stock. Their ancestors came from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, and other countries. They are of the stock that walked on bleeding feet to fight for freedom at Valley Forge, that wrote the Constitution of the United States and inaugurated George Washington as the first President. They are of the stock of hardy, honest-hearted, neighborly pioneers who crossed the Mississippi to build an empire in the west. They are freemen and the sons of freemen. They love the flag and the Constitution. They love the homely character of the pioneer and his descendants. They love their battle with the depression, and are proud of the record they have made without federal relief.

This is a homely statement of plain facts. It is in line with the gospel of back-to-the-land. It points a proud finger at the accomplishment of a purely American community, born of the pioneer stock that wrested this area from the wilderness and the Indians.

In these Ozark hills there are millions of acres of virgin soil. Much of it is in national land and forest reserves. There is enough to take care of a million families. In Benton County, Arkansas, the soil brings forth such crops of fruits, wheat, and corn, and conditions make easy the raising of such live stock, as provide the necessities of life in great abundance. Here federal aid has hindered recovery more than it has helped. Here a fine civilization survives, and the people worship God and give Him praise for the blessings they feel He is constantly bestowing upon them.

THE END

$2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

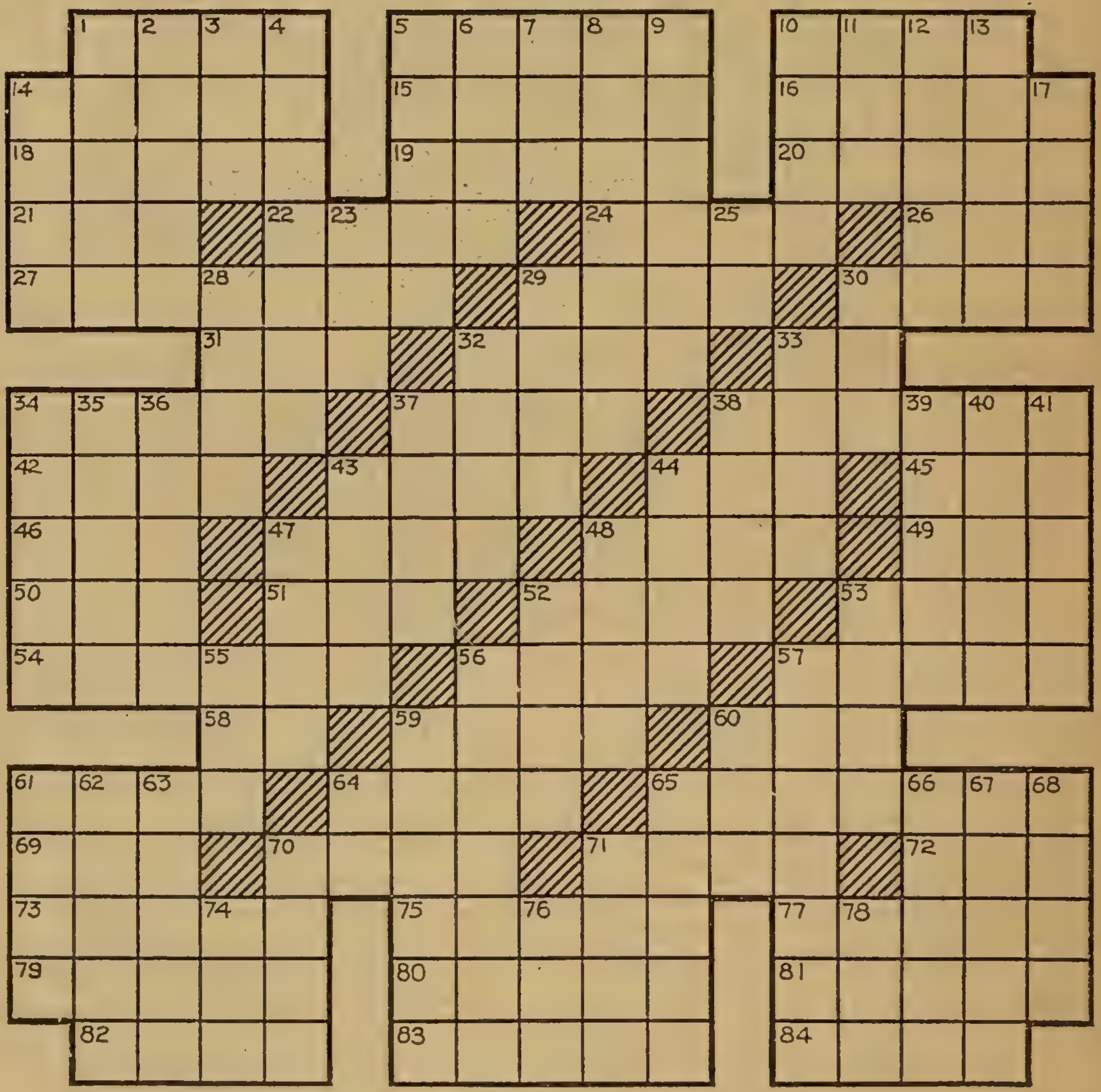
YOU STILL CAN ENTER! YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

YOU still have time to get into Liberty's big $2,000 cash prize crossword contest and win a substantial sum. Don't delay further. Begin your claim to one of these big money prizes right now by solving the puzzle at the right. Even if you have missed the first four puzzles your chance to win is still excellent. Think of that $500 First Prize! Worth trying for, isn't it? And so are each of the other awards.

When you have solved Puzzle 5 this week, put it aside pending completion of your set of ten. If you need any or all of the first four puzzles to bring your entry up to date, request free reprints, by mail, from the contest address in Rule 7. They will be forwarded without delay and allow you to bring your entry even with the field. And don't forget to watch for Puzzle 6 in this series next week!

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 5

HORIZONTAL

1 Form by braiding
5 A quadruped
10 Sheep
14 To arrange
15 Woman's name
16 A size of type
18 Raves
19 One who catches a certain kind of fish
20 A prank
21 Pronoun
22 To rotate
24 Hoarfrost
26 Part of a chair
27 Teases
29 Split
30 Possessive pronoun
31 Bird of prey
32 Burrowing animal
33 That man
34 Proclamation of a proposed marriage
37 Roil
38 Crouches quivering
42 Periods of time
43 Parasitic insects
44 Cured pork
45 A deer
46 Noisy quarrel
47 A metal-bearing vein
48 Support
49 A weapon
50 Compass point
51 Sooner than
52 Masculine
53 A game
54 To tell
56 Torn
57 To hinder
58 Part of to be
59 Immerses
60 Receptacle
61 A leopard (archaic)
64 Garment worn by ancient Romans
65 Devoured eagerly
69 A seaport in Finland
70 Greek letter
71 Solemn ceremony
72 Exist
73 Beast of burden
75 Assumed name
77 Cardinal number
79 To humble
80 Taut
81 Pamphlet
82 Afresh
83 A city in Germany
84 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Carpenter's tool
2 Narrow roads
3 A deed
4 One who tests (pl.)
5 A beverage (pl.)
6 Paradise
7 To trouble
8 Barren
9 Prosper
10 A contest
11 Turkish title
12 A tree
13 Guide
14 A support
17 Measure of work (pl.)
23 A vessel
25 Pronoun
28 Cardinal number (pl.)
29 Assumed part
30 Chop
32 A rodent (pl.)
33 Habitat
34 More exposed
35 Past
36 Post on a stairway
37 An excursion by conveyance
38 A container
39 Disease of certain cereals
40 Course
41 Spanish title
43 Learning
44 Stop
47 Allows
48 Forbids
52 Prefix: after
53 Unaspirated consonant
55 Help
56 Entertains in a sumptuous manner
57 Deprives
59 Revolve
60 A club
61 A South American rodent
62 Second word of Ethiopia's capital
63 Pertaining to Rome
64 An element (symbol)
65 Emerged
66 Of ships of war
67 Upstanding
68 Small hollow
70 Sounded
71 Expunge
74 Compass point
76 Those in office
78 Period

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES.

GREETINGS, amateur family! Your splendid response to Liberty's Amateur Contest is most gratifying to me. Indeed, it is pleasant to realize that these pages are bringing hope and encouragement to thousands of potential writers and artists. And it is gratifying to believe that of these thousands some of you will be speeded on your way to professional success.

Encouragement is needed by most of us—but especially by writers. Not every one can win a smile from the Literary Muse. She demands diligence, patience, and courage even before she allots her favors to those she has marked. Perhaps that is why I particularly want to commend those who have been submitting entries week after week. Ninety per cent of genius, so the saying goes, is the ability to take pains. Natural talent is necessary, but it cannot be developed without practice, patience, and courage.

Major Edward Bowes.

Our first contribution for this week's Amateur Page is a very nice eulogy to Will Rogers—written in his own well loved style. It is submitted by Helen Travis Hackett of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

TO WILL ROGERS

His Radio Memorial

Tonight were you sittin' on a star,
With yer legs a-danglin' free
And yer lariat a-swingin'
While ye peeped down here to see

What all the shootin' was about?
And did ye laugh out loud
To hear the air a-burnin' up
With tributes of a crowd—

A mass, a mob of list'ners-in?
And all fer you—the fuss!
And did ye switch that wad of gum
From east to west and cuss—

"I swan! Now ain't that jist like friends
To raise up sich a stir
About a guy they don't fergit?
But, pshaw, now, what's it fer?"

For you could hear the rest of us—
Not just those "on the air"—
And number legions of your pals
From shack to palace fair.

I see you sittin' on that star
A-rufflin' up your hair.
But, like a Cheshire, just your smile
Hangs lingerin' in the air.

Thanks for the invitation to visit the Centennial Celebration, Gerald Porter of Austin, Texas. You are winning your bet—you are among the winners this week. Here are three of the group of epigrammatic quatrains and quips which Gerald submitted.

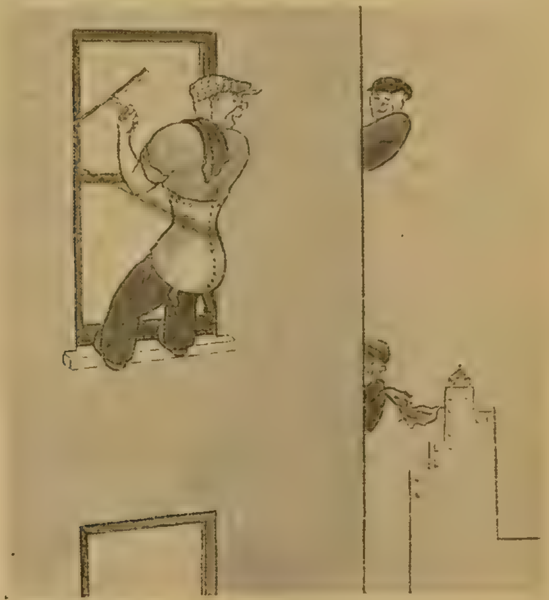
THE NAKED TRUTH

I dread to enter heaven
Without a single rag;
Gosh, I'd give a lot
To take my week-end bag.

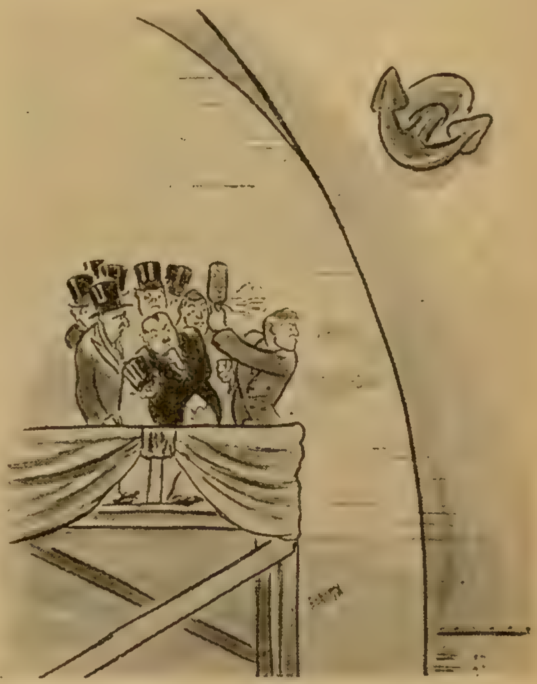
Nearsightedness is nature's way of making some people mind their own business.

Rules are convenient excuses for not accommodating people you do not like anyway.

I hope that this will prove a surprise to René Kaufman of New York City. His cartoons were sent in by some one who is vitally interested in his career—and this will probably be the first inkling he will have of it. I have chosen two out of the many sent me. I think they are clever sketches, and hope that this will prove the opportunity to break into the field of illustration which he has so desperately tried for.



"Aw, lay off, you guys! You knows I 'as lost me belt."



Baseball's leading batter misses badly in a pinch.

Martinsville, Ohio, can boast of an author. She is Mrs. Nora Frost, and her contribution is Tangled Technique. Mrs. Frost reveals by her story an insight into the mind of the harassed married man.

TANGLED TECHNIQUE

"Men have got to handle women with tact!"

Samuel Leaverton, a portly middle-aged man, flicked the ashes from his cigar, settled himself comfortably in his seat in the smoker, and expanded his philosophy.

"If a man wants peace in his home, he must know when to set his foot down — politely, mind you — but firmly."

His train acquaintances, Jones, the Cincinnati business man, and Hartford, the insurance salesman, nodded agreement.

"But circumstances alter cases, don't you think?" asked Hartford.

"Yes," put in Jones. "For instance, most men find it easy to be firm with their secretaries, but with their wives it's usually a different matter." And he sighed.

The train ground to a hissing halt. Leaverton glanced out his window, stared a moment, and then motioned to his companions. "Get a load of this," he grinned, pointing to the station platform. Jones and Hartford rose and peered out.

A small man laden with bundles was about to board the train. Hovering over him like a hen near a day-old chick, was a stout determined-looking lady, evidently his wife. Her mouth moved rapidly as she spoke to him.

"Behold a henpecked husband," chuckled the portly man. "Watch him standing there patiently, never opening his mouth. She's probably reminding him of a thousand things to do and get. It's easy to see who wears the pants in that family."

As the train jerked into motion, Leaverton and his companions settled back in their seats. A dusky porter handed Leaverton a telegram.

The portly man took it and fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Here, George, I've left my glasses in my bag," he said pompously. "Read it to me."

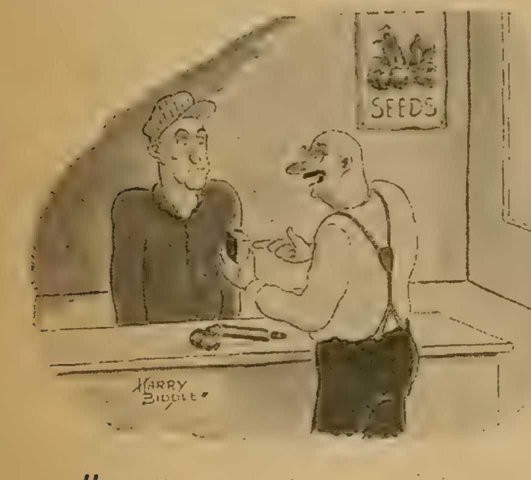
George extracted the message and read:

"'Samuel Leaverton, aboard New York Limited:

"'You forgot your rubbers Stop You have the mind of a child Stop Your pay check just came and I am wiring you five dollars for spending money Stop Stay away from night clubs Stop Mother will meet you at Union Depot Stop.

"'Mrs. Samuel Leaverton.'"

Some subtle humor by Harry C. Biddle of Portsmouth, Virginia, in his cartoon.



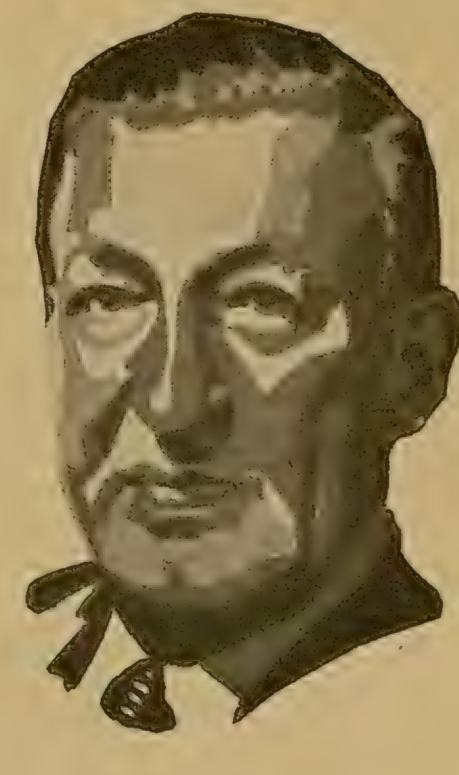
"Well, if you don't believe this spray'll kill insects, just smell it. You'll see!"

Could we facetiously say—in the first case—it is more truth than poetry? Waggery by W. J. Ladyman, Jr., Phoenix, Arizona.

Three hundred and ten thousand girls were admitted to colleges in the United States last year. Ten thousand are trying for an M.A., and three hundred thousand are trying for a M.A.N.

Women don't paint to preserve the finish but to delay it.

Here is one of the finest contributions I have seen since the Liberty Amateur Page started. It is submitted by Clyde Chambers of Ogden, Utah, and was copied from a picture of me which he saw in a magazine. It is a splendid piece of artistry.



A poster study of Major Edward Bowes.

Congratulations, Dorothy McKenzie of Topeka, Kansas, for your splendid story. It is well written, sympathetic, and interesting. I'll wager that you won't stay an amateur very long!

CHRISTMAS TREE

They were setting up the Christmas tree. Together Richard and Anne had trimmed it each year for seven years now. Little Eugene always watched them. At first, a smiling pink baby, he had peered over the edge of his lacy crib, waving his round fists with joy at the glistening ornaments. Later he had toddled after Richard up the attic stairs to find the box of tree decorations.

On last New Year's Day he had helped Anne to take down the tree and to pack the shining balls and the tiny tinkling bells into pasteboard boxes. He had wrapped the silver icicles in tissue and then in black paper, so that they would be bright and sparkling for future Christmas trees. Anne had promised that on the next Christmas he might trim the tree himself. She knew that he would break many of the balls, for he was babylike still, but she was always indulgent with Eugene. She and Richard loved the boy deeply.

They were setting up the Christmas tree. Together Richard and Anne fought the sharp wind on a bleak hillside. From the crest of the hill a tall stone tower looked down on them, its angel-voiced carillon now quite still.

Everything on that hillside was still—everything but the shrill wind, merciless and bitter.

Richard knelt at the side of a small headstone, as he struggled to make the tiny tree stand against the gale.

Opposite Richard knelt Anne. The wind dried the hot tears upon her cheeks as quickly as they fell, so that they did not drop upon the tinsel she held in her hands.

Finally the tree stood firm and strong. The multicolored balls and bells were gay; but one small globe, crushed by the relentless wind, lay upon the cold black earth beneath the tree.

Catherine Tuch of North Hollywood, California, submits a few thoughts while dusting. Housewifely philosophy, to say the least.

Whenever you feel like giving some one a piece of your mind, be sure *which* piece it is, because it may be the piece you need the most.

There are a lot of people shining in the world who received their polish from the rubbing life gave them.

Honorable mention is given this week to the authors of the following short stories: Dorothy Gibson, Wellsville, Ohio, for For Life; Maxwell M. Kratz, Millville, N. J., for Birthmark; Dick Robson, Thornton, Idaho, for Some Day; Geneva Larsen, Portland, Oreg., for The Least of These; Charles Serey, Columbus, Ohio, for Words Must Be Spoken; Richard Lauterbach, New York City, for Benefit; and R. Byron Perry, Cactus, Ariz., for The Prophecy. Herbert Bu Miller, Vanport, Pa., receives mention for The Spinal Column; and amateur poets Evangeline B. Austin, Ipswich, Mass., for The Hearse Goes By; Hallie May Campbell, Santa Barbara, Calif., for A Little Boy's Prayer; and Harry Kellenberger, Reading, Pa., for Tragedy.

Prize Winners
March 7

Carol Cheney, fifteen-year-old Watertown, Massachusetts, lass, wins the first prize of $25 for the week of March 7 with her Cannibal's Love Song to a Missionary Lady. Joe Budzak of Harmarville, Pennsylvania, comes in second with his cartoon to win $10; and W. M. George of Palmerton, Pennsylvania, receives $5 for his poem, In Tribute. Congratulations!

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Vox Pop

The Hauptmann Case as It Might Have Been

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—William A. Thompson in March 7 Vox Pop suggests that mystery writers offer solutions to the Lindbergh crime without placing the guilt on Hauptmann. Here is one:

A maid in the Lindbergh household falls in love with Bruno, not knowing he is a married man. Bruno and his wife have been drifting apart. The girl has a jealous lover who has not found favor in her eyes. She dismisses him, but he keeps a watch on her movements and discovers Bruno is his rival.

In desperation he decides that money might win the girl back. Knowing the Lindbergh estate is remote and unguarded, he decides it would be a cinch to take the baby and hold him for ransom. He makes a study of methods; takes a room near Hauptmann to watch his movements so as to know when he is calling on the girl; and decides to plant evidence which would involve the carpenter in case his own plans go wrong. He has the crude ladder in the woods near by on the fateful night of the kidnaping.

That March night he watches Bruno leave, follows in his own car (which is the same color as Bruno's), fetches the ladder from the woods, and takes the child. He does not know the child is ill. As he reaches the foot of the ladder the little dog begins to whine.

Alarmed, he crushes the baby close as he tries to talk ingratiatingly to the dog. When he reaches his car in the woods he discovers that the child has been smothered to death. Panic seizes him. He takes part of the clothing from the child to try to bring it back to life. These things he throws into the car, and later uses them in his ransom demands. Then, when all efforts to revive the child fail, he hides the body in the underbrush.

In the meantime Bruno is telling the girl that their affair must end. He discloses the fact that his wife is going to have a child and he is honor bound to stay with her now. From that moment on the maid is a changed girl. She begins to despair. Coupled with her own tragedy is that of the little child she loved so dearly. The shock is too much and she commits suicide. She was afraid that questioning would bring out the confession of her love for a married man.

The mystery man carries out his demands for ransom for two reasons: He will need the money more than ever now if he should be suspected of murder; he also wants to delay the finding of the body until he has money to escape. When he receives the money, he takes part of it to his neighbor Bruno, sympathizes with him over the death of the maid, and tells him he was a close friend of the girl. He brings a "last message" from the girl to Bruno which gives him her eternal love and also says that her life savings are her gift to Bruno as a gesture of forgiveness and love. The only stipulation she makes is that he keep their secret forever, as she died rather than disclose it.

Bruno takes the money with a heart overflowing with grief. He plays the market with some of it as an excuse to his wife for the possession of extra revenue.

The cunning mystery man hides what he did not want to take with him in and around the Hauptmann residence.

The mystery man watches the developments in the Hauptmann case with mixed emotions. He was all too shrewd in his scheme. He had studied his unsuspecting neighbor so carefully he could imitate him to perfection. Hence the voice in the cemetery was ultra-realistic.

In his nightmarish existence the mystery man wishes he had not told Bruno to keep silent for the sake of a dead sweetheart.

But Bruno sits stolidly in his cell, confident that he has kept faith with his wife and child and awaiting the time when he will see the maid and tell her that he has kept faith with her too.—*Zerelda E. Morton.*

"CLEAN FUN IN FEWER WORDS"

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—For the first time in all my forty years I feel I simply must express my appreciation of a story to the editor himself.

I let my breakfast coffee grow cold while I smile, chuckle, giggle, laugh, and *roar* at the screw-box antics of Mr. Dunkle as recorded in his diary. And all this at a time when I am so blue from the recent passing of a loved one.

Thank God for Norman Anthony and his gift of being able to put more clean fun in fewer words than any one I know of!—*Mrs. Faye Miner.*

SMARTER THAN 999 PEOPLE

NEWARK, N. J.—Thank goodness for those articles, Not One in a Thousand Knows. Not because they're any good—they're lousy. Let me explain. I used to think I was just an ordinary fellow with the right portion of brains; but now I find that I'm smarter than 999 people.—*D. Sanger.*

WHAT IS "ENGLISH"? . . . TOO CHILDISH

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I have just read the Vox Pop letter (March 14) from Mr. Tom Herbert of this town. I also read Miss Baum's article (December 14 Liberty) on the Hollywood Passion Play, which unlike Mr. Herbert I have seen many times.

It is difficult to believe that a letter so silly could be published in so widely read a magazine.

With the greatest reverence, I suggest that the Christ probably talked Hebrew and had a knowledge of Latin. For an actor, therefore, to quibble about an English accent when playing the Christus is too childish.

What is "English"? Is it Yorkshire, Lancashire, Dorset, Cockney, Devonshire, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Brooklyn, Virginia, Arkansas, Montreal, or Sydney? Curious people, we of the stage and screen! It is our business to know and copy accents and people, and yet even we fall in line with a funny minority who expect an artist to *be his part.* No one thinks Kreisler plays the violin while he is eating his breakfast. Why, because Mr. Cagney is very Christlike, must he play the Christ? He has been very good in many gunmen parts. Must Capone be released from Alcatraz to play them properly? So silly! It's an actor's job to act, a musician's job to play, an artist's business to draw, and a writer's gift to write. You can't *be* those things.—*Montagu Love.*

SERIAL SLAVERY

MINCO, OKLA.—Will you never quit publishing those continued stories?

I have been trying to stop reading your weekly headache for five years, but

CONTINUED STORY

I always have two stories started when I get one finished.—*R. C. Masters.*

F. D. R. ANOTHER COLUMBUS

BELCHER, LA.—Thanks are due Mrs. H. P. C. of Anderson, Indiana, and her friend (March 14 Vox Pop) for the dope on the first Democrat, Columbus, who "started out without knowing where he was going; when he landed, did not know where he was; when he returned, didn't know where he'd been—and did it all on borrowed money."

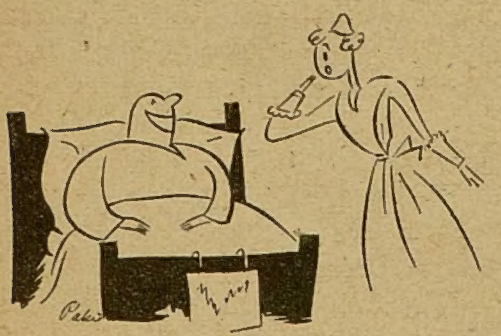
That's very good!

And he showed an effete civilization the way to a rich and glorious New World. That is what Roosevelt is doing. The whole earth should furnish the money gladly. Hurrah for Frank—and may God give us more Democrats!—*Arthur M. Shaw.*

WILL PHYLLIS DUGANNE SWAP GUNS?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—That was some Bedtime Story in March 14, 1936, Liberty. Hey, Phyllis Duganne! Thanks for the first laugh a sick man has had in two years. Yea, Phyllis, "that's what we call a Russian model—thirty-two-forty-four—single-action breakdown."

Ha-ha-ha! Say, Phyllis. *You* don't know much about guns, do you? If you have a gun such as that, please make the heart of an old "gunman" like me glad. I'll swap you a gun for that one which is just as interesting—to wit: a ninety-year-old Swedish model Patterson Colt, twenty-three skiddoo caliber, tip-off-triple-action automatic horse pistol.



Now don't get mad.—*Martin Pokorne.*

FOR ETHIOPIAN GOATS

NATIONAL PARK, N. J.—May I offer a suggestion on how to improve your magazine? It seems that lately Liberty has drifted away from good short stories and is now printing any and all articles written by any person who has "crashed" the front page of the newspapers.

Now for the suggestion: Take all of this trash (meaning the said articles, written and yet to be written) and send it to the Home for Motherless Goats, somewhere in Ethiopia, and give us about 100 per cent more short stories.—*F. V. W. Ellison.*

NATIONAL YOUTH LOBBY — WITHOUT LIMITATIONS

AUSTIN, TEX.—The suggestions of W. H. in Vox Pop (February 8) in reply to the letter by One of the Twenty Million (December 14) is well taken, but why limit the movement to unemployed?

In Texas we have many groups of young people attempting an organization of the youth of this country, some attempting to demand recognition by the "old order" and others demanding the privilege of molding their "own order."

The most active of these is that known as Progressive Democrats, with headquarters in Austin. Others are Young Democratic Clubs, League of Industrial Democracy, International Relations Clubs, and many more.

These movements indicate the temperament of youth to organize and stand unified.

I infer from the letter of W. H. that he would remove party limitations, which obviously will expedite expansion over the entire United States and encourage the public to think of issues rather than labels or personalities. All Texas youth groups could be brought under the National Youths' Lobby. We are interested and anxious for further details.—*Tilden H. Edwards.*

"I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

CHICAGO, ILL.—As a consistent reader of Liberty, permit me to say that the editorial (March 14 Liberty) "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," was one of the best ever written by Mr. Macfadden.

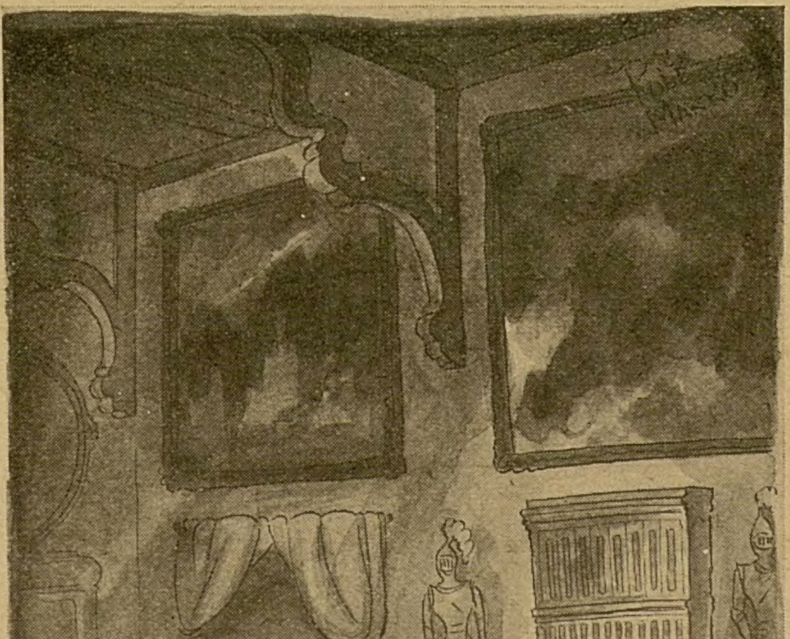
Copies of this splendid editorial should be made and sent to every pacific organization in our country.

If some of our senators and representatives were given copies it might make them realize what curtailment of armaments means, especially with war clouds looming all over the world.—*Jack N. Rehm.*

JAY FRANKLIN — AMATEUR

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Are you sure that you put all articles of the March 14 issue where they belong? Should not Jay Franklin's write-up labeled Your Income Tax have been on the Major Bowes Amateur Page? The conclusions drawn by Franklin from his five tax cases are surely amateurish and innocent of any sound political or economic judgment.

Is his discussion really professional or was it addressed to the Major? Perhaps the mistake is yours and so the editor gets the gong.—*R. K. F.*

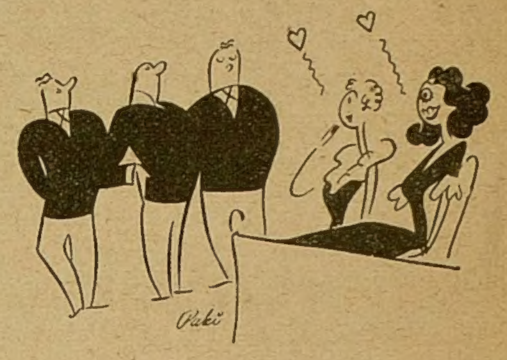


"The landlord is here again, sir."

HANDSOME MAN CONTEST

FLINT, MICH.—Some time ago a newspaper I read sponsored a girls' beauty contest, with winners given a chance to appear in movies. This type of thing has been going on for some time, and I for one would like to see the men get a break for a change. Here is my suggestion:

Why not have a Handsome Man Contest? Your magazine could sponsor it and have the contestants or their friends mail portraits of themselves to you. These portraits or snaps in turn to be judged by some well known movie stars such as Joan Crawford or Mary Pickford—the top ten men or so to be given a chance in pictures.



Why not ask for opinions in your Vox Pop pages and find out if I'm not right? —*Clark R. Duray.*

WOMAN FLED ITALY . . . MISTAKEN

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I read the article Why an American Woman Fled Italy, by Alice Rohe, in February 22 Liberty. It may interest you to know that I was in Italy just before the Ethiopian adventure, and I do not think that conditions in Italy could have changed overnight to be what our writer claims them to be.

She could have stayed in Italy if she cared to. No one would have bothered her. Letters are not opened, as she claims they are. I receive letters from Italy almost every week. They are not opened. People are not watched by "spies." She probably heard this rumor, unsound of course, through some one who is against the Fascist regime, and it worked on her mind, making things unbearable for herself. I feel sorry for her.

To compare Italy with the United States and Mussolini with President Roosevelt is of course an absurdity. If Italy has laws and rules unlike our American laws and rules, it is because it has been found out that it is for the benefit of the nation as a whole, and not for any particular group of individuals.—*A. Sammartino, M.D.*

UP FRONT, EH?

EAST PALO ALTO, CALIF.—I am a regular reader of Vox Pop and hereby cast my vote for its removal—to pages 4 and 5.—*E. J. Campbell ("Scotty").*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.--Andrew Coulter ate himself out of jail in just twenty days.

"His appetite was too great," explained County Attorney A. Camp Bonds. "We checked the records and found it was costing too much to feed him, so we released him."

HINTON, W. VA.—There is no engineer's reading for January 10 of the depth of the New River.

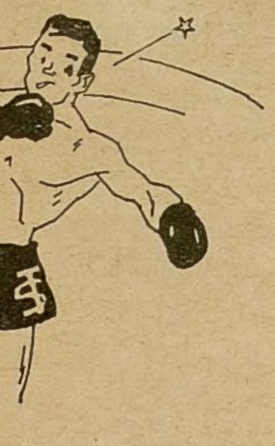
The engineer in charge of preliminary work on the Bluestone dam wrote headquarters:

"The readings were lost, with no hope of recovery. The gauge-reader's baby ate them."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—For confining a St. Bernard puppy in a closet in which their one-year-old son was locked, Mr. and Mrs. Layton Johnston were fined twenty-five dollars.

The fine was assessed for cruelty to animals.

CHICAGO, ILL.—After coming through a boxing match unscathed, Tommy Steiner attempted to demonstrate some of the exchanged blows to his friends. He hit himself on the jaw and broke a tooth.



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HAPPY HAPPENINGS

J. P. Maury, one of the wealthiest men in America, has always been fastidious in his attire. As a young customs inspector he was called upon to go through the baggage of the elder J. P. Morgan. Another customs inspector accidentally spat tobacco juice on Maury's natty spats, whereupon Maury so eloquently abused the tobacco spitter that he attracted the attention of Mr. Morgan, who was noted for his own eloquence when angry.

As a result of the great man's interest, Maury became successful in the stock market and attired himself more meticulously than ever.

Being spat on the spat was where J. P. Maury got off on the right foot on fortune's pathway.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return to you in a Benefit Payment.--*Rexford Tugwell.*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

SENATOR WM. E. BORAH

ASKS

Can Our Government Survive?

Whether or not you agree with the politics of the senior Senator from Idaho you will find startling food for thought in the analysis of the nation's future fate that he presents in next week's Liberty. He deals with the vital fundamentals of government that are of interest to every citizen regardless of party or politics. Don't miss this!

ALSO—BLUNDERS IN THE LINDBERGH CASE

And stories and articles by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS, PAUL ANNIXTER, DR. JOHN F. (JAFSIE) CONDON, NORMAN ANTHONY, CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., JOSEPHINE BENTHAM. WINNERS IN THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY CONTEST.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

New CAR THIS SPRING ?
Remember
Dealers in GENERAL MOTORS cars
offer you monthly
PAYMENTS
TO SUIT
Your PURSE

The General Motors Instalment Plan enables dealers in General Motors cars to arrange the monthly payments best suited to your circumstances and the car you buy—whether the payments are $15, $20, $25, or any other amount per month.

• • •

Seldom are two instalment buyers in the same financial circumstances. They differ in the amounts they can pay down—and they differ also in their ability to pay comfortably certain amounts per month.

If you agree to pay *more* per month than you can afford, your car *may* become a burden and not a pleasure. If you pay *less* per month than you can comfortably afford, you pay too much for a financing service you do not need.

Therefore, the most satisfactory and economical plan on which to buy a car on instalments is *the* plan which exactly suits your individual requirements. This is the General Motors Instalment Plan.

Further, this plan is as simple as A, B, C. You can quickly figure it all out yourself and determine, in advance, exactly what your financing cost will be. It will pay you to compare this with costs of other plans. And when you do, *be sure to include equally complete insurance protection.*

Under the General Motors Instalment Plan you receive a policy in General Exchange Insurance Corporation, protecting your new car against Fire, Theft, and Accidental Damage—including Collision.

Dealers in General Motors cars will be glad to show you how easily this plan can be made to fit your needs—and your purse.

GENERAL MOTORS 6% INSTALMENT PLAN

A MULTIPLIER NOT INTEREST

Operated by General Motors Acceptance Corporation

CHEVROLET CARS & TRUCKS • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

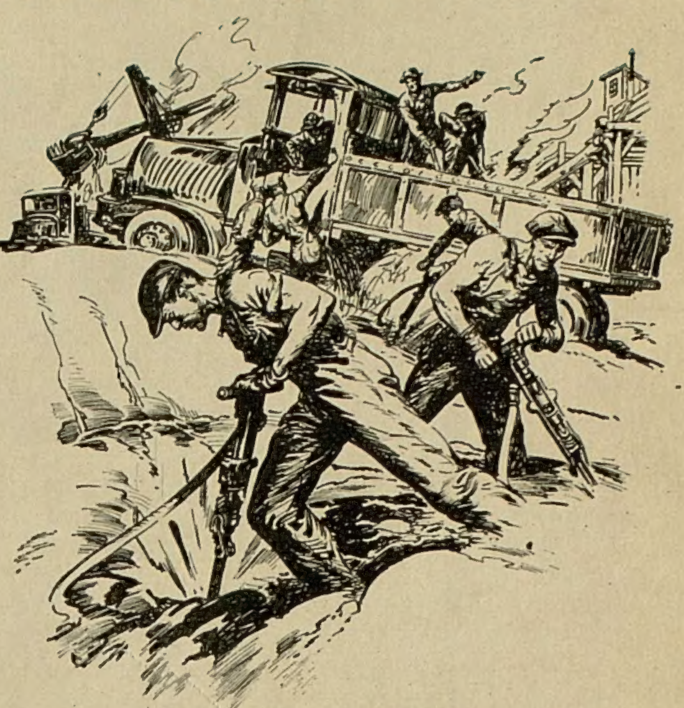
For Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

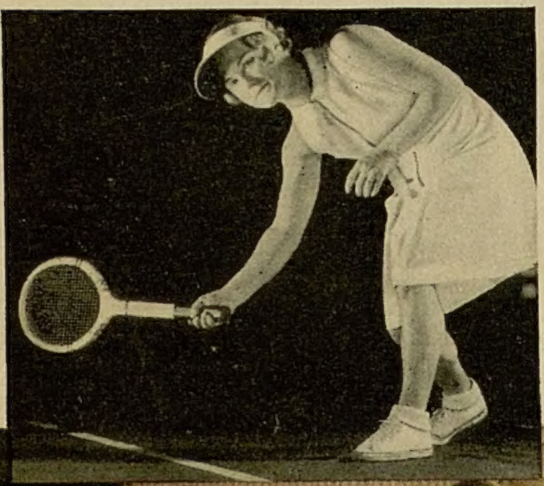
The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—anxiety and tension *inside.* Digestion suffers as a result.

Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure living. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequaled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!



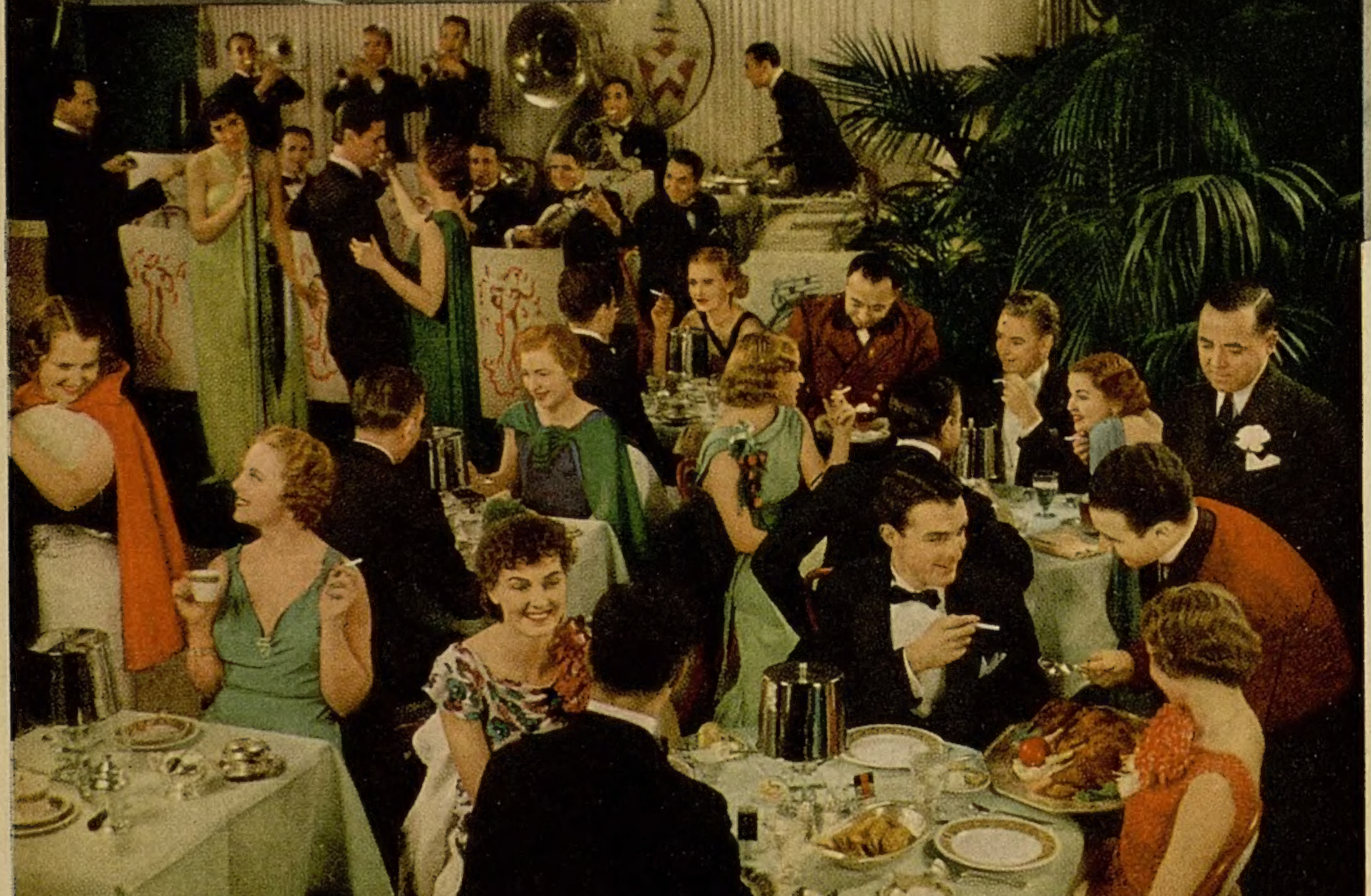
"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."



LIGHTNING SPEED has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold.

OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS. Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I naturally turn to Camels for digestion's sake."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive setting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.